

MARVEL

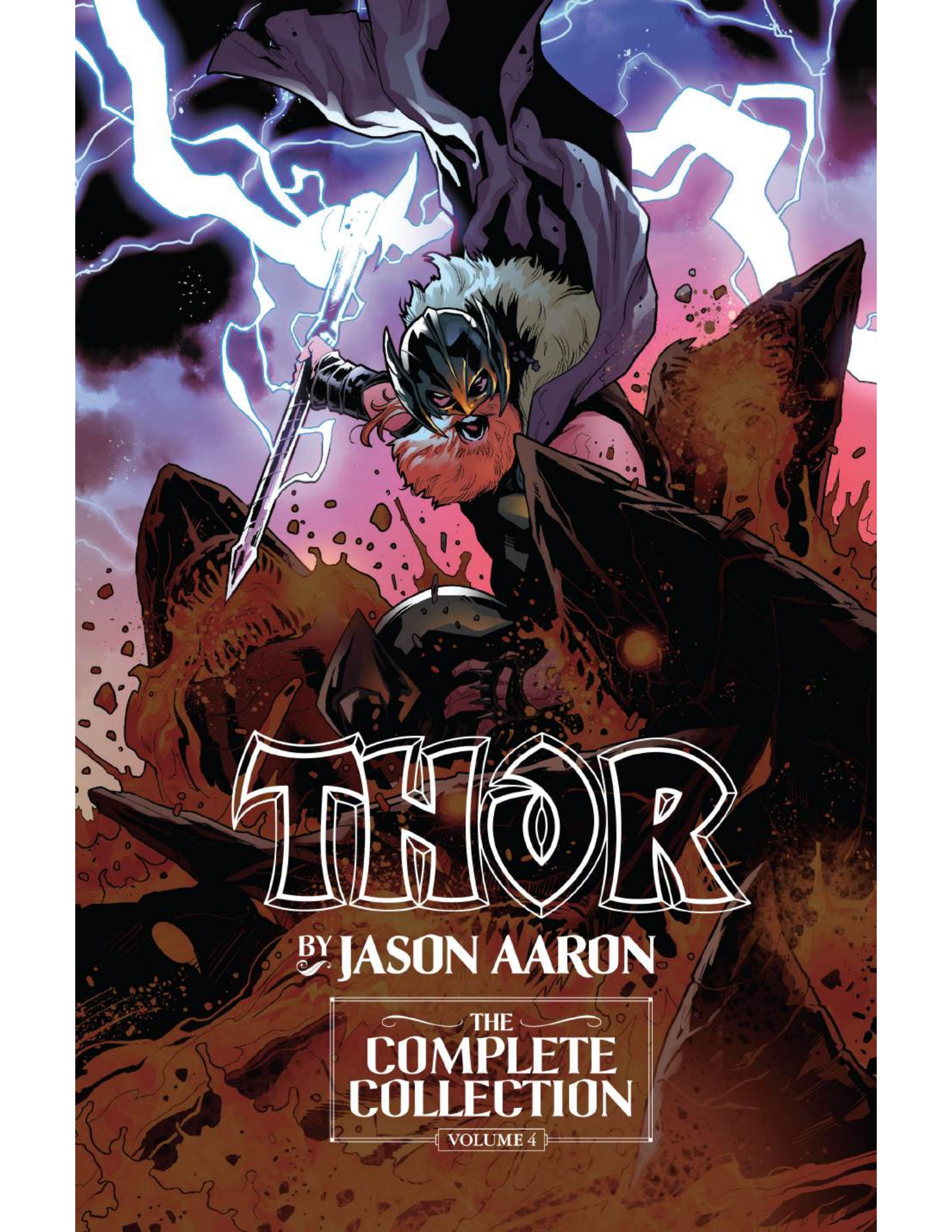
COIPEL
SCHITI
DAUTERMAN
WILSON

BY JASON
AARON

THE
COMPLETE
COLLECTION

VOLUME 4



A dynamic comic book illustration of Thor. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic winged helmet and a dark, flowing cape. He holds his Mjolnir hammer in his right hand, which is raised towards the top left. The hammer's head is glowing with a bright, jagged lightning bolt. Thor has a determined, fierce expression on his face. The background is a dramatic, stormy sky with dark, swirling clouds and several bright, white lightning bolts. The ground around him is dark and rocky, with some debris and a small, glowing orange orb. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, purples, and browns, with the bright white of the lightning providing a stark contrast.

THOR

BY JASON AARON

THE
COMPLETE
COLLECTION

VOLUME 4

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COLLECTION
VOLUME 4

THOR

WRITER
JASON AARON

UNWORTHY THOR #1-3

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COLOR ARTIST Matthew Wilson
COVER ART Olivier Coipel
WITH Matthew Wilson (#2-3)

UNWORTHY THOR #4

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Frazer Irving (YOUNG THOR),
Esad Ribic (MIGHTY THOR),
Russell Dauterman (UNWORTHY THOR)
COLOR ARTISTS Matthew Wilson, Matt Milla
& Frazer Irving
COVER ART Olivier Coipel &
Matthew Wilson

UNWORTHY THOR #5

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& Pascal Alix
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& Jay David Ramos
COVER ART Olivier Coipel &
Matthew Wilson

MIGHTY THOR #20 & #22

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COLOR ARTISTS Veronica Gandini
& Matthew Wilson
WITH Rain Beredo (#22)
COVER ART Russell Dauterman
& Matthew Wilson

MIGHTY THOR #21 & #23

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COLOR ARTISTS Veronica Gandini (#21)
& Rain Beredo (#23)
COVER ART Russell Dauterman
& Matthew Wilson

GENERATIONS: THE UNWORTHY THOR & THE MIGHTY THOR

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COLOR ARTIST Jordie Bellaire
COVER ART Mahmud Asrar
& Jordie Bellaire

MIGHTY THOR #700

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James Harren & Dave Stewart
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MIGHTY THOR #702-706

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COLOR ARTIST Matthew Wilson
COVER ART Russell Dauterman
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DEDICATED TO NICHOLAS W. WILSON

MIGHTY THOR: AT THE GATES OF VALHALLA

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COVER ART Nick Derington

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PREVIOUSLY...

On the day months ago that Thor Odinson learned a long-kept secret, he dropped his mystic hammer Mjolnir on the surface of the moon. Try as he might, Thor could no longer lift his once-faithful weapon. Unable to possess the power of his birthright, the thunder god relinquished the name of Thor and now simply calls himself Odinson. Now he searches the galaxy for redemption — but until he finds it, he will remain **THE UNWORTHY THOR**.

But there must always be a Thor, and the hammer soon called out to another. Dr. Jane Foster discovered that she was worthy to wield Mjolnir — and the enchantment of the uru hammer transformed her into **THE MIGHTY THOR**. Her enemies are many, as Asgard descends into chaos and war threatens to spread throughout the Ten Realms. Yet Jane's greatest battle is against a far more personal foe: the cancer that is killing her mortal form.

Recently, the Shi'ar gods Sharra and K'ythri forced the new Thor to participate in a challenge of the gods. Thor won — but not before the gods called upon “the ultimate judgment,” a power they promise will raze the universe. Knowing that the end may be coming, Jane met with her old friend Odinson and finally told him the secret of her double identity...



THE UNWORTHY THOR #1 VARIANT
BY John Cassaday & Laura Martin



THE UNWORTHY THOR #1 VARIANT
BY Bryan Hitch & Nathan Fairbairn



THE UNWORTHY THOR #1 DIVIDED WE STAND VARIANT
BY Pasqual Ferry & Frank D'Armata



THE UNWORTHY THOR #1 ACTION FIGURE VARIANT
BY John Tyler Christopher



THE UNWORTHY THOR | 1

The Hammer from Heaven

HOLD
HIM! GRAB
HIS...

GAAAAGGHH!!!

THERE WAS A TIME,
MY MORNINGS WERE
SPENT RACING COMETS.



And
winning.

HNNG.

I WOULD FLY FROM ONE
END OF THE COSMOS TO
THE OTHER, SOARING SO
CLOSE TO STARS MY
CAPE WOULD ALIGHT.

LOOK OUT,
HE'S--

MY ONLY COMPATRIOTS,
THE THUNDER IN MY
EARS...

...AND THE COLD,
HARD CHUNK OF
URU IN MY HAND.

BUT I AM NOT
THAT GOD
ANYMORE.

GAAAGH!
GET HIM OFF!
HE'S BITING
MY...!

THAT GOD
WAS WORTHY.

RRR
RAAA
RRR!!



I AM THE
ODINSON.

THE LOST SCION
OF ASGARD. THE
UNWORTHY.

THE GOD FORMERLY
KNOWN AS THOR.

AND NOW I SPEND MY
MORNINGS NOT FLYING
BUT FIGHTING.

AND
FAILING.

AND FIGHTING
AGAIN.



I HAVE LOST COUNT OF HOW MANY DAYS IT HAS BEEN SINCE I WAS BROUGHT TO THIS WRETCHED PLACE. ALL OF THEM HAVE UNFOLDED ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE THIS.

I ESCAPE THEIR CHAINS AND FIGHT MY WAY TOWARD FREEDOM UNTIL THEIR SEEMINGLY ENDLESS NUMBERS OVERWHELM ME.



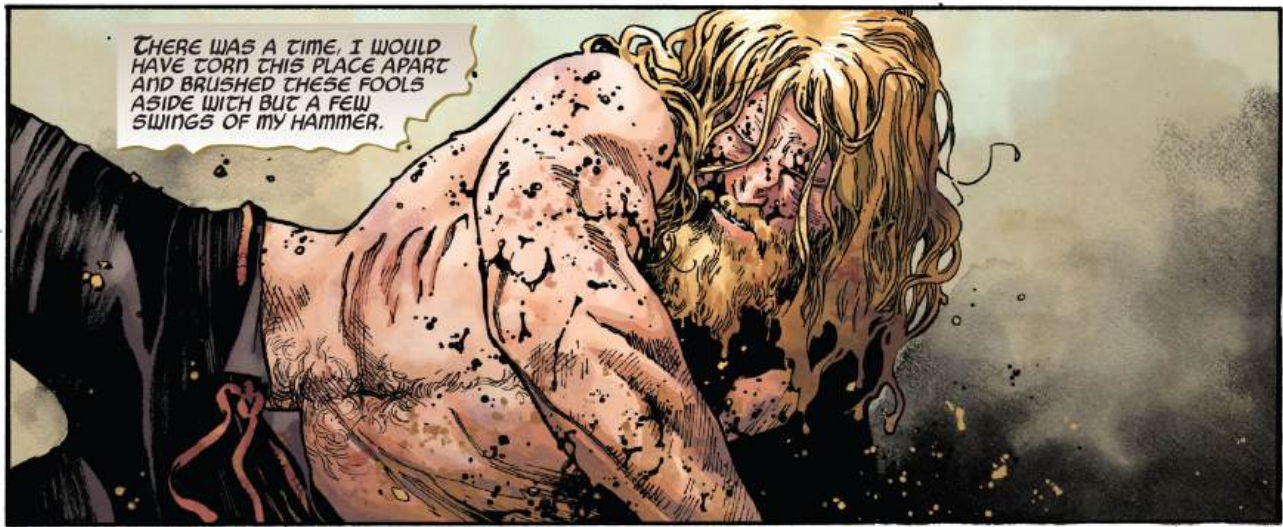
BUT TODAY I WILL NOT FALL UNTIL I HAVE TOUCHED IT. UNTIL I HAVE AT LEAST LAID MY HAND UPON THE--

RRRRRGHHH!!



PUT HIM DOWN!

FRY HIS DAMN BRAINS IF YOU HAVE TO!!!





 **THREE MONTHS EARLIER.**

SOMETHING STRANGE
IS HAPPENING IN THE
HEAVENS.

I AM TOLD THAT IN THE LAST
THREE WEEKS, MORE THAN A
DOZEN SATELLITES HAVE BEEN
VANDALIZED AND DESTROYED,
WHILE STILL IN ORBIT.

ONE OF THEM APPEARED
TO HAVE BEEN PARTIALLY
EATEN. ANOTHER WAS
SMEARED WITH SOME
MANNER OF FECES.

TWO DAYS AGO, AN UNMANNED
CHINESE MOON ROVER
MYSTERIOUSLY MALFUNCTIONED.
THE FINAL IMAGE IT RECORDED
WAS OF A BATTLE AXE.



THAT WAS WHEN
I WAS FIRST
CONTACTED BY
ALPHA FLIGHT.



WHICH IS WELL AND
GOOD. SEEING AS
HOW I JUST RAN
OUT OF MEAD.

IF ANYTHING
SHOULD RISE
FROM THIS PIT
THAT IS NOT
ME...



SINCE LOSING MY HAMMER, I CAN NO LONGER FLY OR TRAVERSE THE REALMS, EXCEPT BY GOAT-POWER.



I AM NO LONGER COUNTED AMONG THE RANKS OF THE AVENGERS. MY POSITION IN ASGARD IS TENUOUS AT BEST, AS THE REALM ETERNAL SLOUCHES TOWARD CHAOS.

EVEN THE THUNDER SOMETIMES CHOOSES TO IGNORE MY CALL.



BUT THERE IS STILL ONE THING FOR WHICH THE UNWORTHY ODINSON HAS NOT YET LOST HIS MIGHTY PROPENSITY--



THE SMITING
OF TROLLS.

HUH? IS
THAT...



TWO THINGS,
IF DRINKING
COUNTS.

AYE,
'TIS ME.

SKIP THE
BANTER. LET US
GET TO THE
SMITING.



THE SON OF
ODIN! KILL THE
BASTARD!

THOR!
BUT WHERE'S
HIS...

GARRGGHH!!!



TROLLS HAVE LONG BEEN THE SCOURGE OF THE REALMS. THEY HAVE NO LAND OF THEIR OWN, SO INSTEAD THEY ROAM AND PILLAGE, LEAVING RUIN WHEREVER THEY WANDER.



WERE I THE ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD, I MIGHT BE INCLINED TO CARVE OUT A HOME FOR THEM SOMEWHERE FAR REMOVED FROM OTHERS, WHERE PERCHANCE THEY COULD LIVE IN PEACE.



BUT I WILL NEVER BE THE ALL-FATHER.



AND PEACE IS THE LAST THING ON MY MIND THIS MORN.



GUUH!



IT APPEARS I AM NOT ALONE IN THAT THINKING.

LOOK AT HIM, BOYS. A THOR WITHOUT A HAMMER.

RATHER LIKE A SNAKE WITHOUT ITS FANGS, ISN'T IT?

ULIK,
KING OF THE
TROLLS.



AND A SNAKE WITHOUT FANGS IS NAUGHT BUT A WORM. WHO HERE WANTS TO SQUISH THIS WORM FOR THEIR KING?



I MAY BE MISSING A HAMMER, BUT I AM NOT WITHOUT FANGS.



OR GOATS.

GAAGH!



THUNDER RUMBLES
THROUGH THE GUTS
OF THE MOON.

FOR A MOMENT, I
FEEL ALMOST LIKE
MYSELF AGAIN.

THEY WITHER BEFORE
ME. THEIR EYES
SWELLING WITH
FEAR.

FOR A
MOMENT.

GNASHER!
YOU WILL PAY
FOR LAYING HANDS
ON MY GOAT. YOU
MOTHERLESS
TROLL!



MY AXE--JARNBJORN--HUMS
IN MY HAND OF BLACK URU.
MY BEARD DRIPS BLOOD.
ONLY SOME OF IT MINE.

MY GOAT--ZOOCHGNASHER--
ROARS ABOVE A DIN OF
CURSES, SCREAMS AND
THE RENDING OF CROLL
FLESH.

THOUGH GROSSLY
OUTNUMBERED, I
CARVE MY WAY
THROUGH MY FOES.



I THINK
NOT.

AFTER YOU HAVE
BEEN CRAPPED DOWN
HERE FOR A FEW DAYS,
WE'LL SEE HOW YOU LIKE
BEING EATEN BY A
GOAT, ODINSON!



NO!!!



WE'RE
RUNNING AGAIN!
I WAS JUST
STARTING TO
LIKE THIS
PLACE.

ONCE THE
WAR OF THE
REALMS COMES
TO MIDGARD, WE
WILL CARVE OUR
DENS WHEREVER
WE PLEASE.

BUT FOR
NOW...SHUT UP
AND GET TO
THE SHIP.



I MAY NOT BE
THE GOD I
ONCE WAS.

I MAY NO LONGER
BE CAPABLE OF
LIFTING MJOGLTHIR.

BUT I AM STILL
THE SON OF
ODIN.



HRRR
RRGGH!!

I CAN HANDLE
ONE PALTRY
MOON.



WE SAIL FOR
THE NORNKEEP,
BOYS. IT'S BEEN
TOO LONG SINCE
WE PAID A VISIT
TO THE QUEEN
OF NORNS.



GODS, I HATE TROLLS.
ALMOST AS MUCH AS
I HATE...



HA!
NICE THROW,
ODINSON!

IF YOU
WERE AIMING
FOR THE
STARS!

...MYSELF.

GNASHER.
GO FETCH
MY AXE.





THE MOON.



THIS IS WHERE
IT HAPPENED.



THIS IS WHERE
I FELL.



FELLED BY A
WHISPER.



BY WORDS I STILL CANNOT
UNHEAR. A TRUTH I CANNOT
SHAKE NO MATTER
HOW HARD I...



THERE IS
ANOTHER.





IS THAT
SO? THEN WHAT
DID I HAVE FOR
BREAKFAST?

ALCOHOLIC
BEVERAGES. AND
SELF-LOATHING.

LUCKY
GUESS.

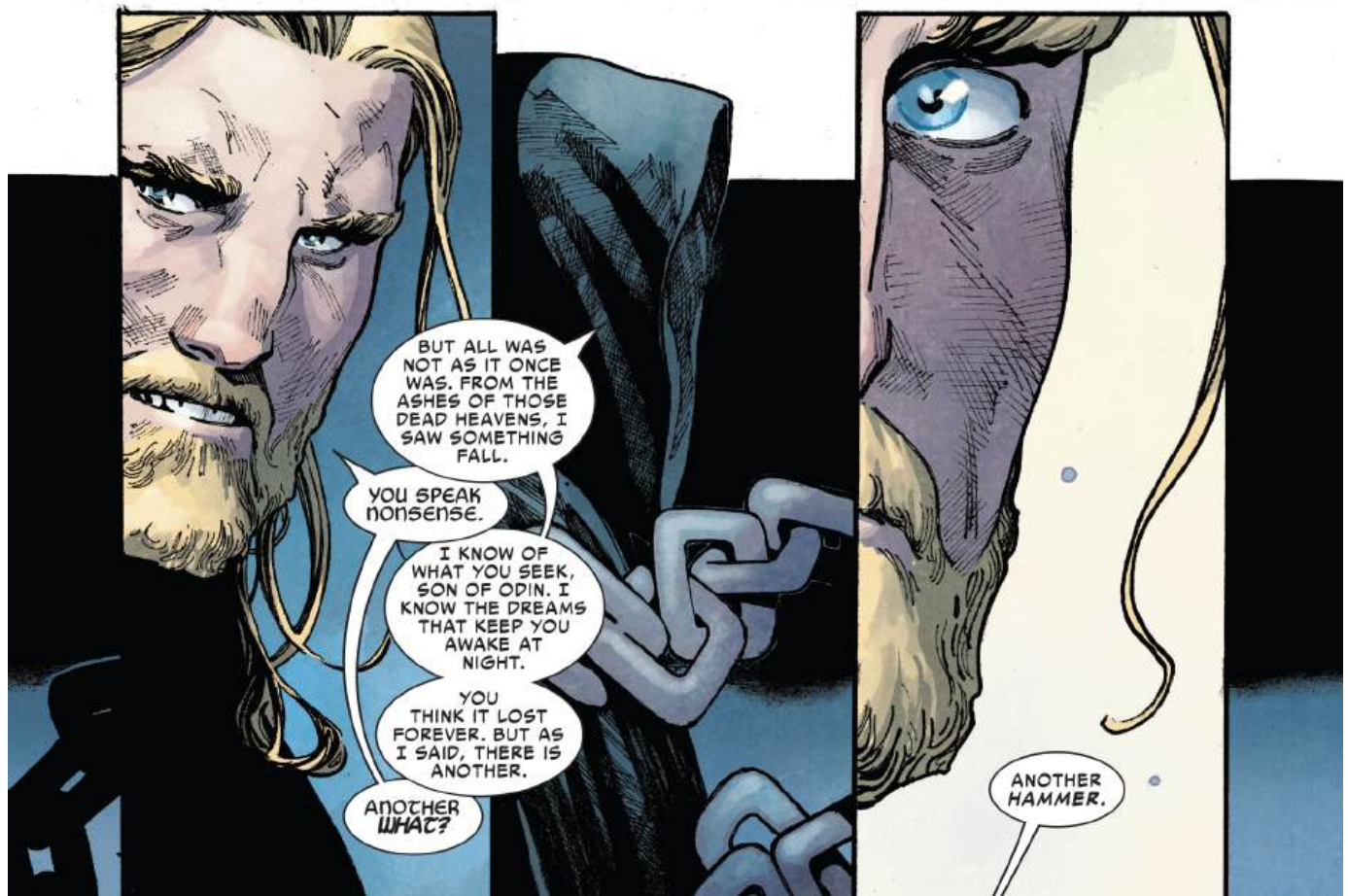
WHAT IS
YOUR BUSINESS
HERE, STRANGE
ONE?

TO
SEE ALL
THINGS.

I SAW A NEW
THOR RISE, BURDENED
WITH SECRETS. WHILE AN
OLD ONE FELL, BENEATH
THE WEIGHT OF
A WHISPER.

I SAW
WORLDS DIE.
ALL THE WORLDS
THAT EVER
WERE.

AND
THEN I SAW
THEM BORN
AGAIN.



BUT ALL WAS
NOT AS IT ONCE
WAS. FROM THE
ASHES OF THOSE
DEAD HEAVENS, I
SAW SOMETHING
FALL.

YOU SPEAK
NONSENSE.

I KNOW OF
WHAT YOU SEEK,
SON OF OPIN. I
KNOW THE DREAMS
THAT KEEP YOU
AWAKE AT
NIGHT.

YOU
THINK IT LOST
FOREVER. BUT AS
I SAID, THERE IS
ANOTHER.

ANOTHER
WHAT?

ANOTHER
HAMMER.



WHAT
KNOW YOU OF
HAMMERS? OR
OF ME?

I KNOW
ONLY WHAT
I SAW.

THE HAMMER
OF A DEAD WORLD.
A DEAD THOR.

SO STRONG
WAS ITS POWER
THAT IT FLEW
THROUGH THE
DARKNESS, ALL
THE WAY TO THE
LIGHT. ALL THE
WAY TO US.*

*SEE SECRET
WARS: THORS.



WHERE?
WHERE IS THIS
HAMMER?

WHERE DO
YOU THINK? IF
A MJOLNIR WERE
SEEKING A THOR...
WHERE DO YOU
SUPPOSE IT
MIGHT LOOK?

ASGARD.



TOOTHGNASHER!
TIME TO GO!

IF THIS IS
TRUE, THEN YOU
AND I WILL HAVE
MORE WORDS,
STRANGER.



I FEAR...WE
HAVE ALREADY
SHARED FAR TOO
MANY, SON
OF ODIN.



OLD ASGARD. WHERE
ONCE DWELT THE GODS,
BEFORE THE FOUNDING
OF ASGARDIA.

WHERE I WAS BORN AND
RAISED. WHERE I FIRST
PROVED MYSELF WORTHY.



IF THERE TRULY IS ANOTHER
MJOLNIR, OLD ASGARD IS
WHERE IT WOULD FLY.



EVEN THOUGH THERE IS
NOTHING THERE NOW BUT
EMPTY FORESTS AND
SILENT MOUNTAINS AND...

YMIR'S
BEARD.
THIS IS NOT
POSSIBLE.





TAKE
MINE.



THE UNWORTHY THOR #1 HIP-HOP VARIANT
BY Stonehouse



THE UNWORTHY THOR #2 VARIANT
BY Kris Anka



THE UNWORTHY THOR #2 VARIANT
BY Jim Cheung & Laura Martin



THE UNWORTHY THOR | 2

The Thief of Asgard

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST
TIME I HAVE BEEN
USURPED AS THE
WIELDER OF MJOLNIR.

BILL, I...
I KNOW NOT
WHAT TO
SAY.

YEARS AGO, THERE WAS
ANOTHER. A STRANGER
FROM BEYOND THE STARS
CALLED BETA RAY BILL.

SAY YOU'LL
TAKE MY HAMMER.
PLEASE, THOR. IT
WOULD BE MY
HONOR.

AT FIRST, WE WERE THE FIERCEST
OF FOES. BUT SINCE THEN, WE
HAVE GROWN TO BE BROTHERS.
BROTHERS IN THUNDER.

RISE, MY
FRIEND.

BUT
THOR, I BEG
YOU...

I AM NOT THOR.
NOT ANYMORE.
AND STORMBREAKER
BELONGS WITH YOU.

NOW HIS FRIENDSHIP
IS CLEARLY YET
ANOTHER THING...

...OF WHICH I AM
NO LONGER
WORTHY.

YOU ARE A
NOBLE SOUL,
BETA RAY BILL.
AND A TRUE
FRIEND.

BUT
THIS CANNOT
BE REAL. THE
RUMORS, THEY
SAY...



THEY SAY I
AM LESS THAN
I WAS BEFORE.
DISGRACED. UNWORTHY.
THE RUMORS ARE
TRUE, MY FRIEND.

THE THOR
YOU ONCE KNEW
IS NO MORE. ONLY
THE ODINSON
REMAINS.



BUT *HOW*...
HOW COULD
THIS...

LET US
SPEAK ON THAT
LATER. FOR NOW,
TELL ME,
BILL...

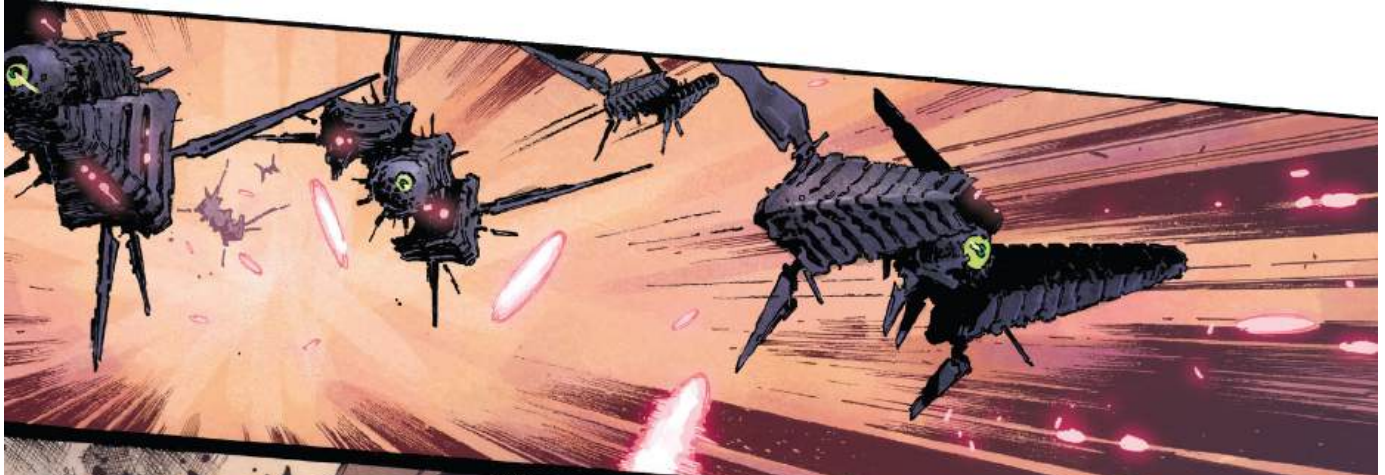
...WHAT HAS
BEFALLEN OLD
ASGARD?



YOU SAID IT
WAS STOLEN.
STOLEN BY
WHOM?

BY ONE OF THE
FEW BEINGS IN THE
COSMOS WITH THE
POWER TO STEAL AN
ENTIRE REALM. IT
WAS TAKEN BY--





BY THEM?

BY THEM.

THEN LET US HAVE WORDS WITH THESE THIEVES, MY BROTHER.

I WAS JUST THINKING THE VERY SAME THING.

BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS, GIVEN YOUR... CONDITION?



I AM UNWORTHY--



"--NOT DEAD."



SO I SEE.



FOR ASGARD!



HAH!

RRRRAGHH!

I MAY NOT
BE A NATIVE SON
OF THE REALM
ETERNAL BUT THE
POWER IN MY
HAMMER COMES
FROM ODIN
HIMSELF.

SO BETA RAY
BILL FIGHTS FOR
ASGARD! ON THIS
DAY AND ALL THE
TOMORROWS!

GNASHER!
OVER HERE,
BOY!

THE SHIPS
ARE PILOTED BY
DROIDS, ODINSON.
SO DO NOT
HOLD BA--

THOR HELD
BACK, THE
ODINSON DOES
NOT--

WHERE HAVE
THEY TAKEN
ASGARD?

THERE.

THAT'S THE
TRANSPORT
SHIP. BIG ENOUGH
TO HOLD A SMALL
SOLAR SYSTEM.
BUT WHY
WOULD THEY
RETURN TO...

OH, NO.
YAAA,
COOCHGNASHER!
YAAA!
ODINSON!
WAIT!

"THEY COME.
MASTER, HOW
SHOULD WE..."

MASTER?

THIS BOMB...IS
NINE MILLION YEARS
OLD. IT WAS BUILT BY A
PEOPLE WHO NO LONGER
EXIST. ON A WORLD
LONG SINCE TURNED
TO ASH.

IT IS ALL THAT
REMAINS OF THEIR
CULTURE. THE ONLY
SIGN THEY EVER
EXISTED.

THIS...HAS
ALWAYS BEEN...
ONE OF MY RAREST
AND MOST PRIZED
POSSESSIONS.

MASTER...THE
ATTACKERS...

BOOP

OPEN
THE BAY
DOORS...



...AND LET'S
SEE IF I GOT
MY MONEY'S
WORTH.



I HAVEN'T SLEPT
SINCE I BECAME
UNWORTHY.



WHICH WAS NINE MONTHS,
THREE WEEKS, FOUR DAYS,
AND SEVEN HOURS AGO.



I HAVEN'T SLEPT, BECAUSE
I'VE BEEN AFRAID OF WHAT
I'D SEE IF I CLOSED MY EYES.



I WAS RIGHT
TO BE AFRAID.





HGGGK!

WHISPER.



GHHRK!
CRUSHING ME.
CAN'T...

WHISPER.

WHISPER.



WHISPER!

WHISPER!

NO,
PLEASE...



WHISPER!

NOOO!!!



HHRRRR
GH!!!



HHRRRRRR
GGHH!!



HHRRAGH!

YOU WERE DREAMING.



I CAN TELL. I SPEND A LOT OF TIME WATCHING THE THINGS I OWN WHILE THEY'RE SLEEPING.

WHERE...



...WHERE AM I?

I EVEN DREAM SOMETIMES MYSELF. NOT AS MUCH AS I USED TO, OF COURSE.



BUT WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, AFTER THREE BILLION YEARS?



no...

STILL, I IMAGINE OUR DREAMS AREN'T SO DIFFERENT, YOU AND I.



WE BOTH COVET WHAT WE DON'T HAVE. THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US, OF COURSE...

...IS THAT I HAVE ALMOST EVERYTHING ANYONE COULD POSSIBLY WANT, INCLUDING YOU.

WHILE YOU HAVE NOTHING, ODINSON. NOT EVEN YOUR OWN NAME.

THE COLLECTOR.

CANELEER CIVAN, AN ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE, A BEING AS OLD AS THE MOST ANCIENT OF GODS.

TO HIM WE ARE ALL PLAYTHINGS TO BE CATALOGUED AND POSSESSED.

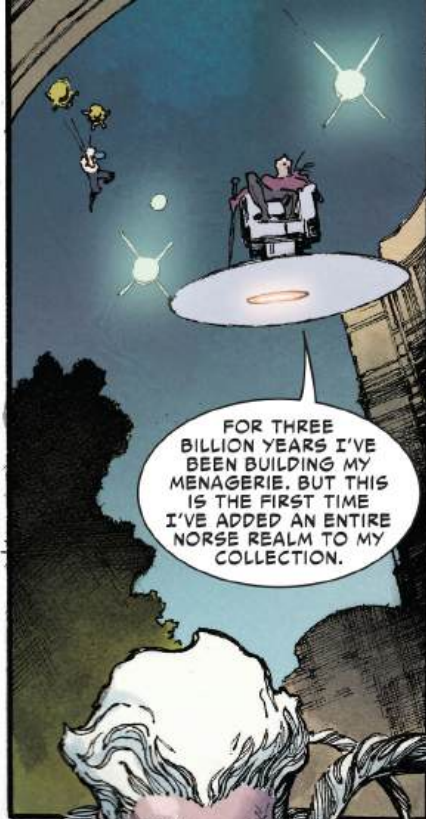
I'M NOT PUTTING YOU IN A CAGE, ASGARDIAN.

HEGGH!

YOU'VE TRIED TO PUT ME IN ONE OF YOUR CAGES BEFORE, COLLECTOR. IT WOULDN'T WORK ANY BETTER THIS--

I'M TAKING YOU HOME.

OLD ASGARD. REALM OF THE GODS.



FOR THREE BILLION YEARS I'VE BEEN BUILDING MY MENAGERIE. BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE ADDED AN ENTIRE NORSE REALM TO MY COLLECTION.



THOUGH THE REALM ETERNAL APPEARS TO HAVE PASSED ITS PRIME, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

UGGH!

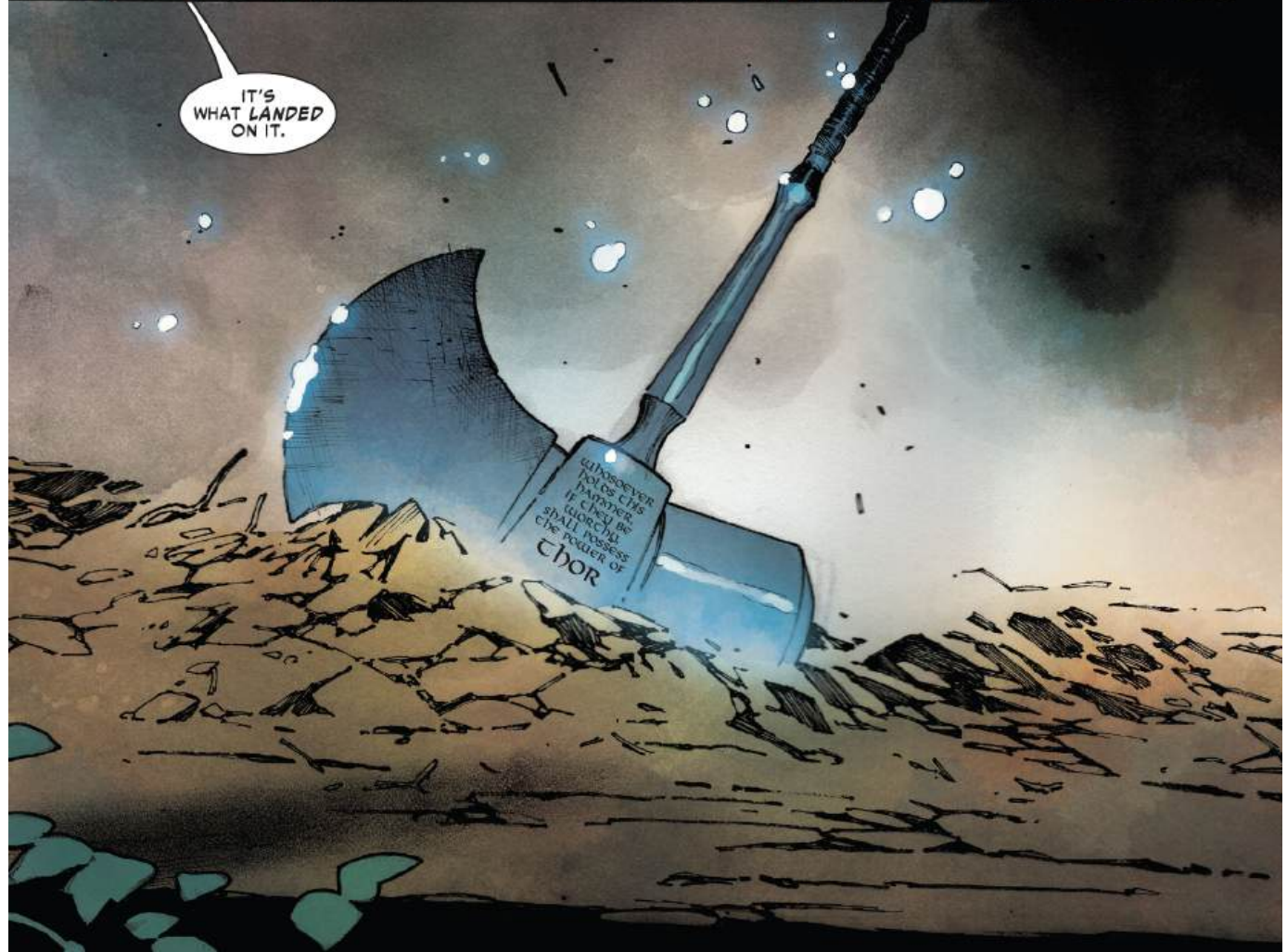


MUCH LIKE ITS ONCE-FAVORITE SON.



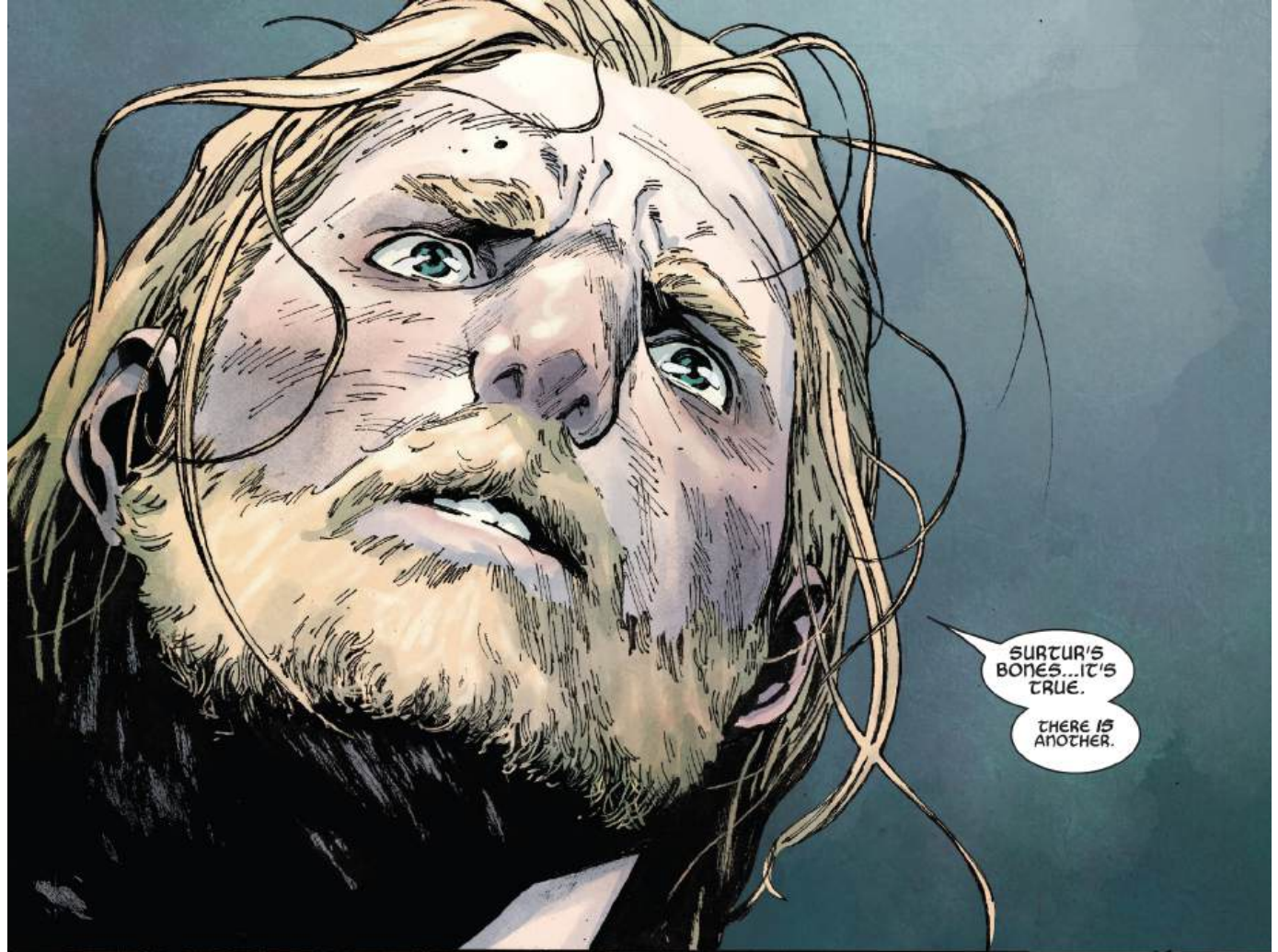
WHY...STEAL ASGARD? THERE'S NOTHING HERE NOW BUT GHOSTS AND RUINS.

IT'S NOT ASGARD I'M INTERESTED IN, YOU SILLY LITTLE GOD.



IT'S WHAT LANDED ON IT.

WHOEVER HOLDS THIS HAMMER IF THEY BE GUARDED BY SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF THOR



SURTUR'S
BONES...IT'S
TRUE.

THERE IS
ANOTHER.



I FELT IT FALL.
SO POWERFUL, IT
REFUSED TO DIE. EVEN AS
A UNIVERSE CRUMBLLED
AROUND IT.

IT TORE
THROUGH THE
WALLS OF REALITY
LIKE THEY WERE
MADE OF
TISSUE.

THE MJOLNIR
OF ANOTHER
WORLD. ANOTHER
THOR.

I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED MY
OWN MAGIC
HAMMER.

AND
YET.



AND YET
THERE IS THAT
TROUBLESOME "IF"
EMBLAZONED ON
THE SIDE, ISN'T
THERE?

YOU
THERE. PICK
IT UP.

YES,
MASTER.





**RRRRR
GGGHHH!!**



IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER IF THEY'RE ROBOTS OR FLESH AND BLOOD. NONE OF MY MINIONS CAN SO MUCH AS TOUCH IT WITHOUT...

WELL, YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF.



WE TRIED MAGIC. I HAVE SPELLBOOKS OLDER THAN YOUR FATHER'S WHISKERS.

WE TRIED TECHNOLOGY. MY CRANES ARE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO YANK MOONS OUT OF ORBIT.

I EVEN TRIED PICKING IT UP MYSELF. THE PAIN WAS...

IF I WERE A LESSER BEING, I WOULDN'T BE STANDING HERE NOW.



POINT IS, I COULDN'T TAKE THE HAMMER. SO I TOOK THE GROUND IT SAT ON.

BUT I DON'T CARE ABOUT THIS WASTED RUIN OF A REALM.



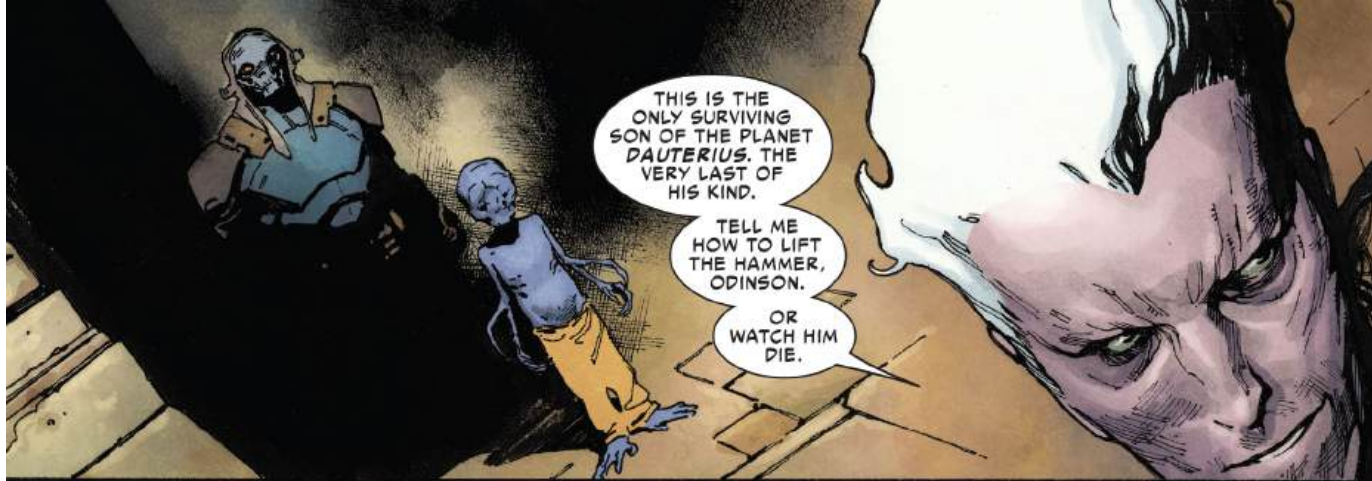
TELL ME THE SECRET. TELL ME HOW TO PICK IT UP.

HEH. YOU'RE ASKING THE WRONG THOR.

I'M ASKING THE ONLY THOR I'VE GOT. BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE DIFFICULT ABOUT THIS.

BRING HIM OUT.





THIS IS THE ONLY SURVIVING SON OF THE PLANET DAUTERIUS. THE VERY LAST OF HIS KIND.

TELL ME HOW TO LIFT THE HAMMER, ODINSON.

OR WATCH HIM DIE.



YOU FOOL! I CANNOT HELP YOU! YOU MUST BE *WORTHY* TO LIFT THE HAMMER!

I OWN MORE OF CREATION THAN YOU AND ALL YOUR GOD FRIENDS PUT TOGETHER. NOTHING HAS EVER EXISTED OF WHICH I AM UNWORTHY TO POSSESS.

THERE *MUST* BE A TRICK TO IT. SOME WAY AROUND THE ENCHANTMENT.

COUNT DOWN FROM FIVE, THEN SHOOT THE BOY.



FIVE.

NO! LET HIM GO, YOU BASTARD!

HE CAN GO BACK TO HIS CAGE ONCE I'M HOLDING THAT HAMMER.

COUNT FASTER.



FOUR.

I CAN'T EVEN LIFT MY OWN MJOLNIR! I CAN'T MAKE *MYSELF* WORTHY, LET ALONE YOU!

I WILL *KILL* YOU FOR THIS, COLLECTOR!

I WILL TEAR YOU INTO A THOUSAND PIECES AND FEED YOU TO MY GOAT, YOU--

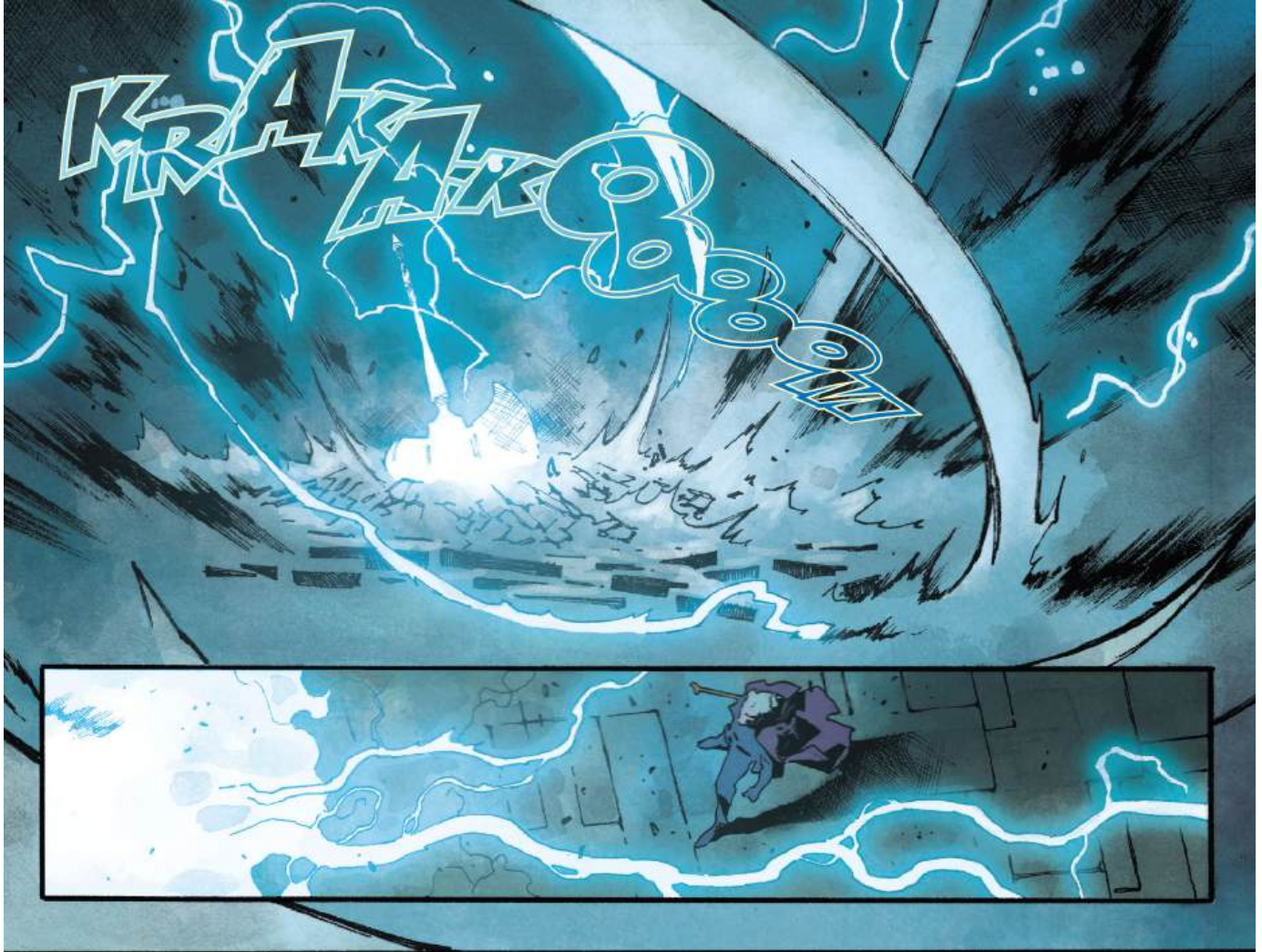
ONE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT HAMMER BEFORE! HOW AM I--

THREE.

TWO.

RRRRGGGGH!!!





THIS TRULY WAS
THE HAMMER
OF THOR.

ANOTHER THOR. THE
SON OF ANOTHER
ASGARD.

YET HE FOUGHT
WITH THE SAME
FURY.

HE DIED WITH A HAMMER
IN HIS HAND AND THE
ROAR OF BATTLE ON
HIS LIPS.

AND THE VERY
SAME THUNDER
IN HIS VEINS.

THIS IS THE
HAMMER OF
THOR.

And I...

...I Am...



EARTH.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE TRISKELION.
HEADQUARTERS OF THE
ULTIMATES.

"I COME SEEKING
AN ALLIANCE."

I NEED
YOUR HELP.

INTERESTING.

SINCE I AM
THE ONE WHO
WOULD APPEAR TO
BE IN NEED OF
ASSISTANCE.

I KNOW
YOUR POWER.
I KNOW THIS
CELL WON'T
HOLD YOU FOR
LONG.

SO YOU
HAVEN'T COME
TO OFFER ME MY
FREEDOM?

I WOULD IF
I COULD, BUT
I FIND MYSELF
WEAKENED FROM...
RECENT EVENTS.
IT TOOK ALL MY
POWER JUST
TO SEE YOU.

SO YOU
CANNOT HELP
ME. YOU CANNOT
EVEN HELP YOURSELF.
WHAT EXACTLY DO
YOU HAVE TO
OFFER ME?

WHAT
DO YOU
WISH?

A TRIBUTE.

AND
WHAT SORT
OF TRIBUTE
DOES THANOS
DESIRE?

I BELIEVE
I KNOW JUST
THE THING...





THE UNWORTHY THOR #2 TEASER VARIANT
BY Mike Deodato Jr. & Frank Martin



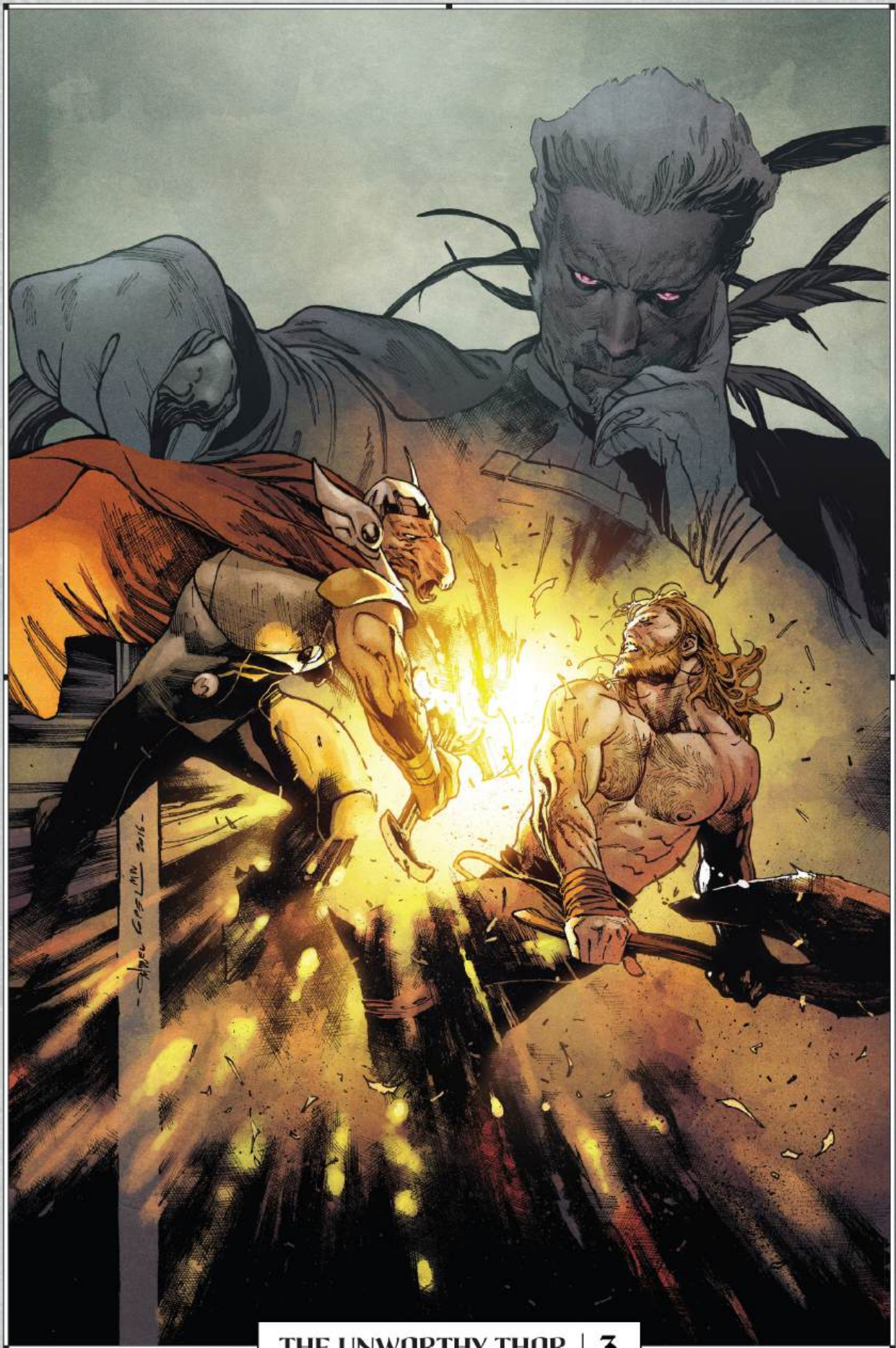
THE UNWORTHY THOR #3 VARIANT
BY Ryan Sook



THE UNWORTHY THOR #3 VARIANT
BY Ema Lupacchino & Rico Renzi



THE UNWORTHY THOR #4 VARIANT
BY Marguerite Sauvage



THE UNWORTHY THOR | 3

The Sin Unpardonable

EVERY DAY, WITH EVERY BREATH, I AM REMINDED OF MY CURRENT FLIGHT.

BRUTALLY REMINDED.

AND OF HOW HELPLESS I AM TO REVERSE IT.

ONCE I WAS THE LORD OF THUNDER AND THE RAGING STORM. NOW I AM THE GOD OF WHIMPERS AND WHISPERS.

THERE IS ANOTHER. ANOTHER HAMMER.

ONCE I COULD SEE, NOW I AM BLIND.

I...I WILL...

THOR... I TRULY AM SORRY.

BUT I DO NOT BLAME THE ONE WHO FELLED ME WITH HIS WORDS.

I WILL BE THOR... I...

OR THE MADMAN WHO HOLDS ME PRISONER. BECAUSE I KNOW, DEEP IN MY GUTS... THEY ARE RIGHT.

THE HAMMER WILL BE MINE, ODINSON! MINE AND NO ONE ELSE'S!

I NEVER DESERVED TO BE WORTHY IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IT WILL BE A BETTER WORLD WITHOUT GODS. WITHOUT YOU.

NEVER DID.

UGGH!

NEVER WILL.



DRAW HIM
BACK TO HIS
CELL! PUT HIM IN
MORE CHAINS
THIS TIME!

BUT WE
PUT HIM IN
MORE CHAINS
THE LAST
TIME.

THEN
PUT HIM
IN ALL THE
CHAINS!



WORTHINESS
WAS A CRUEL
DREAM.



ALL I AM TRULY
WORTHY OF
NOW...



...IS MISERY.



HEY, BOY-BEARD, DO A FAVOR.

LET ME EAT SOME OF YOUR FINGERS.



C'MON, DON'T BE STUPID JERK BASTARD. ALL YOU DO IS LOSE AT FIGHTING. DON'T NEED FINGERS FOR THAT. STICK A FEW THROUGH THE BARS.

WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU CAN GO TO HEL.

HARPH. WOULD IF I COULD. HEL'S GOT PROBLEMS, SAME AS ANYPLACE...



...BUT
IT'S STILL
HOME.



HOME? YOU'RE
A MAN OF THE
UNDERWORLD?

MAN? GRRR.
YOU'RE LUCKY
WE'RE IN CAGES,
ASGARDIAN MEAT, OR
YOU'D BE SAYING
GOODBYE TO YOUR
ENTRAILS.

AIN'T NO
TAILLESS TWO-
LEGGER.



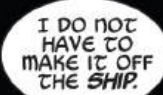
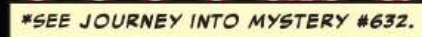
I'M A
HEL-HOUND.
GREATEST OF ALL
HEL-HOUNDS! SON
OF THE HEL-WOLF
HIMSELF.

ACROSS THE
TEN REALMS, THEY
KNOW ME AS THE
DEATHRIPPER, THE DEVIL
DOG. THE ATROCITY
THAT WALKS ON
FOUR LEGS.



BUT...GRR...
YOUR BROTHER...
HE...URR...

HE
NAMED ME
CHORI.





FATHER,
LOOK, I CAN
ALMOST...

WHAT IN
THE NAME OF
BOR DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOING, BOY?
UNHAND THAT
WEAPON AT
ONCE!

THAT
HAMMER WAS
NEVER MEANT
FOR THE LIKES
OF YOU,
THOR!



RRRRRGGGHHH!!



HERE
WE GO
AGAIN.

THIS ONE'S
MORE DAMN
TROUBLE THAN
A PACK OF
WILD MOON
WOLVES.

HIT HIM
WITH THE FULL
CHARGE. MAYBE
THAT'LL SHOCK
SOME SENSE
INTO HIS--



RRRRRGGGHHH!!



ODINSON.
MY BROTHER.





RETRIEVAL
SHUTTLE 39-424,
YOU ARE CLEAR
FOR DOCKING.

CURATORS
WILL MEET YOU
IN HANGAR 115.

WHAT
DO WE
GOT?

DON'T KNOW.
THERE'S NO
MANIFEST FILED
FOR THIS ONE.

LOOKS LIKE WE
LOST CONTACT WITH
THEM A FEW DAYS AGO.
LAST WE HEARD THEY WERE
ON A ROUTINE FISHING
MISSION SOMEWHERE
IN THE PEGASUS
SYSTEM.

GREAT. IF
ANOTHER SPACE
SHARK GOT LOOSE
AND ATE THE WHOLE
CREW, YOU'RE
CLEANING IT UP.
I DID THE LAST
ONE.

PROBABLY
JUST A
MALFUNCTION
OF THE--

HGKK.

GGKK.

IT'S
HERE.

HOW
YOU DO
KNOW?

BECAUSE
I KNOW THE
STENCH OF
ASGARDIAN
MAGIC.

HEH. THEN
YOU MAKE A FINE
BLOODHOUND,
DON'T YOU?



LEAD
AWAY THEN,
DOG.

MY DEAL IS
WITH **THANOS**.
NOT HIS LACKEYS.
CALL ME DOG
AGAIN, AND...

DOG.

YOU CAME
BEGGING SCRAPS
FROM THE MASTER'S
TABLE, COWERING AND
WHIMPERING. WHAT
ARE YOU, IF NOT A
BEATEN ANIMAL?

I BELIEVE
WHAT **PROXIMA
MIDNIGHT** IS TRYING TO SAY...
IS THAT YOUR AFOREMENTIONED
DEAL WITH **THANOS** IS
CONTINGENT UPON YOUR
DELIVERING THE
HAMMER.

SO PERHAPS
WE SHOULD
FOCUS ON
THAT, HMM?



WHAT
BLACK SWAN
IS TRYING TO
SAY...

IS "LEAD
ON..."

"...DOG."





GRRRRGGH!!!



THE HAMMER.
THE HAMMER
WILL CURE ALL.

WITHOUT A
HAMMER, I
AM BROKEN.



I WILL BE WHOLE
AGAIN. NO MATTER
WHAT IT COSTS.

I WILL...

I'LL
BE TAKING
THAT.

GUUGH!



THORS. OF
COURSE.

YOU THORS
CAN NEVER
KEEP YOUR HANDS
OFF EACH OTHER'S
HAMMERS,
CAN YOU?

ARRRRGGGGHH!!!

THE
PRINCE OF
ASGARD.

I CANNOT
LET HIM SEE ME
LIKE THIS.







COME,
OUR BOON LIES
ELSEWHERE.

I DON'T
SEE THE HARM
IN STILL JUST
KILLING THEM.



THEY'RE
GONE. THAT
MAGIC--THERE
WAS SOMETHING
FAMILIAR
ABOUT...

ODINSON,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?



WHAT WILL YOU
DO, LITTLE GOD?
WHEN YOU ACCEPT
THAT GORR IS RIGHT?
ON THAT GRAND AND
GLORIOUS DAY...

WHAT
WILL YOU
DO?



HAS YOUR
MADNESS
PASSED?

ODINSON?



THE STORM
AROUND IT GROWS
STRONGER BY THE
DAY, MASTER.



I DO NOT
KNOW HOW MUCH
LONGER WE CAN
HOPE TO CONTAIN
ITS ENERGIES.

IF IT
CONTINUES GROWING
AT THIS RATE,
IT WILL EVENTUALLY
TEAR THE ENTIRE
SHIP APART.

THAT
WOULD BE...
A FAIR
TRADE.



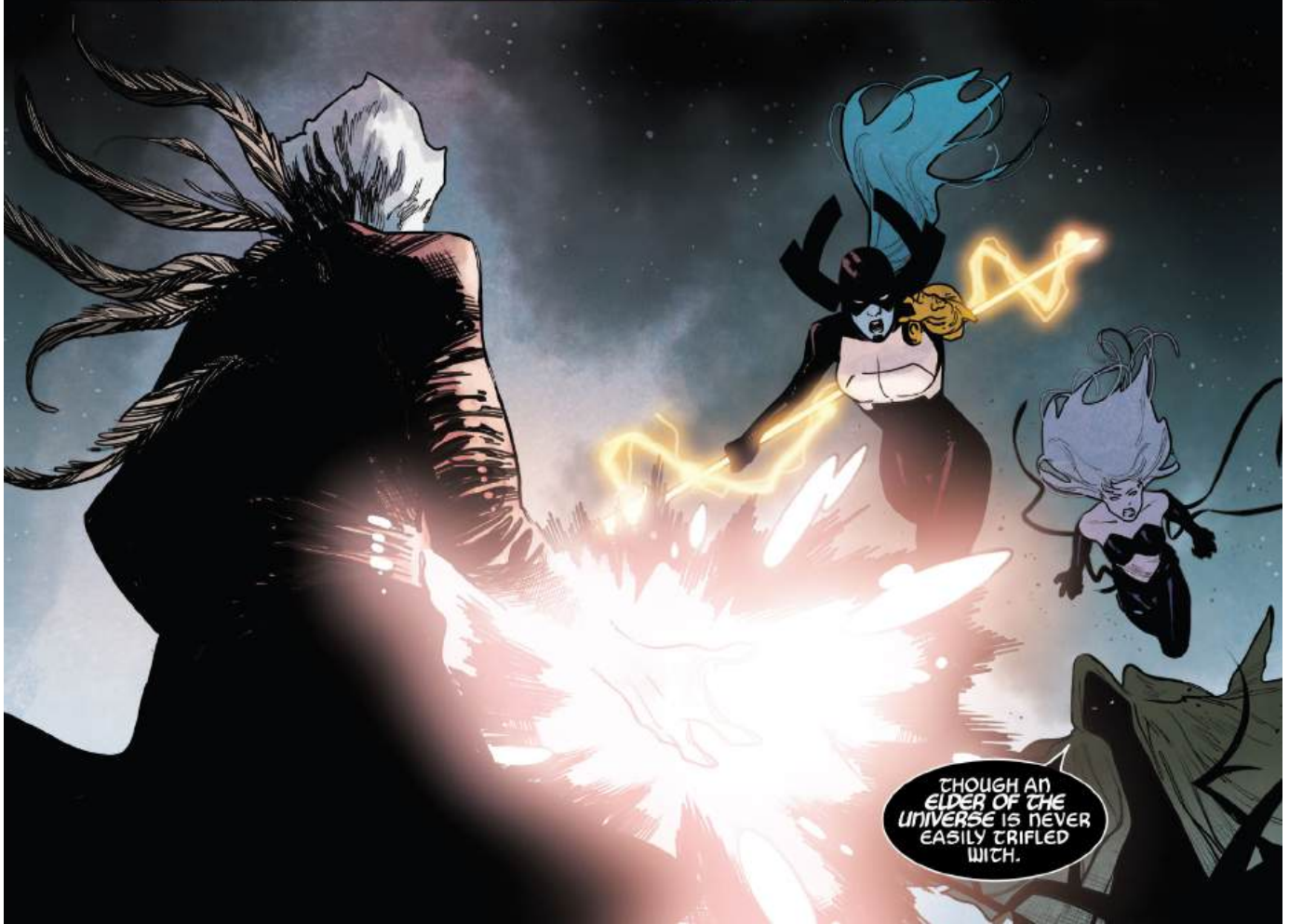
EVERYTHING
IN THIS SHIP,
INCLUDING THE LIVES
OF ALL ABOARD...
FOR THE HAMMER.
I WOULD GLADLY
MAKE THAT
TRADE.

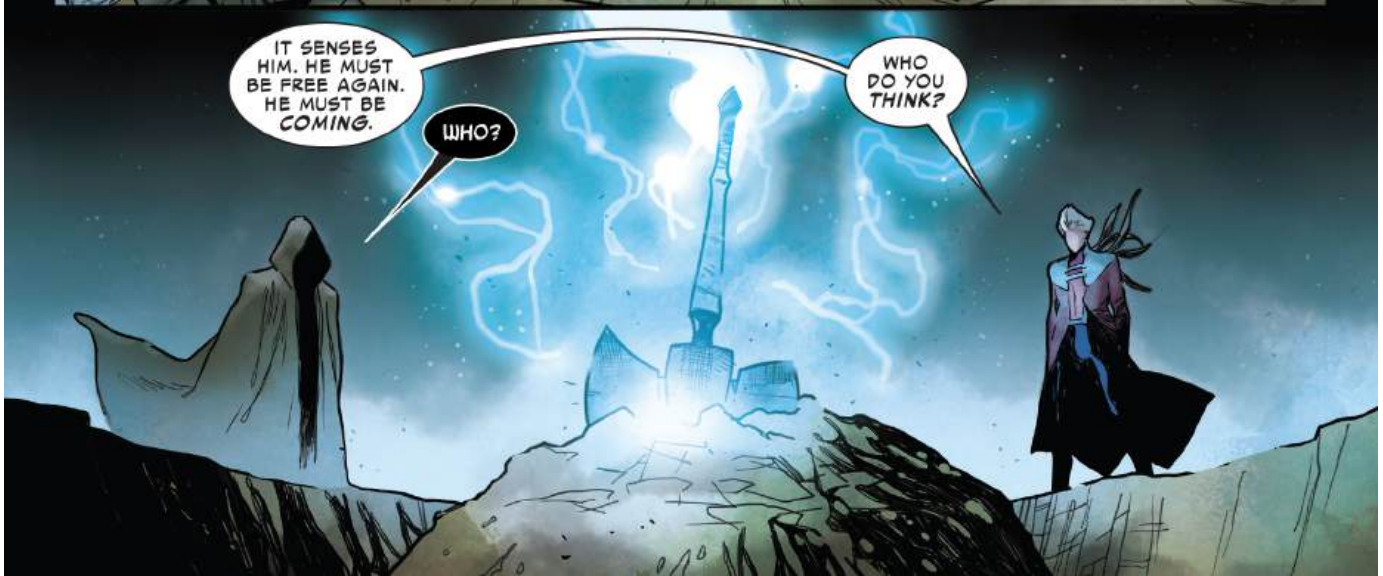
WITH THAT
WEAPON IN MY
HAND...I WOULD
HAVE NO MORE
NEED FOR THESE
TRINKETS AND
BAUBLES.

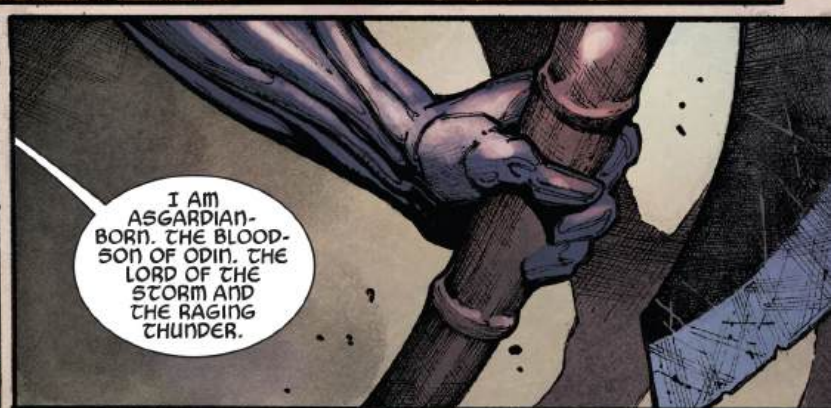


I WOULD
COLLECT ENTIRE
WORLDS.

NOT A
BAD IDEA,
COLLECTOR.
IN FACT...





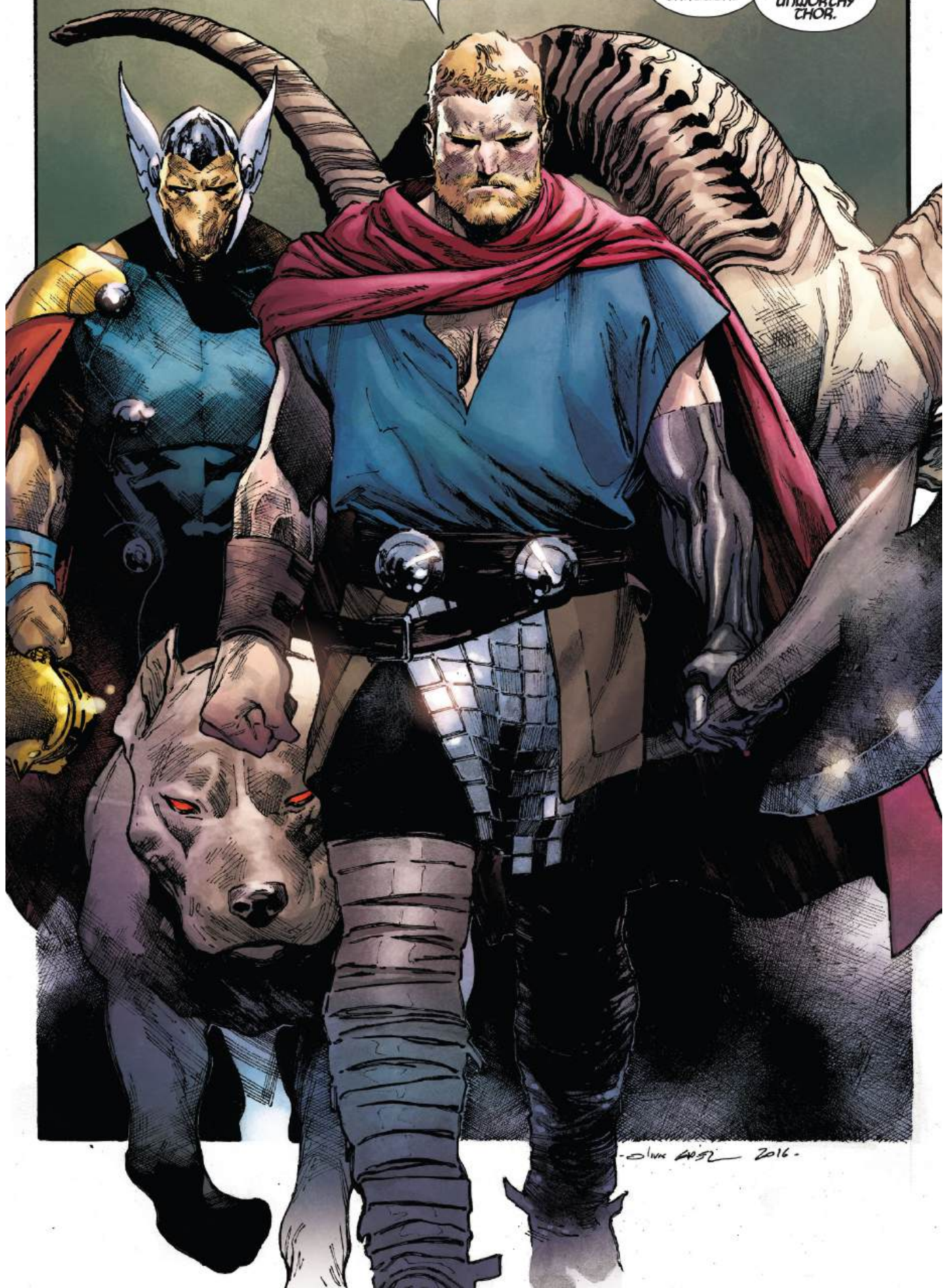


AND I'LL BE
DAMNED IF I NEED
A HAMMER IN ORDER
TO RAISE SOME
HEL.

BUT THIS DAY
I WILL CLAIM ONE
NONE THE LESS.

NO MATTER
HOW MUCH
BLOOD I
MUST WADE
THROUGH.

SO
SWEARS THE
UNWORTHY
THOR.





THE UNWORTHY THOR | 4

War of the Unworthy



MANY YEARS AGO.
THE WEAPONS HALL
OF ASGARD.



RRGGGH!!!



MOVE, YOU
BLASTED HUNK
OF URU!

THOR?



SON. WHAT
IN THE NAME OF
THE GODS ARE
YOU DOING?

I FELT IT
MOVE, MOTHER.
IT LIFTED OFF THE
PEDESTAL FOR AT
LEAST A SECOND,
I SWEAR. I JUST
HAVE TO...



RRRRGGH!!!

THOR,
PLEASE TELL
ME YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN AT THIS
ALL NIGHT.

MY SON,
THIS IS
MADNESS.





I HEAR IT
CALLING ME, MOTHER.
EVERY DAY. THIS HAMMER
IS MY *DESTINY*. I KNOW
IT. AND YET, I STILL
CANNOT...

I FOUGHT A
DRAGON TODAY.
SAVED AN ENTIRE
VILLAGE ON
MIDGARD.

THEN I...
RESCUED A
CHILD KIDNAPPED
BY TROLLS. RIGHTED
A CAPSIZED VIKING
SHIP. WHAT
MORE...



...WHAT MORE
DO I HAVE TO
DO... TO BE
WORTHY?



THOR. MY
BELOVED SON.
LOOK AT ME. LOOK
AT YOUR MOTHER,
FREYJA. AND HEAR
MY WORDS AS
IF THEY WERE
THUNDER.

NO HAMMER
IN ALL THE
HEAVENS CAN MAKE
YOU A BETTER GOD.
ONLY THE HEART
THAT BEATS IN
YOUR CHEST CAN
DO THAT.



MAYBE IF I...
FIND ANOTHER
DRAGON. A *LARGER*
DRAGON. THE
LARGEST DRAGON
IN--

NO. NO MORE
DRAGONS. GET
THEE TO BED, GOD OF
THUNDER. MOTHER'S
ORDERS.

THE HAMMER
WILL STILL BE THERE
TOMORROW, MY SON.
'TIS JUST A HAMMER.
AFTER ALL...



"...IT ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE."

I HAVE FACED COUNTLESS FEARSOME BATTLES OVER THE YEARS.



FIGHTING ALONGSIDE GODS AND AVENGERS.



TAKING ON GIANTS AND COSMIC CONQUERORS AND BEINGS BEYOND EVEN AN IMMORTAL'S COMPREHENSION.



BUT TODAY I FIGHT A BATTLE UNLIKE ANY OTHER IN ALL MY MANY EONS OF SMITING AND THUNDERING.



TODAY I FIGHT TO BE WHOLE AGAIN. TO BE THE GOD I WAS ALWAYS DESTINED TO BE.



TODAY I FIGHT TO BE WORTHY.



AND NO POWER IN ALL
THE HEAVENS WILL
STAND IN MY WAY.



IN OUR WAY, I SHOULD
SAY, AS I DO NOT
FIGHT ALONE.



I AM JOINED BY
MY FRIEND, MY
GOAT. AND...



...AN ENTHUSIASTIC
NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

MURDER
MURDER
MURDER!



THOUGH THE MINIONS OF OUR
FOE ARE SEEMINGLY WITHOUT
END, WE FIGHT ON. ONWARD
THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE
COLLECTOR'S GREAT SPACE
VESSEL.

WE FIGHT UNTIL
AT LAST I SEE
IT AGAIN, WITH
MY OWN EYES...



OLD ASGARD.
WHERE ONCE
DWELT THE
GODS.



WHERE
NOW LIES...



...MY SALVATION.

ENOUGH!
THIS FOLLY
ENDS NOW!



YOU HAVE NO
HOPE OF VICTORY
THIS DAY, COLLECTOR.
NOT AGAINST THE
BLACK ORDER.

THANOS
WANTS. WHICH
MEANS THANOS
GETS.



THE LORD OF
TITAN WILL HAVE
HIS TRIBUTE. AND
THE BLACK SWAN
WILL BE THE
ONE WHO...



FOOL. YOU
THINK I HAVEN'T
TRIED THAT
ALREADY?



IF AN
ELDER OF
THE UNIVERSE
CANNOT LIFT
THE BLASTED
THING...



...THEN
NO ONE
CA--



I HAVE
COME FOR WHAT
IS MINE.
STAND
ASIDE.



OR BE
READY TO
BLEED.



BLEED. YES.
PERHAPS IF WE
BATHE IN HIS GOD
BLOOD, WE'LL BE
ABLE TO LIFT
THAT WRETCHED
HAMMER.

OR IF WE
WEAR HIS
FLESH LIKE
MITTENS.

NONE
OF YOU WILL
DARE TOUCH MY
PROPERTY! YOU
WILL **BECOME**
IT!

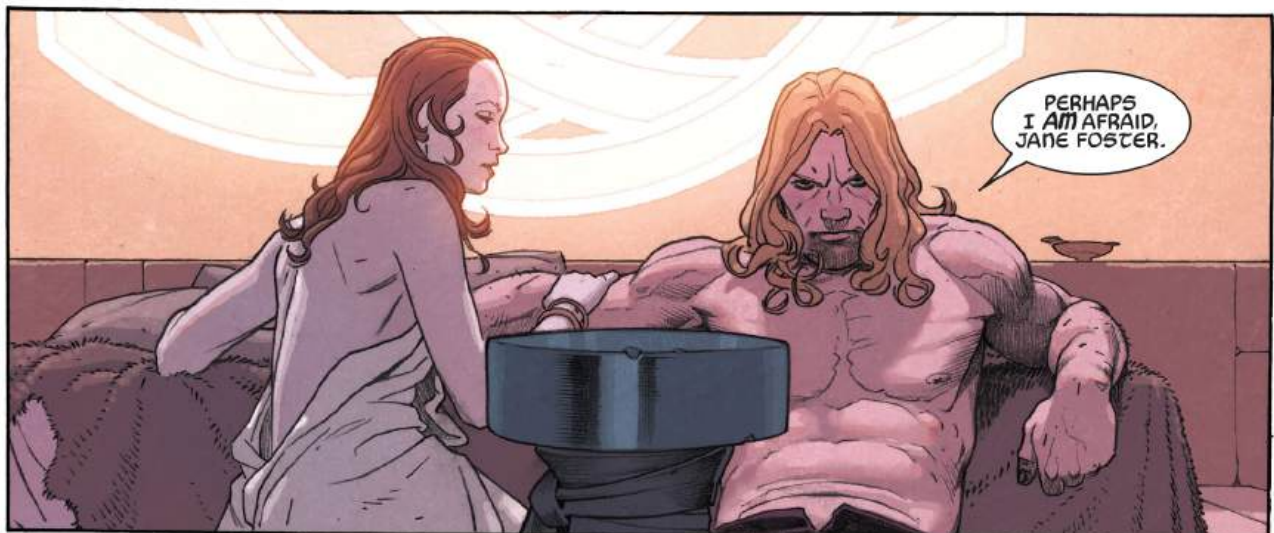
DON'T BELIEVE
HIS BOASTS. THE
ODINSON IS JUST AS
UNWORTHY AS THE
REST OF US.

KILL
HIM.



 YEARS
AGO.
ASGARD.

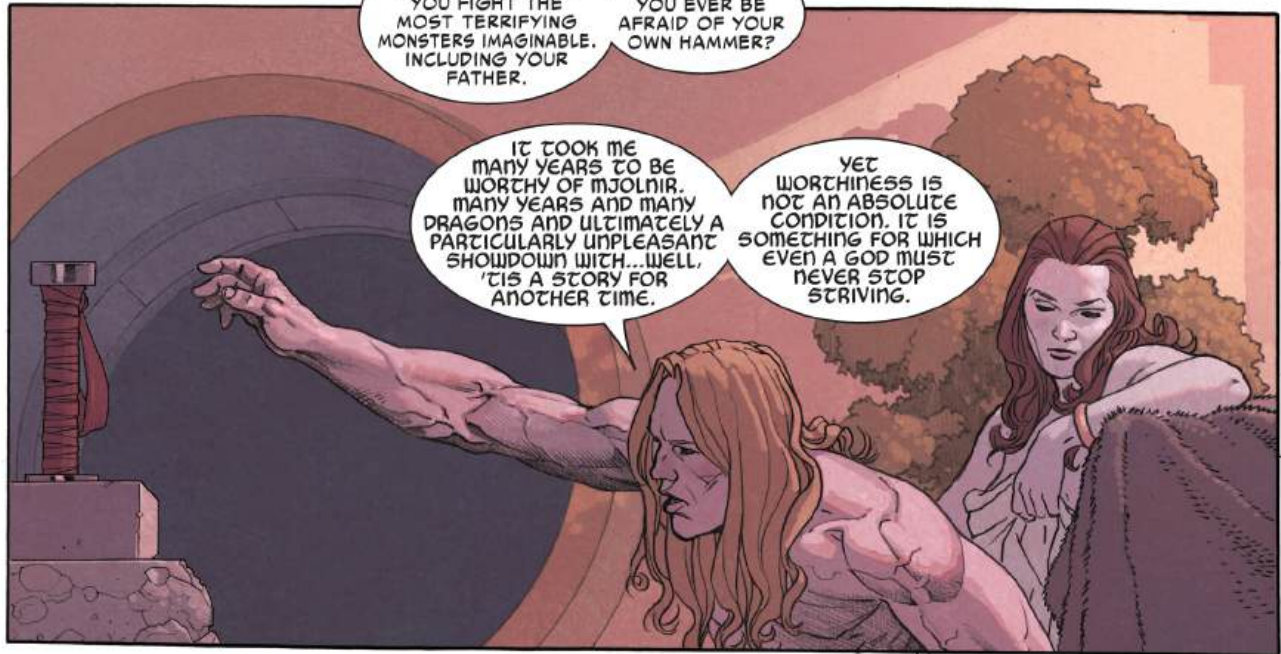
PRIVATE QUARTERS OF THOR.





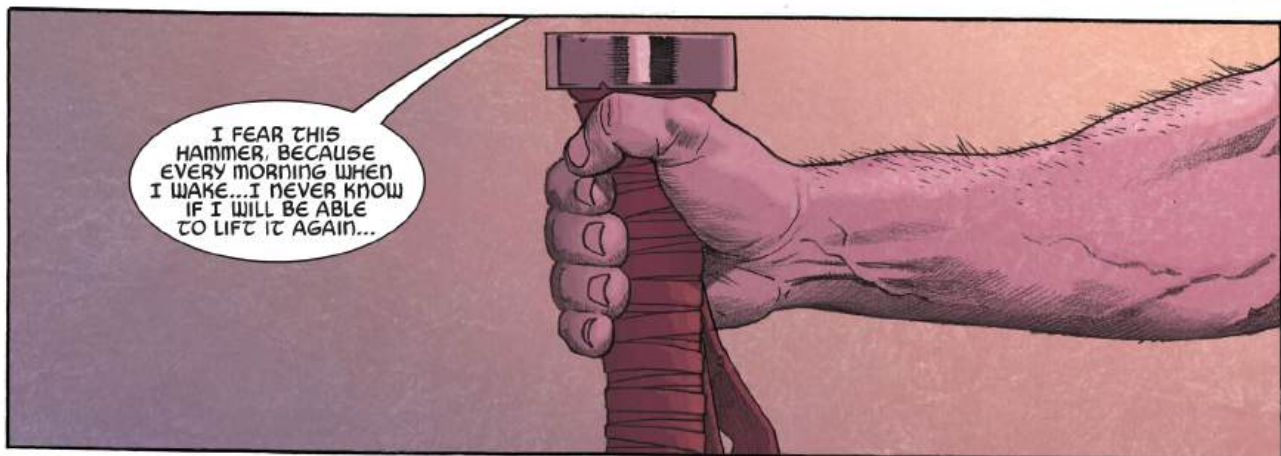
YOU'RE
THOR. I'VE SEEN
YOU FIGHT THE
MOST TERRIFYING
MONSTERS IMAGINABLE.
INCLUDING YOUR
FATHER.

WHY WOULD
YOU EVER BE
AFRAID OF YOUR
OWN HAMMER?

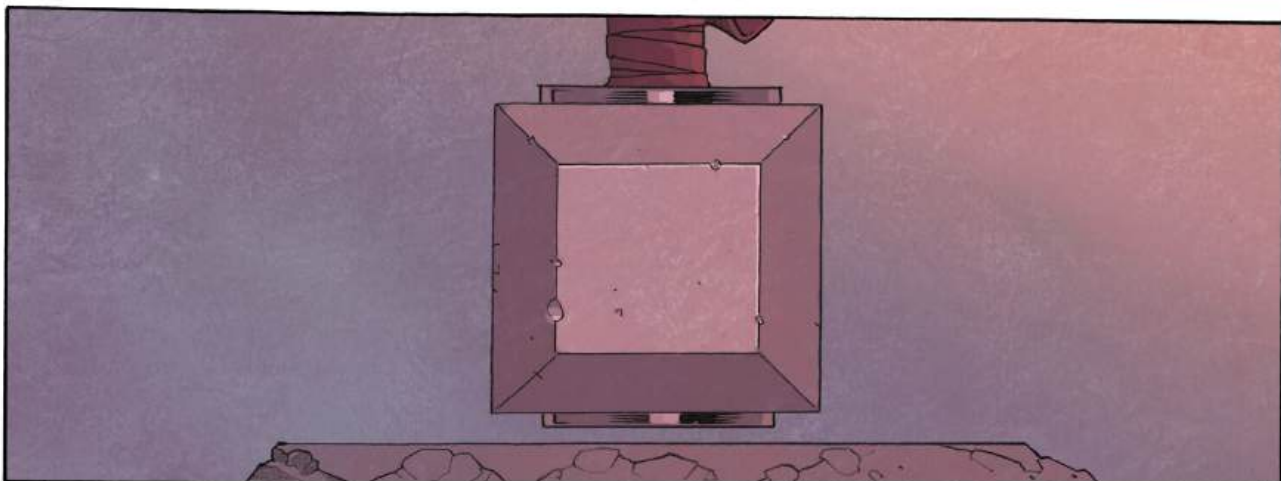


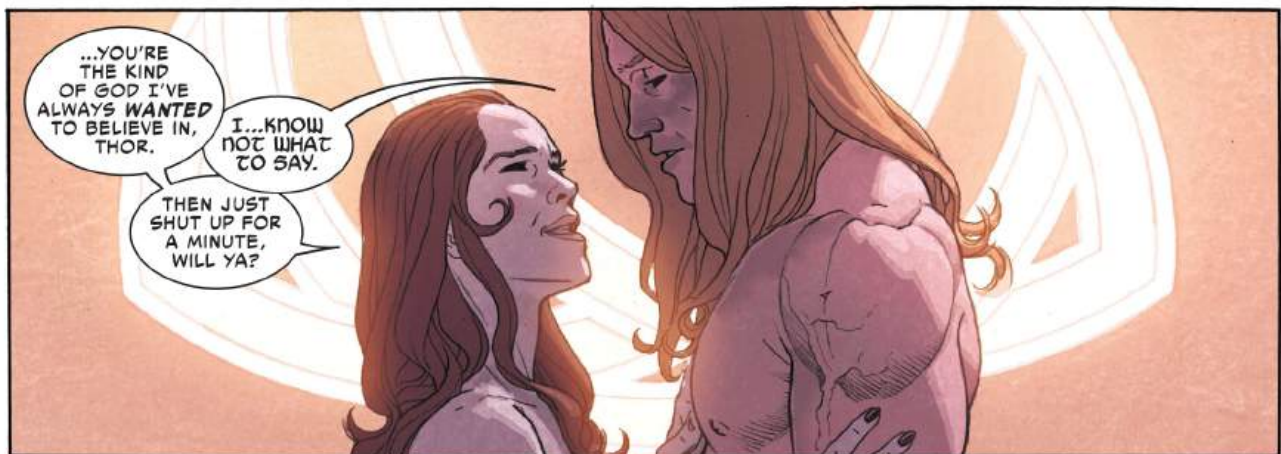
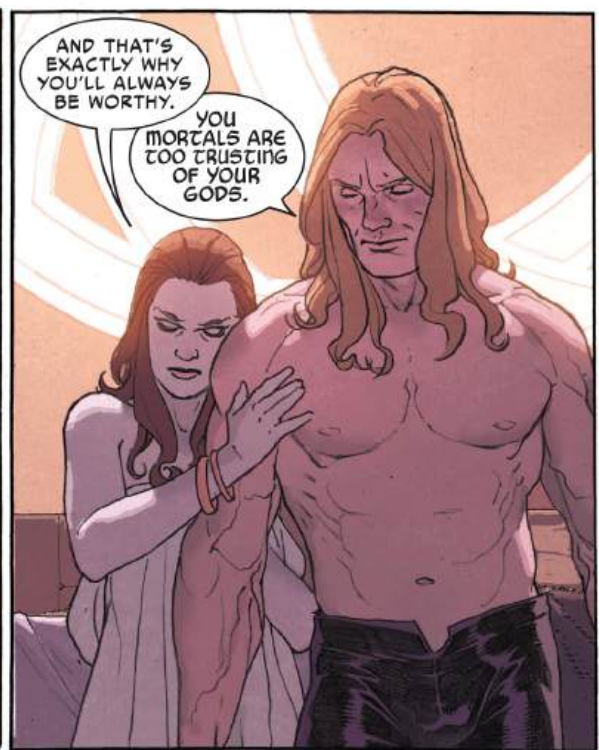
IT TOOK ME
MANY YEARS TO BE
WORTHY OF MJOLNIR.
MANY YEARS AND MANY
DRAGONS AND ULTIMATELY A
PARTICULARLY UNPLEASANT
SHOWDOWN WITH...WELL,
'TIS A STORY FOR
ANOTHER TIME.

YET
WORTHINESS IS
NOT AN ABSOLUTE
CONDITION. IT IS
SOMETHING FOR WHICH
EVEN A GOD MUST
NEVER STOP
STRIVING.



I FEAR THIS
HAMMER, BECAUSE
EVERY MORNING WHEN
I WAKE...I NEVER KNOW
IF I WILL BE ABLE
TO LIFT IT AGAIN...





NOW.

THANOS DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR HEAD, ASSGARDIAN. BUT PERHAPS I'LL BRING IT TO HIM ANYWAY.

THANOS ALREADY HAS A HEAD. 'TIS GIVES HE IS SORELY LACKING. IF HE SHOULD FIND SOME, TELL HIM THE PRINCE OF ASGARD WILL BE WAITING TO FACE HIM--



--HAMMER IN HAND!

SASSHI!

BLACK SWAN!

I HEAR THAT ALMIGHTY THOROS SITS INSIDE A JAIL CELL ON GARCH. YOU WILL SOON FIND YOURSELF JOINING HIM.

ACTUALLY, YOU WILL SOON BE JOINING THE REST OF YOUR HORSE-FACED RACE--

--IN OBLIVION, KORBINITE BASTARD!

A HEL-HOUND? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

STAND DOWN, DOG. I COMMAND YOU, AS...

HRR. DON'T THINK YOU COMMAND NOTHING NO MORE.

ESPECIALLY NOT THIS DOG!

SOMEONE PUT THIS INFERNAL GOAT BACK IN ITS CAGE!

WILL IT FEEL ANY
DIFFERENT?

RRRGHH!

unh...

WHEN I HEFT IT
AND THROW IT?
WHEN IT
MAGICALLY RETURNS
TO MY HAND?

WHEN I FLY?

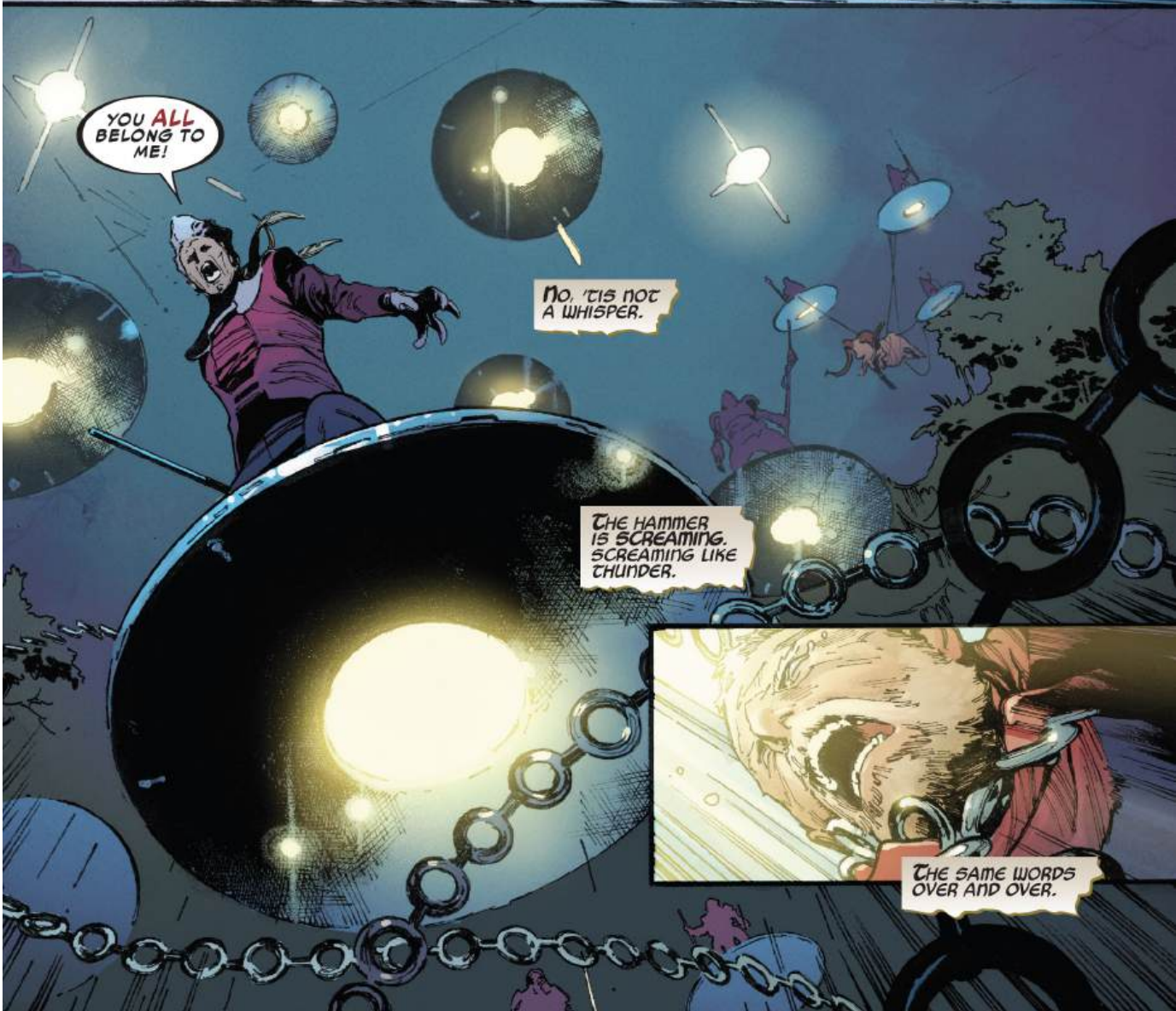
BY ALL THE GODS,
DO I MISS FLYING.

WILL IT WHISPER,
LIKE THE OTHER
ONE ALWAYS--

HRRRGH!!!



I TOLD YOU,
YOU UNWORTHY
WASTE OF A THOR...
THAT HAMMER
BELONGS TO ME!



YOU **ALL**
BELONG TO
ME!

No, 'tis not
A WHISPER.

THE HAMMER
IS SCREAMING.
SCREAMING LIKE
THUNDER.



THE SAME WORDS
OVER AND OVER.



"WHERE IS
MY THOR?"



NINE MONTHS AGO.
ASGARDIA.



PRIVATE QUARTERS
OF THE ODINSON.

AH,
THOR? OR...
I MEAN...
ODINSON?



I STILL REALLY
HATE TO CALL YOU
THAT. "SON OF ODIN"
SOUNDS MORE LIKE
AN INSULT THAN
A NAME.

COULDN'T
I MAYBE CALL
YOU "PRINCE"
OR...

...SORRY,
THE DOOR
WAS OPEN.

AND
I WAS
WORRIED.







HAVEN'T HAD
A DRINK IN
MONTHS.



ONLY FOOD I'VE CONSUMED
HAS BEEN THE SAME GRUEL
THE GUARDS FEED TO ALL
THE COLLECTOR'S PETS.



HAVEN'T SEEN THE
STARS, OR THE FACES
OF MY FRIENDS.

HAVEN'T HEARD MY MOTHER'S
VOICE, JUST TO KNOW SHE
IS WELL, EVEN THOUGH
SOMETHING DEEP IN MY
GUT TELLS ME SHE IS NOT.



HAVEN'T SLEPT, UNLESS
YOU COUNT BEING
BEATEN UNCONSCIOUS.



IN OTHER WORDS, NOT
ONLY AM I UNWORTHY...
I AM IRRITABLE.

A SUPREMELY DANGEROUS
COMBINATION.

ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE
HAS AN ENCHANTED AXE...



...AN ARM OF
BLACK URU...



...AND A LARGE,
HUNGRY GOAT.



THORI IS
TRYING TO FETCH.
GOOD DOG.

HRRGGH.
TASTES WORSE
THAN HEL-HOUND
POO.





A WHISPER. THAT
WAS ALL IT TOOK.

I DON'T CARE
IF YOU'RE IN A
CAGE OR STUFFED
AND MOUNTED! BUT
YOU ARE ALL
MY PROPERTY!

AND NO ONE
HERE GETS OUT
ALIVE!

?

A WHISPER I STILL
CANNOT UNHEAR.

AND WORSE YET...
CANNOT REFUTE.

AGH!

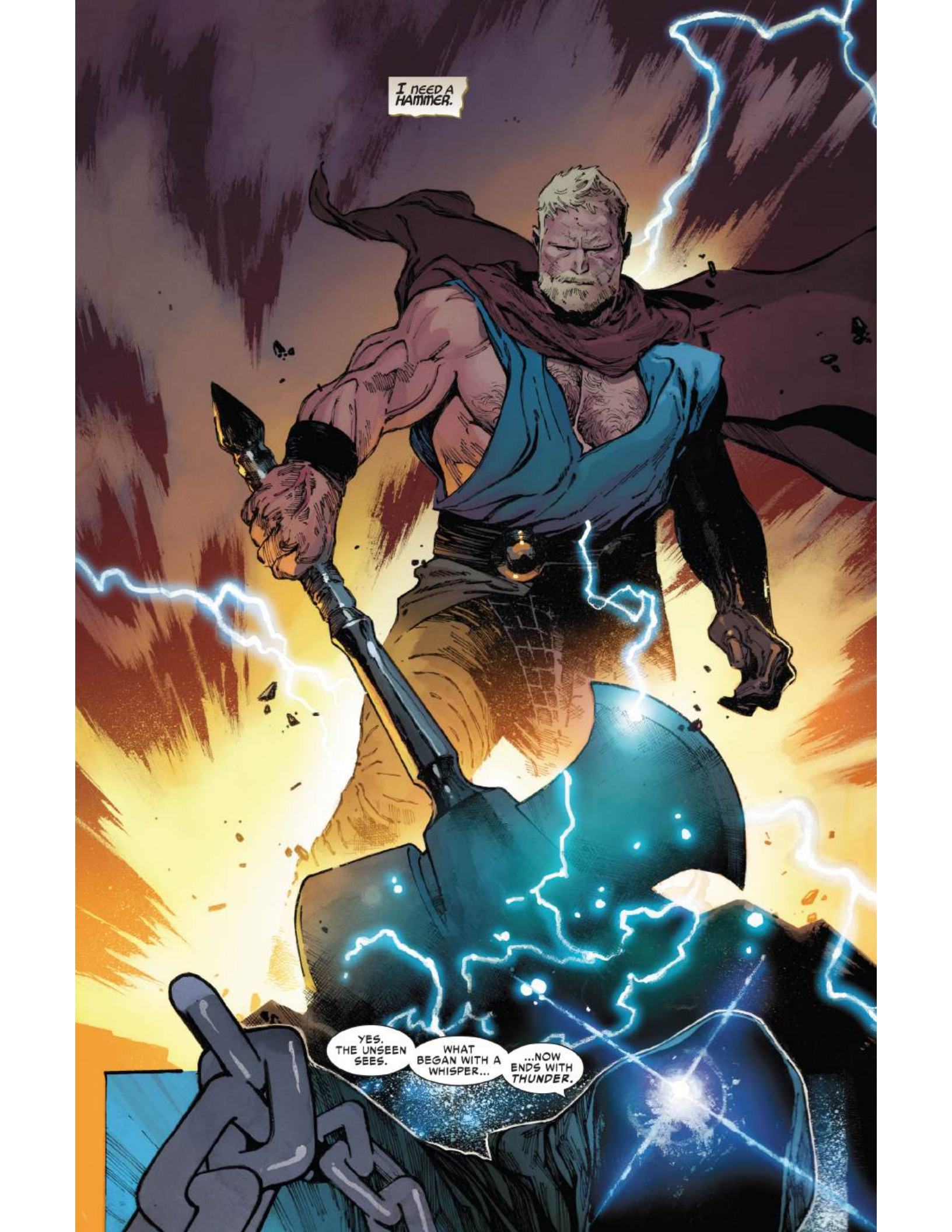
A WHISPER.

A WHISPER WAS ALL
IT TOOK TO BRING
ME DOWN.

TO RISE AGAIN, I NEED
TO BE STRONGER
THAN WHISPERS.

STRONGER THAN MY
ENEMIES. STRONGER
THAN UNWORTHINESS.

AND I NEED ONE
OTHER THING.

A full-page comic book illustration of Thor. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic blue tunic and red cape. He has a determined expression, with his eyes closed and a slight frown. He is holding Mjolnir in his right hand, which is raised high. The hammer is glowing with a bright blue energy, and several jagged lightning bolts are striking it. The background is a dark, stormy sky with a large, bright yellow and orange light source, possibly the sun or moon, creating a dramatic silhouette effect. The overall tone is epic and powerful.

I NEED A
HAMMER.

YES.
THE UNSEEN
SEES.

WHAT
BEGAN WITH A
WHISPER...

...NOW
ENDS WITH
THUNDER.



THE UNWORTHY THOR #4 VARIANT
BY Phil Noto



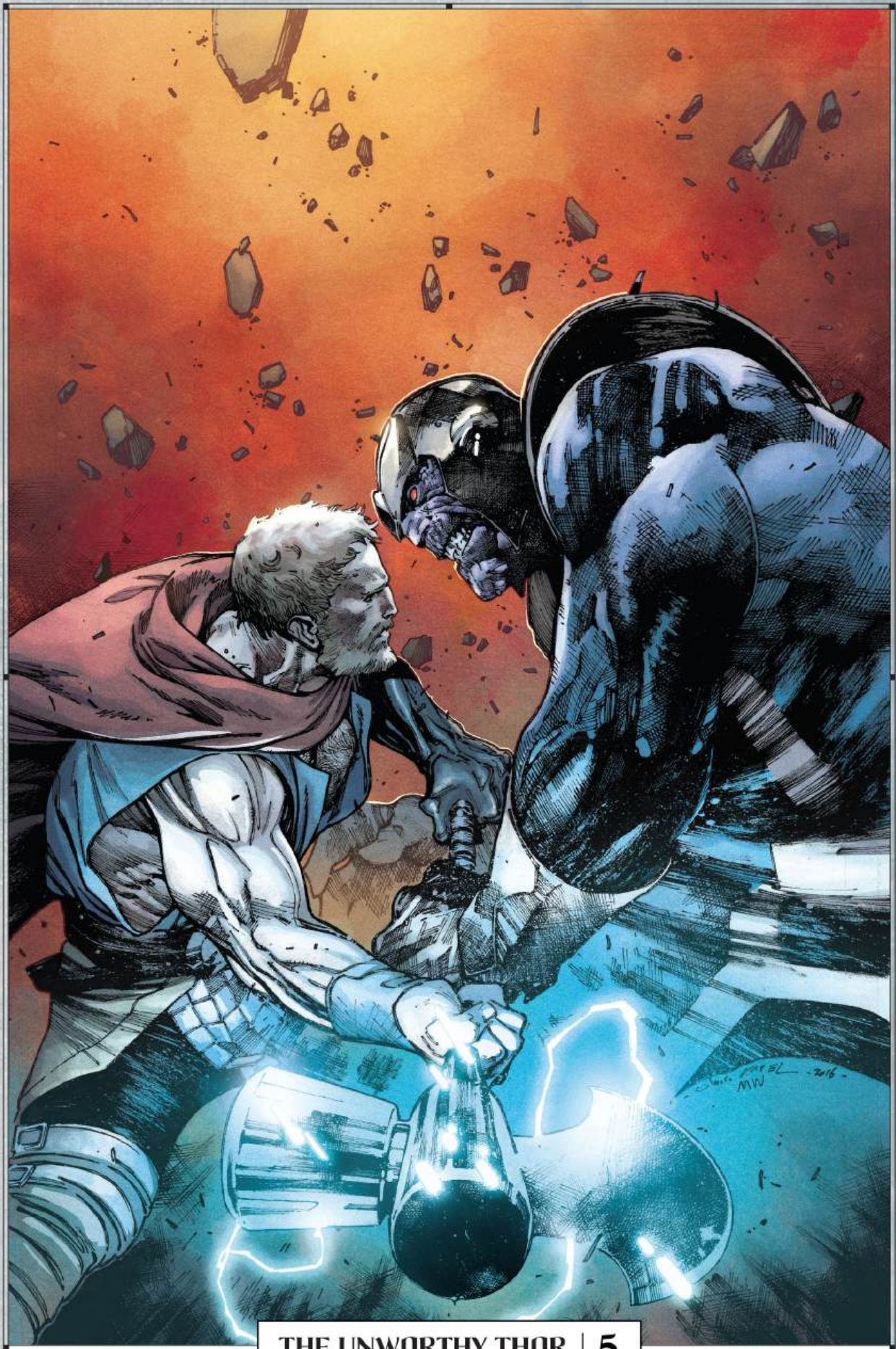
THE UNWORTHY THOR #5 VARIANT
BY Leinil Francis Yu & Matthew Wilson



THE UNWORTHY THOR #5 VARIANT
BY Chris Stevens & Frank Martin



MIGHTY THOR #20 MARY JANE VARIANT
BY Patrick Brown



THE UNWORTHY THOR | 5

The Whisper



THE MAN
ONCE KNOWN AS
NICHOLAS FURY...
DIED ON THE MOON,
MANY MONTHS
AGO.

AND FROM
THE ASHES OF
THAT DEATH ROSE
SOMETHING NEW.
SOMETHING...



...UNSEEN.

THE FIGURE
WHO STANDS HERE
TODAY, WATCHING WITH
ONE ALL-SEEING EYE...
IS NOT NICK FURY.
NOT TRULY.

I DO NOT
FEEL THE SAME
EMOTIONS FURY ONCE
DID. I DO NOT DREAM THE
SAME DREAMS. I DO NOT
KNOW THE SAME
REGRETS.



EXCEPT
FOR ONE.

I NEVER
SHOULD HAVE
WHISPERED. I NEVER
SHOULD HAVE MADE
THE GREATEST OF THE
GODS UNWORTHY.
EVEN IF ALL I
SPOKE...



...WAS THE
TRUTH.

IT IS TIME,
SON OF ODIN.
TIME TO THROW
OFF THE YOKE
WITH WHICH
YOU WERE
BURDENED.

TIME TO
EMBRACE THE
FUTURE...

A full-page comic book illustration of Thor. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic blue and red armor and a purple cape. He is holding the hammer Mjolnir with both hands, and a bright blue energy blast is being emitted from its head, striking a dark, jagged rock formation. The background is a fiery, orange-red sky with several bright white lightning bolts. In the bottom left corner, a small figure of Loki lies on the ground, looking up at Thor. The overall tone is dramatic and powerful.

"...AND RECLAIM
YOUR DESTINY."

I FEEL IT.

NOTHING ELSE IN ALL OF
CREATION FEELS LIKE URU.
EVEN IF IT COMES FROM
A UNIVERSE I HAVE
NEVER KNOWN...

...THE HAMMER
STILL KNOWS
ME.

I HEAR IT
SCREAMING
MY NAME.

YES!
DO IT,
ODINSON!

NOW
IS THE
TIME!

I HEAR THE THUNDER
DRUMMING IN MY EARS,
AND I KNOW...

...I...

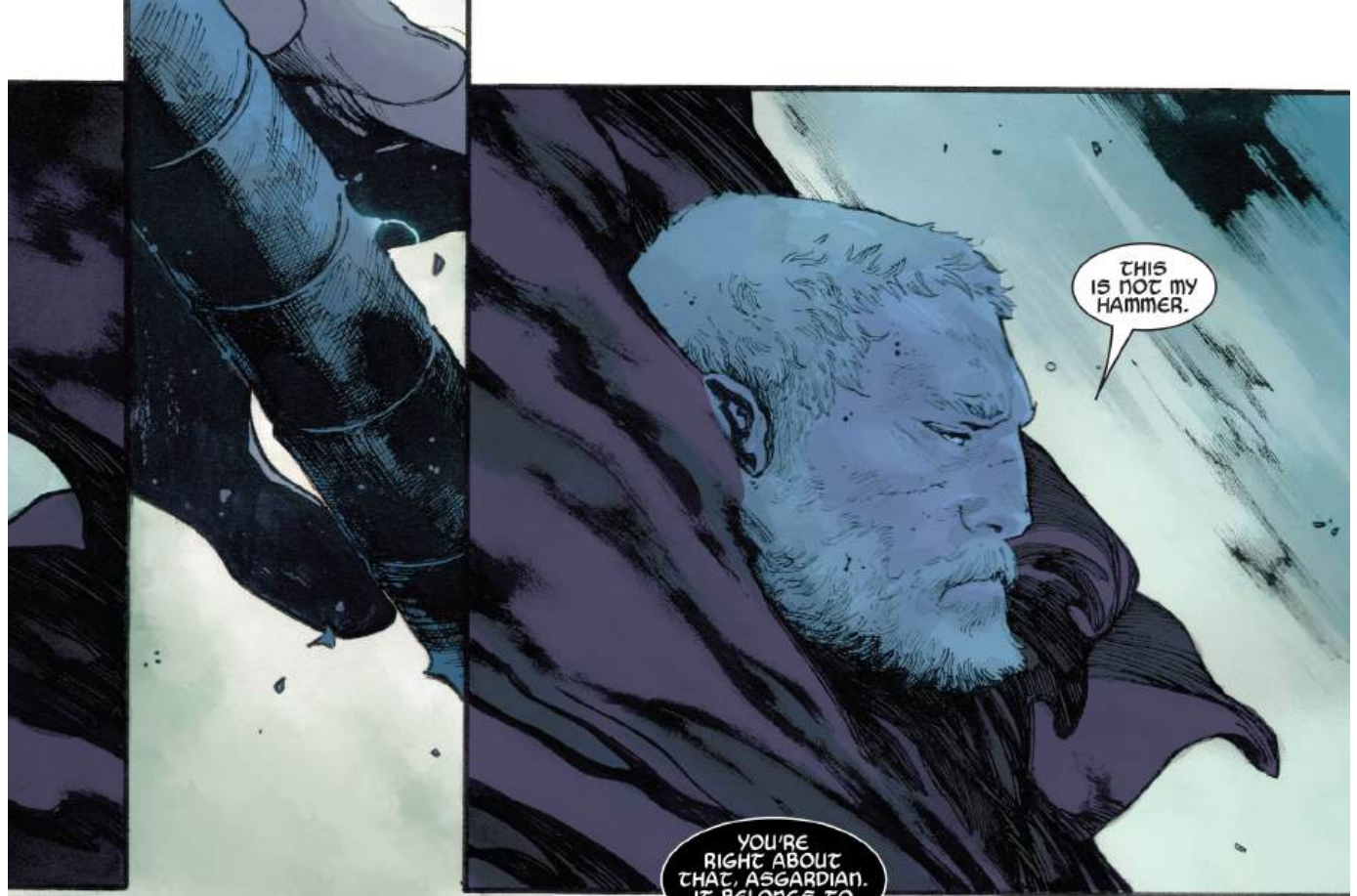


I AM THOR.

I AM THE MIGHTY THOR.

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

AND THIS... THIS IS...



THIS
IS NOT MY
HAMMER.

YOU'RE
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT, ASGARDIAN.
IT BELONGS TO
THANOS.



AND PROXIMA
MIDNIGHT IS
TAKING IT TO
HIM.

WITH BLACK
SWAN BY HER SIDE.
AND WITH OR WITHOUT
YOUR HEAD, LITTLE
GOD.



THIS
IS NOT MY
HAMMER.

BUT IT IS
THE HAMMER
OF THOR--







IT WOULD SEEM
TO BE TIME FOR US
TO LEAVE, ODINSON.
I AM HOPING YOU
HAVE A PLAN.



THEY STOLE
ASGARD, BILL. WE
ARE STEALING
IT BACK.

AND HOW
EXACTLY ARE
WE SUPPOSED
TO DO THAT?



JUST
HOLD ON TO
SOMETHING.







THE BLACK QUADRANT.

YOU
DARE RETURN
TO ME...EMPTY-
HANDED?!

THIS
IS BEYOND
UNWISE.

PERHAPS YOU
THINK MY BRIEF
IMPRISONMENT ON
EARTH HAS LEFT
ME FEELING
UNUSUALLY
MERCIFUL.

YOU
WOULD BE
WRONG.

THE HAMMER
WAS SPIRITED AWAY
BY THE SON OF ODIN,
BUT WE WILL TRACK
HIM ACROSS THE
COSMOS, MY LORD.

YOUR BLACK
ORDER WILL NOT
REST UNTIL WE'VE
SKINNED THAT
ASGARDIAN AND
CLAIMED HIS--

MJOLNIR
WAS BUT A TOKEN.
AS ALWAYS, I HAVE
MY EYES ON MUCH
GREATER
WEAPONS.

AND AS FOR
THE ODINSON,
IF HE'S NOT EVEN
WORTHY OF HIS OWN
HAMMER, HOW IS
HE WORTHY OF
MY CONCERN?

BUT
YOU--YOU WERE
MEANT TO PAY ME A
TRIBUTE, WERE YOU
NOT? IN THE HOPES
OF SECURING
MY AID.

AND
INSTEAD YOU
BRING ME
NOTHING.

I WOULDN'T
SAY THAT...





ARE YOU
HOPING TO
CHALLENGE ME
NOW, WOMAN?
IS THAT YOUR
GRAND PLAN?

NO. JUST
PROVING A
POINT...



...THAT I
SHOULDN'T NEED
A DAMN TOKEN TO
SECURE YOUR
COMMITMENT. THAT I
CAN OFFER YOU SO
MUCH MORE.

CERTAINLY
MORE THAN THESE
PETTY CHILDREN
WITH WHOM YOU'VE
SURROUNDED
YOURSELF.

YOU ARE
BOLD FOR A
WOMAN WHO
HAS LOST
EVERYTHING.

BOLD?



I AM WHERE
THE BOLD GO
TO DIE.

I AM
HELA. QUEEN OF
NIFLEHEIM. MISTRESS
OF THE DAMNED
AND THE DEAR
DEPARTED.

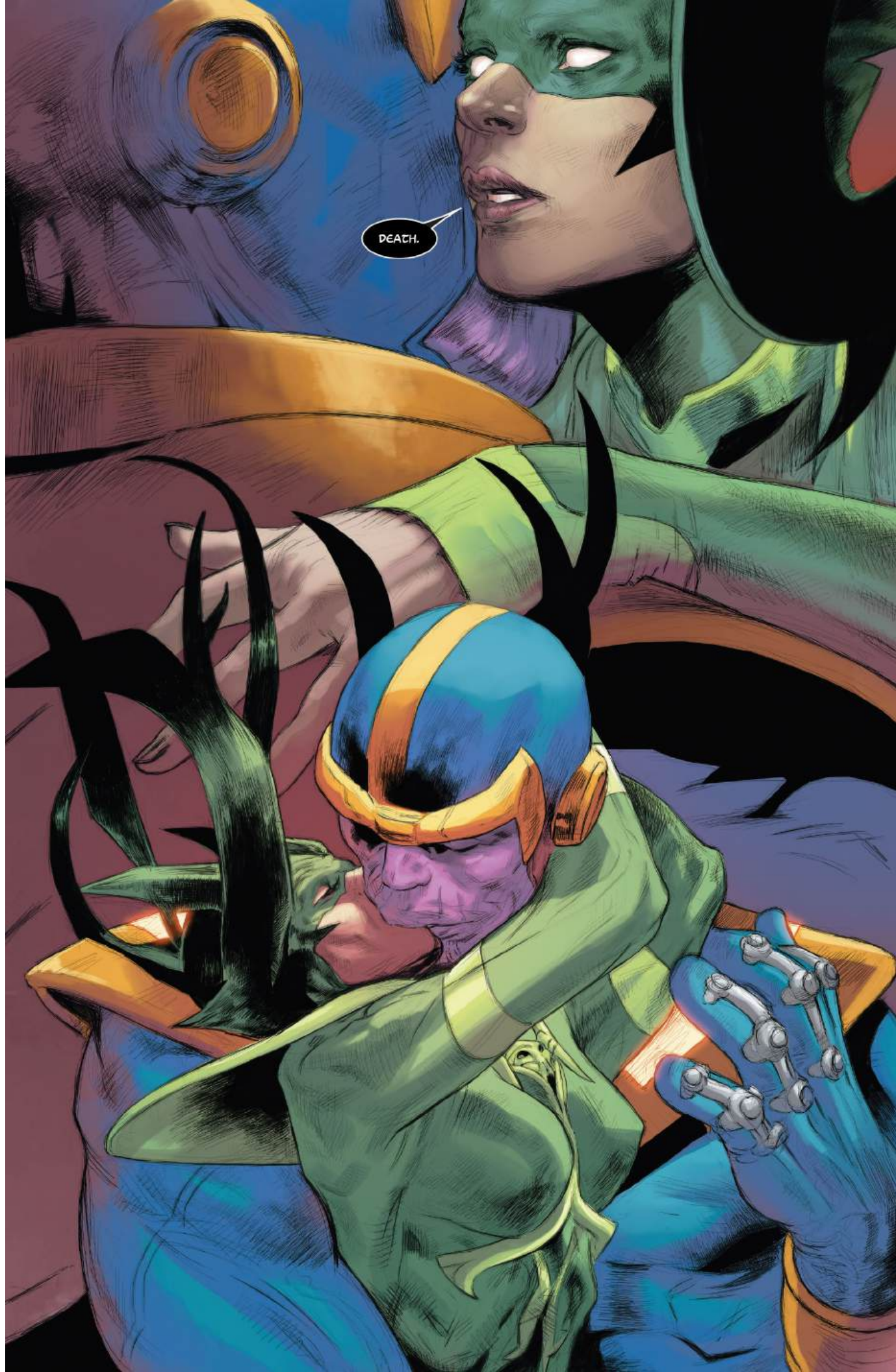
HELP ME RETAKE
MY KINGDOM. THANOS
OF TITAN, AND I CAN
PROMISE YOU WHAT YOU
DESIRE MORE THAN
ALL ELSE IN THE
HEAVENS.



MORE THAN
HAMMERS OR
GEMS. MORE THAN
CONQUEST OR
GLORY.

AND
WHAT IS
THAT?







OLD ASGARD
IS BACK WHERE
IT BELONGS.



ALL IS
AGAIN AS
IT SHOULD
BE.

NO, MY FRIEND.
NOT ALL.

YOU ARE
NOT EVEN
GOING TO TRY
TO LIFT IT?

IT'S
NOT MINE
TO LIFT.

THEN
WHOSE IS
IT?

WHOSOEVER
IT IS, IT WILL
CALL TO
THEM.



AS MINE
CALLED TO
HER.

UNTIL THEN, I
WILL SEE THAT IT
DOESN'T FALL INTO
THE WRONG
HANDS AGAIN.



COULD YOU
HAVE PICKED
IT UP? IF YOU
HAD TRIED?

DO YOU
BELIEVE IN YOUR
WORTHINESS
AGAIN?



NO GOD IS
WORTHY.





YOU
DON'T TRULY
BELIEVE THAT.
YOU *CAN'T*.

IF I DID
NOT...I WOULD
STILL BE HOLDING
MY HAMMER.

BUT EVEN
WITHOUT A
HAMMER, YOU
STILL FIGHT.



EVERY DAY,
YOU GIVE
YOUR BLOOD,
YOUR TEARS, YOUR
IMMORTAL SOUL...
TO PROVE GORR
WRONG.

THE GODS
MAY NOT BE
WORTHY, BUT
YOU ARE NO
MERE GOD,
MY FRIEND.



YOU'RE
THOR.

NO MATTER
WHAT WEAPON YOU
HOLD. NO MATTER
WHAT YOU CHOOSE
TO BE CALLED.

YOU WILL
ALWAYS BE
THOR.



AYE,
PERHAPS.

BUT MORE
IMPORTANTLY, MY
BROTHER...WHAT I AM
RIGHT AT THIS VERY
MOMENT, WITH EVERY
FIBER OF MY IMMORTAL
BEING...

IS
THIRSTY.

AND SO NO HAMMERS
WERE LIFTED THIS DAY.

BUT MANY FOES WERE
SMITED, AND MUCH
MEAD WAS CONSUMED.

AND OLD ASGARD
RECEIVED A NEW
SPARK OF LIFE.

WHILE I GAINED A MOST
INTERESTING NEW
CANINE COMPANION.

THERE ARE WORSE
WAYS TO END A
SAGA, I SUPPOSE.

THIS TASTES
BETTER THAN
MURDER!

THOUGH IT ISN'T THE END,
IS IT? NOT FOR THIS THING
OF URU AND THUNDER.
AND CERTAINLY NOT
FOR ME.

I AM THE ODINSON. THE PRINCE
OF ASGARD. THE UNWORTHY
THOR. AND WHILE I MAY NOT
NOW BE ALL THAT I ONCE WAS...

YOU MAY TEST ME AT
YOUR ODIN-DAMNED
PERIL.

I WILL BE HERE
WAITING.

EPILOGUE.
DAYS LATER.



I HEARD
YOUR CALL.



AND I'VE
COME, EVEN
THOUGH I
DON'T KNOW WHY
ONE SUCH AS I
COULD POSSIBLY
BE CHOSEN
TO...



THE...
THE *THINGS*
I'VE SEEN. IN
THESE REALMS SO
CONSUMED WITH
BLOOD AND FIRE.
THE HORRORS.

THEY'VE
CHANGED ME.
THEY...

SOMEONE
MUST STOP
THEM.



THERE
ARE OTHER
THORS, I KNOW.
MORE WORTHY
THAN I COULD
EVER BE.

BUT RIGHT
NOW, THE REALMS
NEED A *NEW KIND* OF
THOR. A MUCH *DIFFERENT*
BREED OF THOR. ONE
WHO UNDERSTANDS
WHAT'S...

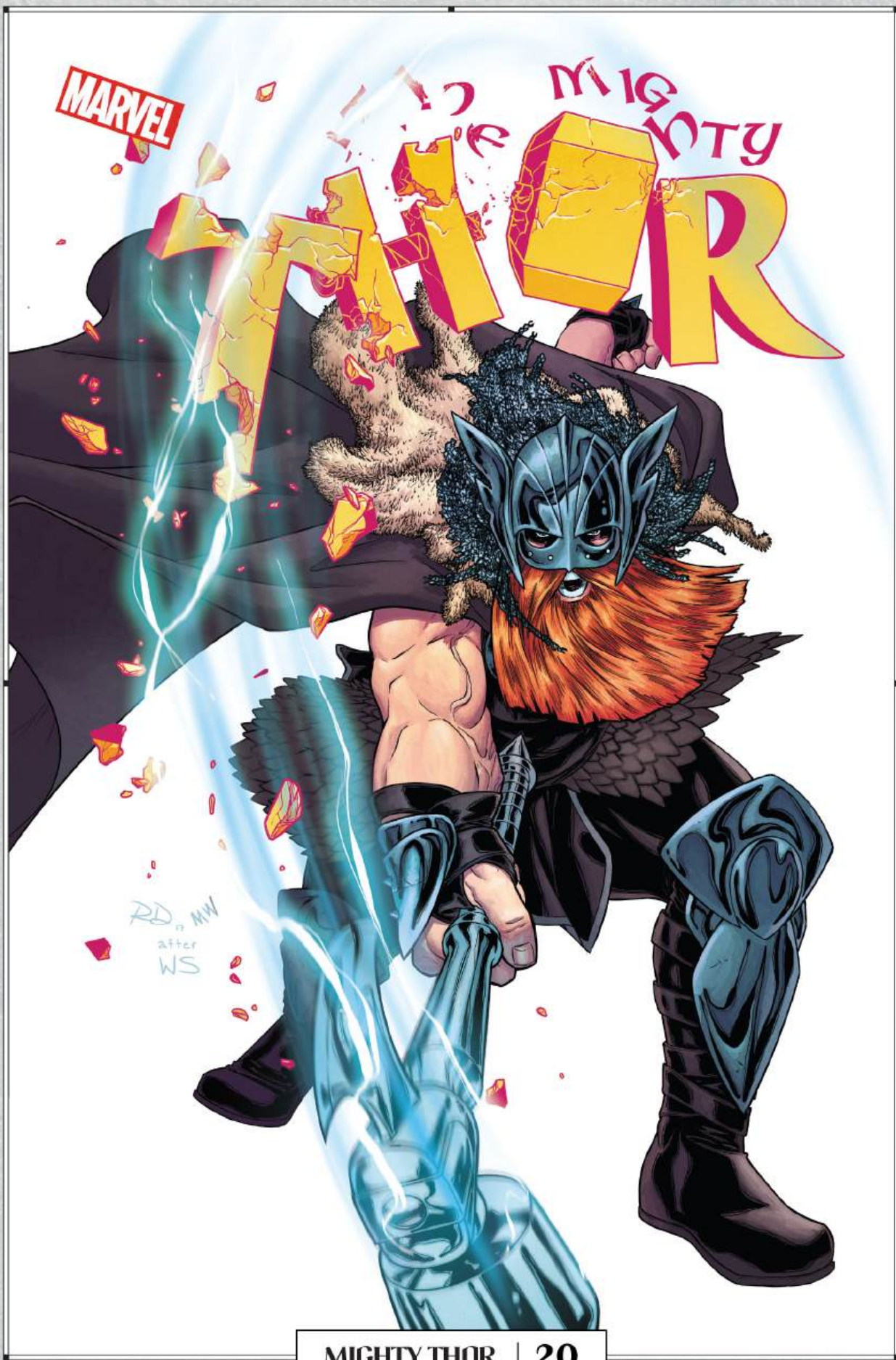
YES. YOU
SEE IT TOO,
DON'T YOU? NOW...
NOW IS THE
TIME...



...FOR THE
WAR THOR.

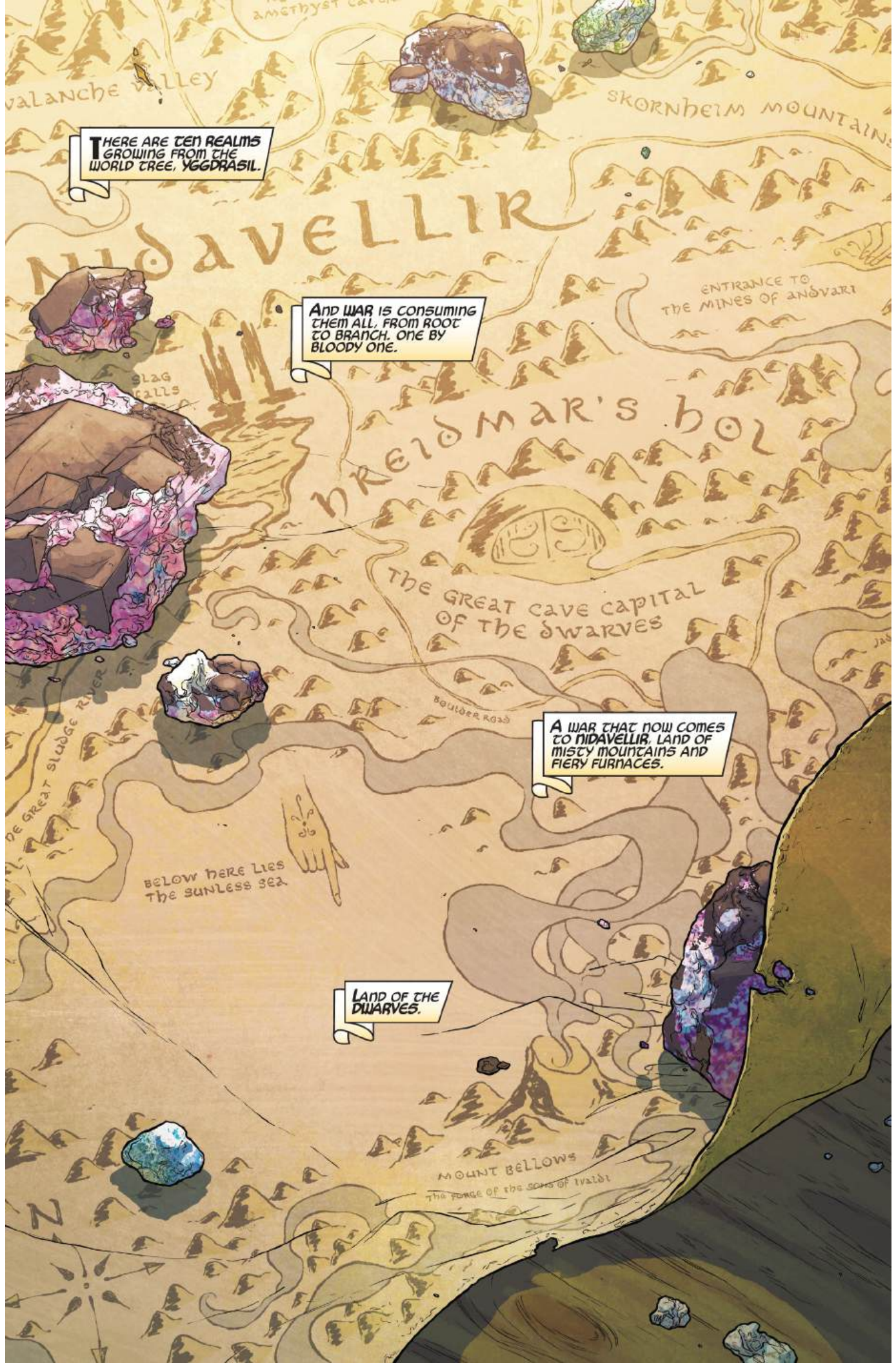


KRAANG BOOM!



MIGHTY THOR | 20

Baptism by Fire



THERE ARE TEN REALMS
GROWING FROM THE
WORLD TREE, YGGDRASIL.

AND WAR IS CONSUMING
THEM ALL, FROM ROOT
TO BRANCH, ONE BY
BLOODY ONE.

ENTRANCE TO
THE MINES OF ANOVARI

SKORNHEIM MOUNTAINS

THE GREAT CAVE CAPITAL
OF THE DWARVES

A WAR THAT NOW COMES
TO NIDAVELLIR, LAND OF
MISTY MOUNTAINS AND
FIERY FURNACES.

BELOW HERE LIES
THE SUNLESS SEA.

LAND OF THE
DWARVES.

MOUNT BELLWS
THE FORGE OF THE SONS OF IVALDI





NIDAVELLIR. THE SKORNEHEIM MOUNTAINS.

IT IS A TIME OF GREAT
SUFFERING. AND WHERE
ONE FINDS SUFFERING,
ONE WILL INEVITABLY
FIND SOMETHING ELSE...

GODS.

AND
BUREAUCRATS.

LADY SOLOMON
OF MIDGARD. LORD
MILKMAN OF ALFHEIM.
LORD VOLSTAGG
OF ASGARDIA.

SENATORS
IN CONGRESS
OF WORLDS...
WELCOME TO
NIDAVELLIR.

EITRI, KING
OF DWARVES,
REGRET HE CANNOT
BE HERE. HE BUSY
WORKING IN FORGES.
ALL ABLE DWARVES
NOW WORK IN
FORGES NIGHT
AND DAY.

I AM
STONEFOOT,
SON OF LEADBEARD,
SON OF WARTKNUCKLE.
I WILL BE GUIDE.
WE LEAVE NOW.

BUT...
WHAT ABOUT
THE **WELCOME
FEAST**?

DWARVES
NOT BOTHER
WITH SUCH
NONSENSE.

WE
WALK. THIS
WAY.

WATCH FOR
CARVIPERS.





DWARVES HONOR ANCIENT TREATIES, TAKE IN LIGHT ELVES. BUT STRUGGLE TO FEED THEM.

NIDAVELLIR NOT LAND OF PLENTY. UNLESS MEAN PLENTY ORE.

FOR YEARS, DWARVES TRADE WITH ALFHEIM FOR FOOD. BUT MALEKITH BURN FIELDS.

THIS IS WHY WE'VE COME, MASTER STONEFOOT.



THE OTHER REALMS MUST KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY PEOPLE. AND THAT MALEKITH MUST ANSWER FOR HIS WAR CRIMES.

THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS WILL DO ALL IT CAN TO HELP THESE ELVES AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. AND IF THEY WON'T, S.H.I.E.L.D. WILL. I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



YOU SAID THE KING OF THE DWARVES WAS WORKING IN THE FORGES. THAT ALL DWARVES WERE WORKING IN THE FORGES.

NO DISRESPECT, GOOD SIR DWARF, BUT HOW IS FORGING MORE IMPORTANT THAN FEEDING THESE POOR STARVING SOULS?



DWARVES DO WHAT DWARVES DO, SIR GOD. ESPECIALLY IN TIMES LIKE THESE.

WAR-TIMES.

DWARVES FORGE TOOLS OF WAR. TOOLS WE ALL WILL NEED IF OUR REALMS WISH TO SURVIVE WHAT COMES.





WHUHH...

...ODIN'S
BEARD, HOW
MUCH DID I
HAVE TO
DRINK LAST
NIGHT...

...GUDRUN,
TAKE OFF
THESE COVERS,
I'M BURNING...



UP.



ROSALIND!
SENATOR MILKMAN!
STONEFOOT!

Anyone!!!
HELLO!!! +COUGH+
+COUGH+

"JOIN THE
CONGRESS," I
THOUGHT. "SENATORS
GET MAIMED AND
MURDERED A LOT
LESS THAN WARRIORS,"
I THOUGHT.

CURSE YOU
FOR A FOOL,
VOLSTAGG,
YOU...

I'M
SORRY, MR.
VOLSTAGG.



WE
LOST THE
FOOD.

PLEASE
DON'T BE
MAD AT
US.



AH, LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT THE FOOD RIGHT NOW, YOUNG ONES.

HEIMDALL?! I KNOW YOU'RE WATCHING! YOU'RE ALWAYS WATCHING! NOW WOULD BE A VERY GOOD TIME TO...

HEIMDALL?



WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

A FRIEND IN THE SKY, BUT, AH...I FEAR THE SMOKE IS BLOCKING HIS VISION.

WHERE DID OUR VILLAGE GO?



I CAN'T BREATHE SO GOOD.

I WANT MY MOMMY.

YES, WELL, DON'T WE ALL.

LET'S, AH, ALL TAKE HANDS, CHILDREN.



COME WITH ME, LITTLE ELVES, AND WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS TOGETHER.

I'M SCARED.

DON'T BE SCARED OF A BIT OF FIRE. WHY, THIS REMINDS ME OF THE TIME I WRESTLED NIDHOGG THE DRAGON...





OLD ASGARD.
WHERE ONCE DWELT
THE GODS.



I KNOW
YOU'RE
HERE.

AND
I KNOW
YOU'RE
ANGRY.

PLEASE,
LET ME
EXPLAIN.



WHAT
IS THERE
TO EXPLAIN,
SENATOR
FOSTER?

OR
SHOULD I
CALL YOU...

...THE
MIGHTY
THOR?



I'M
ACTUALLY
NOT A SENATOR
ANYMORE.
I...

I NEVER
IMAGINED I
COULD ACTUALLY
MISS THAT
JOB.

I HATED IT
AT FIRST. DREADED
THE RESPONSIBILITY
OF IT. SPEAKING FOR
THE ENTIRE EARTH!
WHO WOULD EVER
THINK THEMSELVES
WORTHY OF
SUCH A...

SORRY.
POOR CHOICE
OF WORDS.

THIS IS
RECOMPENSE.
IS IT NOT? FOR
ME WRONGING YOU
YEARS AGO. FOR
MY **DALLIANCES**
WHEN WE WERE
ROMANTICALLY
INVOLVED.

IS THAT
WHY YOU FINALLY
TOLD ME THE TRUTH?
THAT IT'S **YOU** WHO'S
BEEN PARADING AROUND
WITH MY HAMMER
FOR MONTHS
NOW?

FIRST YOU
PLAY ME FOR A
FOOL AND NOW
YOU WISH TO
GLOAT?



I WANTED
TO TELL YOU
BEFORE. I
SHOULD HAVE.
BUT...

ON ASGARDIA,
WHEN I DID TELL
YOU...YOU YELLED AT
ME AND RODE AWAY
ON YOUR GOAT.
BECAUSE...OF
COURSE YOU DID.

BUT I DIDN'T
WANT TO LEAVE
THINGS LIKE THAT. I
COULDN'T. BECAUSE
AT THIS POINT, I
DON'T REALLY
KNOW HOW
LONG I'VE...

WELL...



I TOLD
YOU...BECAUSE
YOU DESERVED
TO KNOW. AND I
DIDN'T WANT YOU
LEARNING AFTER
THE FACT FROM
SOMEONE
ELSE.

I WANTED
YOU TO HEAR
IT FROM ME.
WHILE I WAS
STILL ALIVE.



SO I'VE
HEARD IT.
YOU CAN
GO NOW.

CAN THORI
MURDER HER,
MASTER? JUST
A LITTLE?

DOWN,
HEL-DOG.



THE OTHER HAMMER. I HEARD ABOUT IT. I HEARD WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH TO KEEP IT SAFE FROM THANOS AND THE COLLECTOR.

AND I KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO LIFT IT.



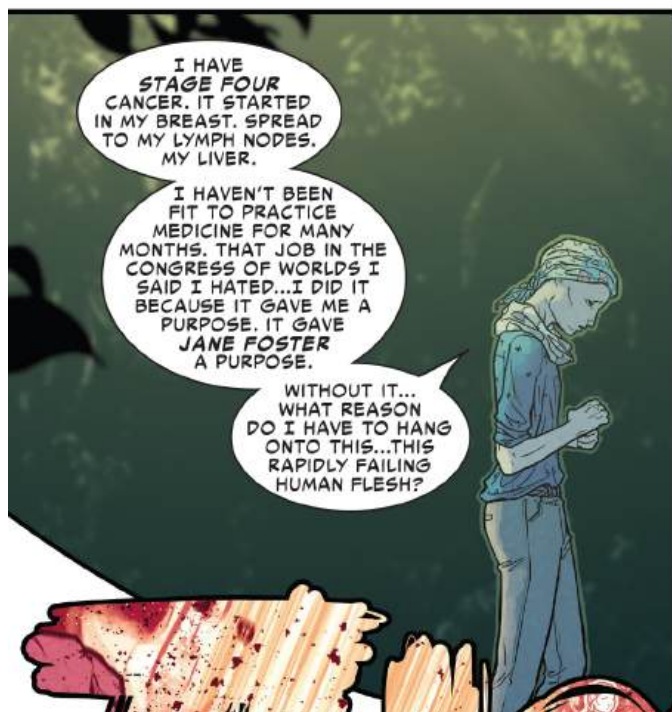
ODINSON... I'M AFRAID.



IF YOU FEAR LIFTING YOUR MJOLNIR, THEN FETCH IT HERE. I'LL GLADLY TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF LIFTING THE HAMMER. I'M AFRAID THAT THE NEXT TIME I DO...

...I'LL NEVER PUT IT DOWN AGAIN.



I HAVE **STAGE FOUR** CANCER. IT STARTED IN MY BREAST. SPREAD TO MY LYMPH NODES. MY LIVER.

I HAVEN'T BEEN FIT TO PRACTICE MEDICINE FOR MANY MONTHS. THAT JOB IN THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS I SAID I HATED...I DID IT BECAUSE IT GAVE ME A PURPOSE. IT GAVE JANE FOSTER A PURPOSE.

WITHOUT IT... WHAT REASON DO I HAVE TO HANG ONTO THIS...THIS RAPIDLY FAILING HUMAN FLESH?



EITHER JANE FOSTER DIES IN A HOSPITAL BED, OR I KILL HER MYSELF. BY FORGETTING SHE EVER EXISTED.

AND STAYING THE GODDESS OF THUNDER. FOREVER.

THAT'S WHY I'M AFRAID, ODINSON. I'M AFRAID THAT NO MATTER WHAT I DO NEXT, I'M LOSING MY--







INTO CAVE!
HURRY!



THOSE
SOUND LIKE
ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS.

ANTI-DRAGON
GUNS. OURS.
ATOP SKORNEIM
MOUNTAINS.

ANY IDEA
WHAT THEY'RE
FIRING AT? I
CAN'T SEE WHAT'S
BOMBING US.

SOME
IDEAS. NONE
GOOD.



YOU FIND
FRIENDS?

NO SIGN
OF VOLSTAGG.
BUT SENATOR
MILKMANE...

I SAW HIM
FALL. THE FIRE...
BURNED HIM TO
ASH IN SECONDS.
I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING
LIKE IT.

WHATEVER
THIS STUFF IS,
IT MAKES NAPALM
LOOK LIKE TABASCO
SAUCE. DO YOU
HAVE HOSES WE
CAN GET OUT
HERE OR...

WATER NOT
QUENCH *THESE*
FLAMES.



NOTHING
STOP THIS
FIRE. IT BURN
ALL IT TOUCH.
FLESH. STONE.
RIVER. ALL
BURN.

YOU TALK
LIKE YOU'VE
SEEN THIS
SORT OF BLAZE
BEFORE?

ONCE.
MANY MOONS
AGO. WHEN DEMON
KING MAKE WAR.
THIS, LADY SOLOMON...



...THIS
MUSPELHEIM
FIRE.

MR. VOLSTAGG,
I THINK WE'RE
LOST.

nonsense.

THERE'S A
RIVER...JUST
UP AHEAD.
SURELY.

GAH. SHOULDN'T
HAVE SLEPT THROUGH
FOREIGN GEOGRAPHY
CLASS WHEN I
WAS A BOY.

AS I SAID,
WE'LL HAVE A
NICE, BIG BRUNCH
WHEN THIS IS
OVER.

I'LL BRING
YOU ALL TO MY
HOME IN ASGARDIA.
FOR THOSE
OMELETS! AND
A VERY LONG
NAP.

ARE
THERE ANY
KIDS AT YOUR
HOUSE?

AYE. A FEW.
FOURTEEN, I
BELIEVE. MAYBE
FIFTEEN. DEPENDS
ON THE DAY OF THE
WEEK. YOU'LL LIKE...
SOME OF THEM,
PERHAPS.

AND
THERE'LL BE
ENOUGH FOOD
FOR ALL OF
US?

FOR
my mommy
too?

AND my
GRANDPA?

YES, I
PROMISE. AND
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY
SAY ABOUT
GODS?

THAT
THEY'RE NEVER
AROUND WHEN
YOU NEED
THEM?

THAT
THEY ALWAYS
KEEP THEIR
PROMISES.

ESPECIALLY...
THE GODS
OF...

KRAK BOOM





HA HA
HAAA
HA HA!
ALL
BURN ALL
BURN ALL...

RRRRGGGHHH!!





FIRE GOBLIN
BLOOD.



THOUGH IN THE MIND
OF VOLSTAGG, HE
IS STILL BURNING.



AND HE WILL
ALWAYS BE
BURNING.

 **LATER.**
OLD ASGARD.

VOLSTAGG HASN'T SLEPT.
HASN'T CLOSED HIS EYES.
HASN'T EATEN A BITE.

HE HASN'T HEARD THE VOICE
OF HIS WIFE. OR HIS FRIENDS.
HIS DOCTORS. HIS CHILDREN.

HE'S SEEN THEM TALKING,
THEIR LIPS MOVING, FACES
FILLED WITH CONCERN.

BUT ALL HE'S HEARD
IS THE ROAR OF
THE FLAMES.

And something
else.

SOMETHING
CALLING TO HIM.

THE REALMS NEED A NEW
KIND OF THOR, THE VOICE
SAYS, RUMBLING LIKE
DISTANT THUNDER. A
THOR FOR THE TIMES.

THE WORLD TREE IS
BURNING AND BLEEDING.
BLOODSHED AND HORROR
SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE.

And no storm
can put out
this blaze.

No thunder.

ONLY BLOOD.



BEHOLD, THE
WAR THOR.

AND PREPARE
TO BLEED.



STEP
ASIDE,
BOYS. LET
THOR
HANDLE
THIS.

MIGHTY THOR | 21

The War Thor

NIDAVELLIR.

THE MOUNTAINS OF NIDAVELLIR ARE AS BIG AS MOONS AND AS OLD AS THE MOST ANCIENT OF STARS STILL TWINKLING IN THE HEAVENS.

TODAY THOSE MOUNTAINS ARE BURNING.

AND THE GREAT DWARF LORDS OF NIDAVELLIR, WHO ARE KNOWN FOR FORGING THE TOOLS OF WAR, ARE NOW BUSY PUTTING THEM TO USE.

SPOTTER TO MOUNT STEELSTORM! HERE COME OTHER WAVES! ALL DRAGON-GUNS OPEN FIRE!

"BLAST BUG-RIDING BASTARDS BACK TO MUSPELHEIM!"





THAT'S A
BIG FLAMING
STORM.

YEAH. AND
THOSE ICE-
BRAINED IDIOTS
JUST FLEW
RIGHT INTO
IT.

HARD TO
HEAR OVER
THE THUNDER,
BUT SOUNDS LIKE
THERE'S SURE A
LOTTA SCREAMING
GOING ON
UP THERE.

I GUESS
WE CAN'T
COUNT ON NO
AIR COVER.



STUPID
FIREFLY
HOTSHOTS.
HOPE THEY
ALL FREEZE
IN HEL.



WARS AREN'T
WON IN THE
SKY! THEY'RE
WON ON THE
FLAME-DAMNED
GROUND!

AND TODAY
WE WILL TAKE
THIS SORRY,
FLAMELESS CHUNK
OF ROCK FROM
THOSE PISSANT
DWARVES, INCH BY
BLOOD-DRENCHED
INCH!

ALL FOR
THE GLORY OF
SINDR, QUEEN OF
MUSPELHEIM!

**ALL HAIL
THE QUEEN
OF CINDERS!**



ALL HAIL
THE--











THE GOD ONCE KNOWN AS VOLSTAGG HAD A HUNGER THAT WAS LEGENDARY THROUGHOUT THE HEAVENS.

A HUNGER THAT COULD NEVER BE SATIED, NO MATTER HOW MUCH FOOD HE CONSUMED.

THE WAR THOR HUNGERS AS WELL.



AND THE MORE HE FEASTS ON THE BLOOD AND WAILS OF HIS ENEMIES...THE HUNGRIER HE GROWS.

THE TEN REALMS ARE RIFE WITH WAR, AND THIS THOR AND HIS STRANGE, OTHERWORLDLY MJOLNIR WILL NOT STOP...



...UNTIL THEY'VE EATEN IT ALL.

GAAGH!

MY, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



YET ANOTHER
NEW THOR. IT
WOULD APPEAR. THIS
IS ALL GETTING A BIT
RIDICULOUS NOW,
DON'T YOU THINK?

AT LEAST
THIS ONE HAS
A BEARD.

LEAVE IT TO
ULIK, THE KING
OF THE TROLLS,
TO BE SUCH A...
TROLL.

JUST KILL HIM,
ENCHANTRESS.



WE HAVE
A REALM TO
CONQUER. AND
DWARVES TO
GRIND BENEATH
OUR HEELS.

MY COMRADE
MAY BE A TROLL, BUT
HE IS NOT WRONG. I'M
AFRAID WE DON'T HAVE
TIME TO PLAY WITH
ANY SECOND-RATE
THORS.



OFF TO
HEL YOU GO,
THEN.

GIVE MY
REGARDS TO
THUNDERSTRIKE.

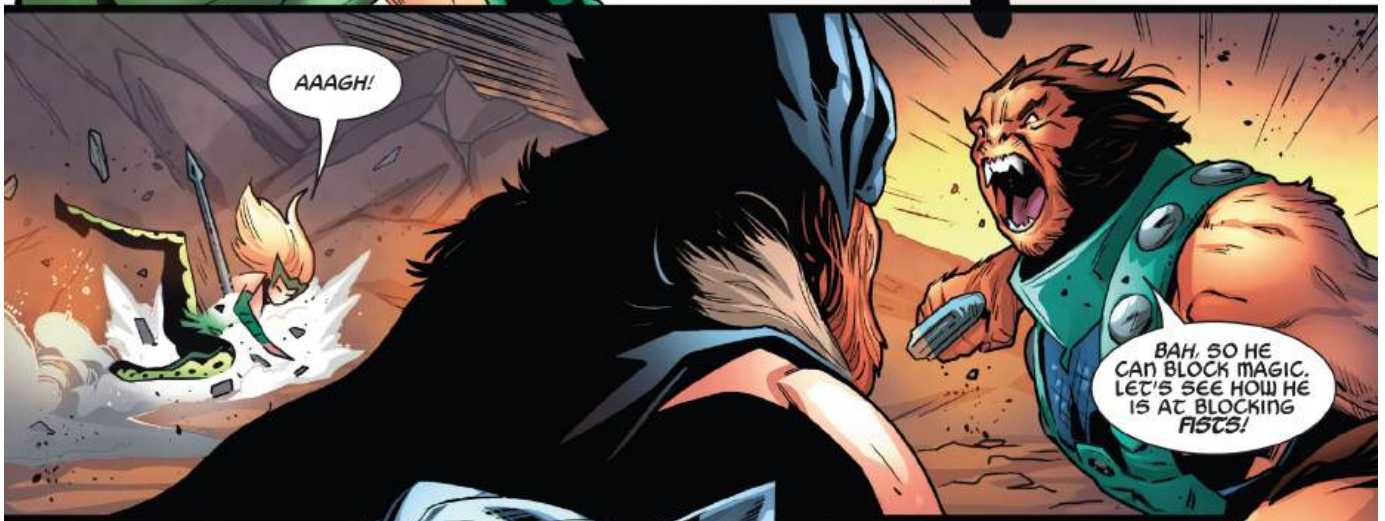


IMPOSSIBLE.
HE DEFLECTED
MY MAGIC.

WHAT...
KIND OF A
HAMMER IS
THAT?



SEE FOR
YOURSELF,
WITCH.

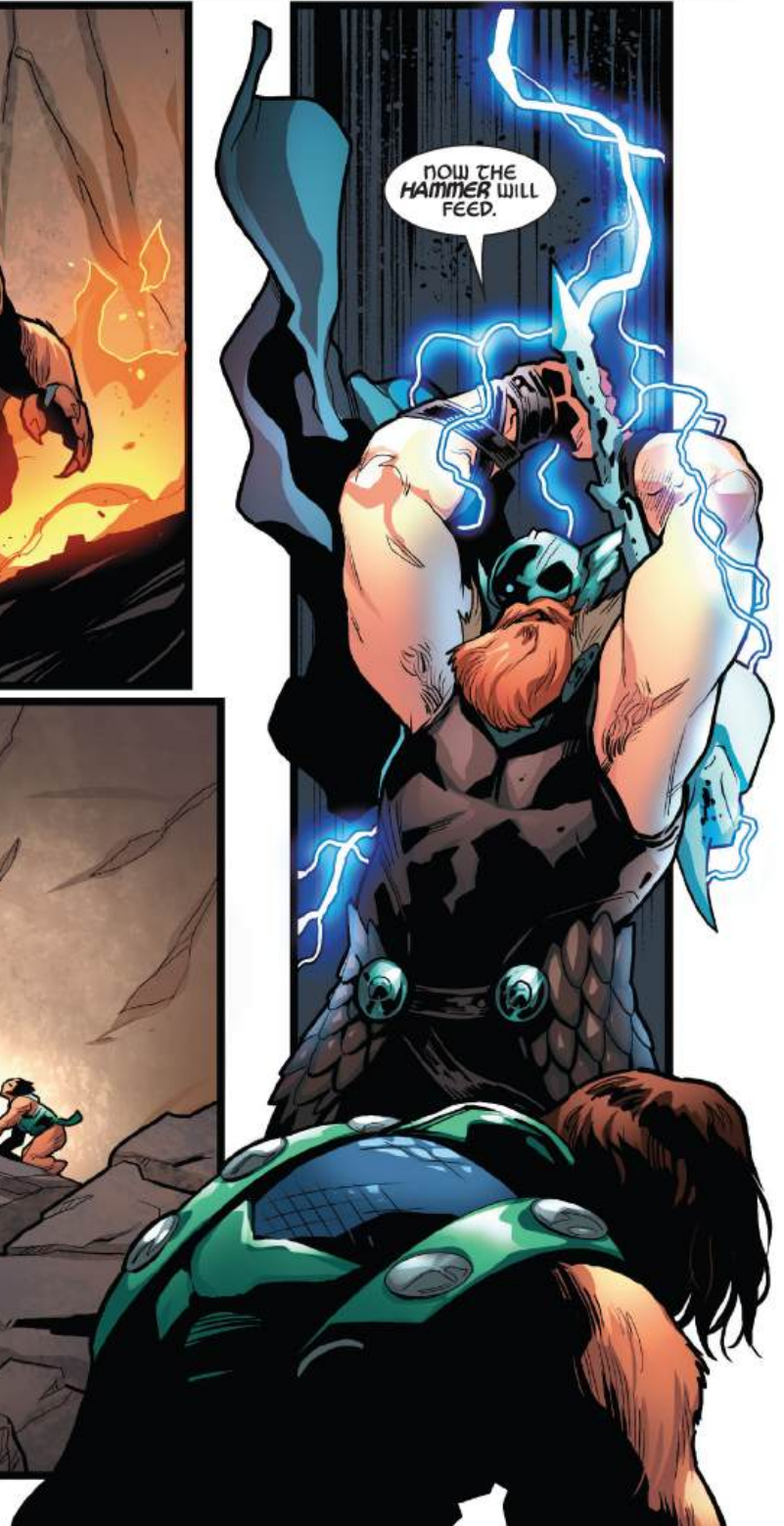


AAAGH!

BAH, SO HE
CAN BLOCK MAGIC.
LET'S SEE HOW HE
IS AT BLOCKING
FISTS!











I AM THE
THOR OF
WAR!

THE
GOD OF THE
BLOODSTORM!

AND NOW,
WARMONGERS
OF THE
REALMS...

"...NOW COMES
THE RAIN!"

STORM
IS GETTING
WORSE.



YOU THINK
SO, HUH,
STONEFOOT?

YOU SHOULD
TRY SEEING IT
FROM UP
HERE.

TELL WHAT
ELSE YOU SEE,
SENATOR SOLOMON.
DWARF SPOTTERS
SEE NOTHING.
WHERE FIRE
DEVILS GO?



STILL NO
SIGN AT ALL OF
THE BUG RIDER
SWARM.

AND THE
FIRE GOBLIN
ARMY THAT WAS
MASSING ON THE
NORTHERN SALT
FLATS...FROM
WHAT I CAN
SEE...



...THEY'RE
COMPLETELY
GONE. ALMOST
AS IF...



UM...
STONEFOOT...
IS IT JUST
ME...

...OR IS
IT RAINING
BLOOD?

AYE. AND
NOT JUST
ANY BLOOD.
FIRE DEMON
BLOOD!

BLOOD
RAIN PUTTING
OUT FIRES ALL
ALONG SKORNHEIM
MOUNTAINS!
HOW THIS
POSSIBLE?

I DON'T
KNOW...



...BUT I
THINK I JUST
FOUND THE GUY
WHO DOES.



HEY!
YOU WITH THE
HAMMER! PLEASE
TELL ME YOU'RE
ONE OF THE
GOOD GUYS!

LADY
SOLOMON.

THAT'S ME!
WHO THE HELL
ARE YOU?!



SCREAMS.

WHAT?! I
CAN'T HEAR YOU
OVER THIS STORM!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE FIRE
GOBLINS?!

NO STORM
IS LOUD ENOUGH
TO DROWN OUT THE
SCREAMS.



THE SCREAMS
OF THE CHILDREN
AS THEY BURNED
IN MY ARMS.

CHILDREN?
DID YOU
SAY...

WAIT,
THAT BEARD...
ARE YOU...

SENATOR
VOLSTAGG?



VOLSTAGG,
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE DID YOU
GET THAT
HAMMER?

THE FIRE
IS STILL
BURNING. THE
FIRE *SHE*
STARTED.

THE QUEEN.
THE QUEEN OF
CINDERS. WHERE
DO I FIND
THE...



MUSPELHEIM.

VOLSTAGG!
WAIT, DON'T--!

WAR IS
COMING TO
THE LAND OF
FIRE.

STORM
GONE. FIRES
OUT. WHAT
HAPPEN UP
THERE?

I'M NOT SURE,
STONEFOOT. BUT
I THINK THERE'S A
GOD WHO NEEDS
OUR HELP.

"AND I THINK
WE'D BETTER
FIND THOR."

ASGARDIA.

HELP!

THE HALL OF MEDICINE
AND SPIRITUAL HEALING.

WE REQUIRE
ASSISTANCE HERE!
AT ONCE!

ODINSON?
WHAT HAS--

HEALERS!
BRING ALL THE
HEALERS YOU
CAN FIND!

JANE FOSTER
IS IN DESPERATE
NEED OF CARE!





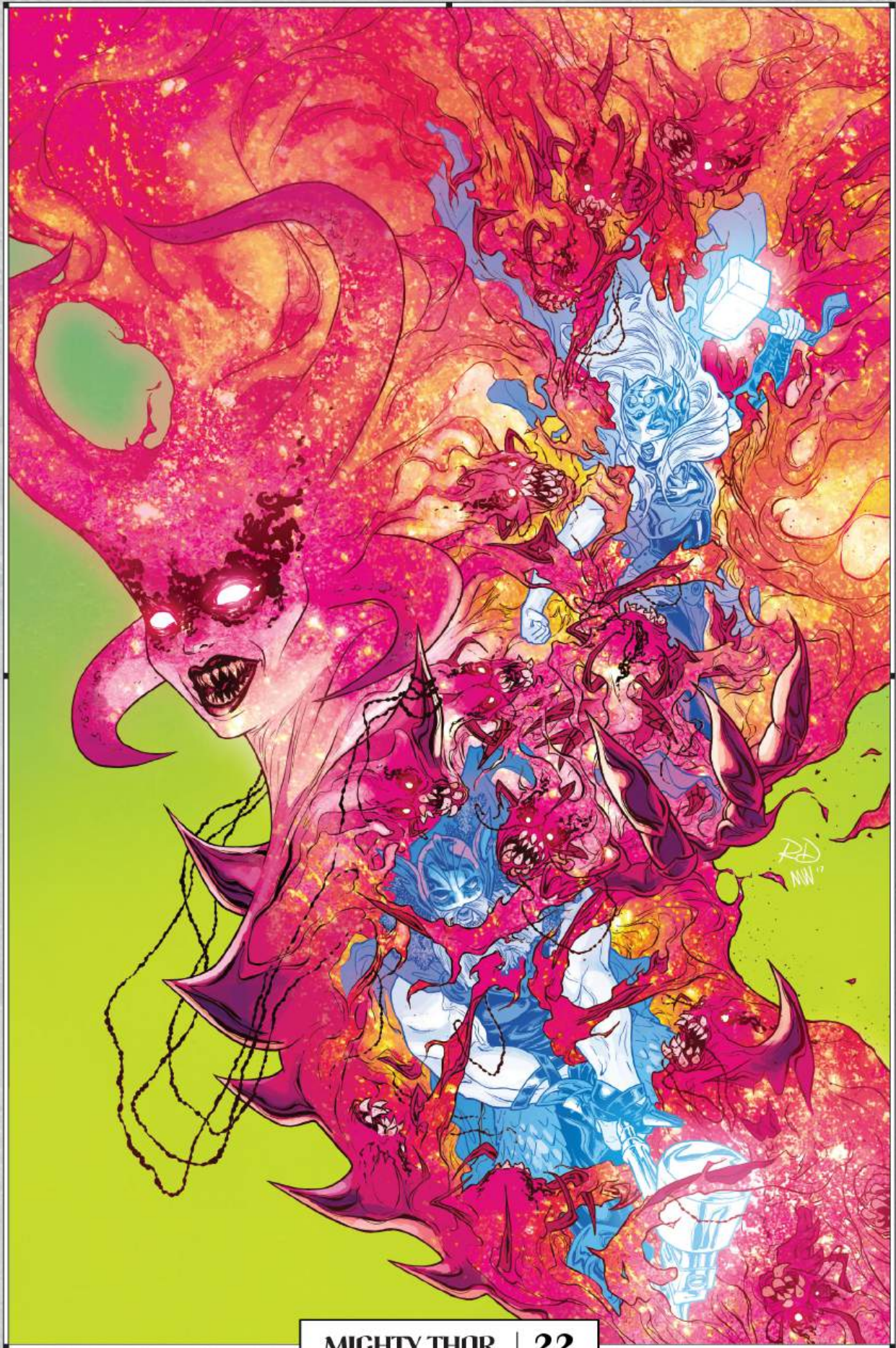
A full-page comic book illustration of Thor (Jane Foster) flying through space. She is wearing her iconic silver and red armor, a red cape, and a yellow sash. Her blonde hair is flowing behind her. She holds the hammer Mjolnir in her right hand, which is extended forward. The background is a deep purple and blue space with a bright light source on the right and a swirling nebula in the upper left.

"THERE IS TROUBLE
IN THE REALMS," THE
HAMMER WHISPERS.

AND JANE FOSTER
ANSWERS WITHOUT A
SECOND THOUGHT.

THAT IS WHY SHE IS
WORTHY TO BE THOR,
THE GODDESS OF
THUNDER.

AND WHY SHE
WILL SOON BE
DEAD.



MIGHTY THOR | 22

A Fistful of Brimstone



"MY FATHER WAS **SURTUR**.
FIRST OF THE FIRE GIANTS.
INVENTOR OF FLAME.
LORD OF RAGNAROK."

MUSPELHEIM.
INFERNO HALL.

"WHENEVER A CHILD OF HIS
TURNED THREE YEARS OLD
WE WERE GIVEN A TEST."

WE WERE
STARVED FOR 13
DAYS AND THEN WE
WERE BROUGHT
BEFORE OUR FATHER
IN THIS VERY
ROOM.

ON ONE SIDE
SAT A MOUND OF
FOOD THE SIZE OF A
TROLL. BLOOD PIES AND
CHARRED LAMPREYS
AND CARAMELIZED
VULTURE EGGS.

ON THE
OTHER SIDE
WAS A CAULDRON
FULL OF FLAMES
AND SCREAMING
SOULS.

I WAS THE
FIRST CHILD IN A
THOUSAND SIRS
TO CHOOSE THE
FLAMES.

WHICH IS WHY
I SIT UPON THE
BURNING THRONE
TODAY.

YOU WOULD
DO WELL TO
REMEMBER THAT
STORY, MY
FRIENDS.

SINDR.
QUEEN OF
MUSPELHEIM.

SOUNDS LIKE
YOUR FATHER
AND MINE HAVE
QUITE A LOT
IN COMMON.



MIND YOUR WORDS, LOKI LAUFEYSON, OR I'LL HAVE A BURNING COAL SHOVED UNDER YOUR LIAR'S TONGUE.

YOUR FATHER IS A LIGHT DUSTING OF SNOW COMPARED TO THE BLIZZARD OF BRIMSTONE THAT WAS SURTUR.

PERHAPS WE CAN COMPARE THE FEARSOMENESS OF OUR FATHERS SOME OTHER TIME. AFTER ALL, WE DO HAVE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO DISCUSS.

SUCH AS WAR.



HOW MANY TIMES ARE YOU GOING TO COME HERE AND BOTHER ME ABOUT YOUR BELOVED WAR OF THE REALMS, MALEKITH?

HAVE I NOT DONE AS I VOWED WHEN I DEIGNED TO JOIN YOUR GRUBBY CABAL? THE LAND OF THE DWARVES IS IN FLAMES.

AH. WAS IN FLAMES, ACTUALLY.



SOMEONE PUT THEM OUT.

IMPOSSIBLE. NOTHING CAN QUENCH MUSPELHEIM FIRE. IT BURNS HOT AS THE BLOOD OF SURTUR HIMSELF.

BURN.



BURN.

BURN THEM ALL.

BURN THEM ALL.

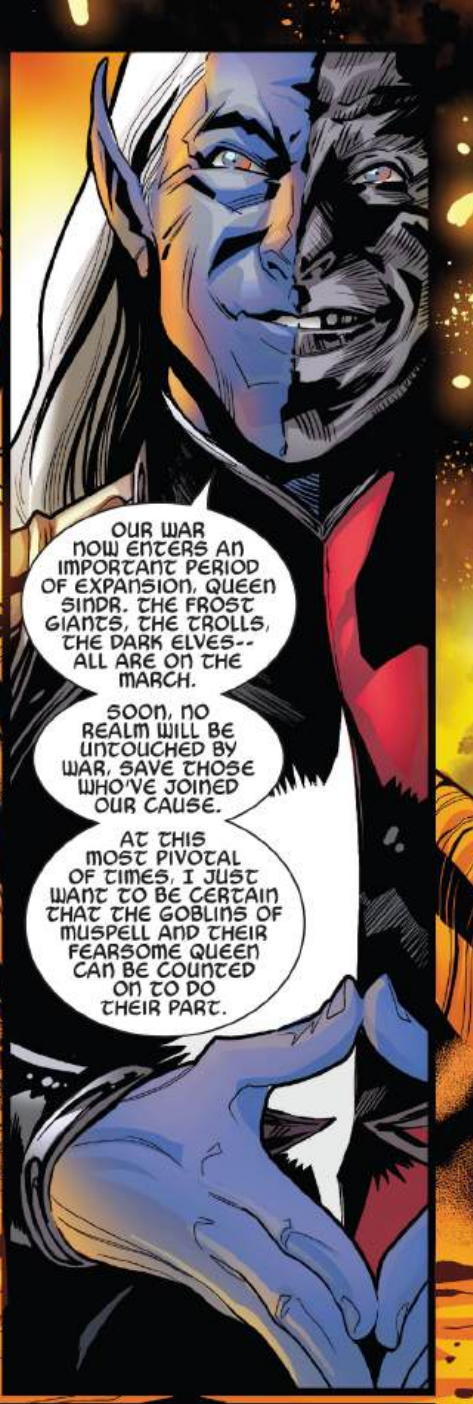
WITH DUE RESPECT, YOUR UNHOLY HIGHNESS, my "GRUBBY CABAL" AND I WOULD PERHAPS FEEL MORE CONFIDENT IN YOUR LOYALTY TO OUR CAUSE IF YOUR GOBLINS WEREN'T CONSTANTLY HISSING THEIR MURDEROUS THREATS IN OUR EARS.



IS THE KING
OF THE ELVES
AFRAID OF
MUMBLES AND
WHISPERS?

ONLY
WHEN THEY'RE
FOLLOWED BY
FLAMING DAGGERS
IN THE BACK.

IF I CHOOSE
TO STAB YOU,
MY DEAR ELF, I
ASSURE YOU IT
WON'T BE IN
THE BACK.



OUR WAR
NOW ENTERS AN
IMPORTANT PERIOD
OF EXPANSION. QUEEN
SINDR, THE FROST
GIANTS, THE TROLLS,
THE DARK ELVES--
ALL ARE ON THE
MARCH.

SOON, NO
REALM WILL BE
UNTOUCHED BY
WAR, SAVE THOSE
WHO'VE JOINED
OUR CAUSE.

AT THIS
MOST PIVOTAL
OF TIMES, I JUST
WANT TO BE CERTAIN
THAT THE GOBLINS OF
MUSPEL AND THEIR
FEARSOME QUEEN
CAN BE COUNTED
ON TO DO
THEIR PART.



OUR PART?
THE OTHER REALMS
HAVE BEEN QUAKING
IN FEAR AT THE MENTION
OF MUSPELHEIM SINCE
BEFORE YOU DARK ELVES
EVER CRAWLED FROM
YOUR SWAMPS.

AND DESPITE
MY FATHER'S
ASSASSINATION AT THE
HANDS OF THE BASTARD
ODINSON, AFTER BEING
BETRAYED BY THIS LYING
LUMP OF JOTUN
DUNG I SEE
BEFORE ME...*

...OUR GOALS
HAVE NOT
CHANGED.

*THE MIGHTY THOR (2011) #21!



IN
MUSPELHEIM,
WE PRAY FOR
RAGNAROK.

WE PRAY
TO SEE THE
GODS BURNED
TO ASH.

ALONG
WITH ANY OTHER
FLAMING FOOLS WHO
DARE STAND IN
OUR WAY.

KRAKA-KRÖNN

WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE FLAME IS THAT?

AH, I BELIEVE I CAN HAZARD A GUESS.

THOUGH THIS ONE DOES SOUND A BIT DIFFERENT THAN USUAL.

'TIS CALLED THUNDER, MY QUEEN. WHICH MEANS...

"...YOUR REALM HAS A VISITOR."

WHAT IS THIS? THIS... LIQUID FALLING FROM THE SKY?

DOESN'T TASTE LIKE MELTED FLESH. MAYBE THERE'S A DRAGON UP THERE CRYING.

MUST BE A WHOLE LOTTA FLAMING DRAGONS.

THIS... I HAVE HEARD OF THIS... I BELIEVE... IT IS CALLED RAIN.

RAIN? IT DOESN'T RAIN IN MUSPELHEIM! MUST BE A DEAD FROST GIANT CAUGHT IN THE FIRMAMENT.

DOES ANYONE ELSE HEAR THAT RUMBLING?

AAAAGGGH!!!

AND SO RAIN CAME TO MUSPELHEIM, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN LIVING MEMORY.

SO MUCH RAIN THAT THE GOBLIN NESTS IN SINMARA ALLEY WERE FLOODED.

THAT THE FIERY BRIMSTONE MOUNTAINS SPEWED NOTHING BUT STEAM.

RAIN HAD COME TO MUSPELHEIM, AND WITH IT, THE THUNDER.

THE THUNDER OF THE WAR THOR.

SINDR!

COME FACE THE STORM OF RECKONING, QUEEN OF BUTCHERS AND COWARDS!

THE STORM THAT WILL END ALL FIRE FOREVER!





END FIRE?
I THINK NOT,
LITTLE GOD.

GAGGH!

FWWOOOSH

THE FLAMES
OF MUSPELHEIM
ARE THE FIRES OF
CREATION! AND OF
DEATH! FOR YOU
AND ALL YOUR
KIND!

BUT YOU WILL
NOT LIVE TO SEE
THE FINAL DAYS, YOU
WHO DARES INVADE
THIS INFERNAL
LAND! FOR YOU...

...RAGNAROK
IS NOW!



GUGH.

YOU THINK
A STORM
CANNOT BURN,
YOU FOOL?

EVERYTHING
BURNS!

CLANG



I HAVE
BOILED OCEANS
AND BURNED
SCARS FROM
THE SKY.

HHRG.

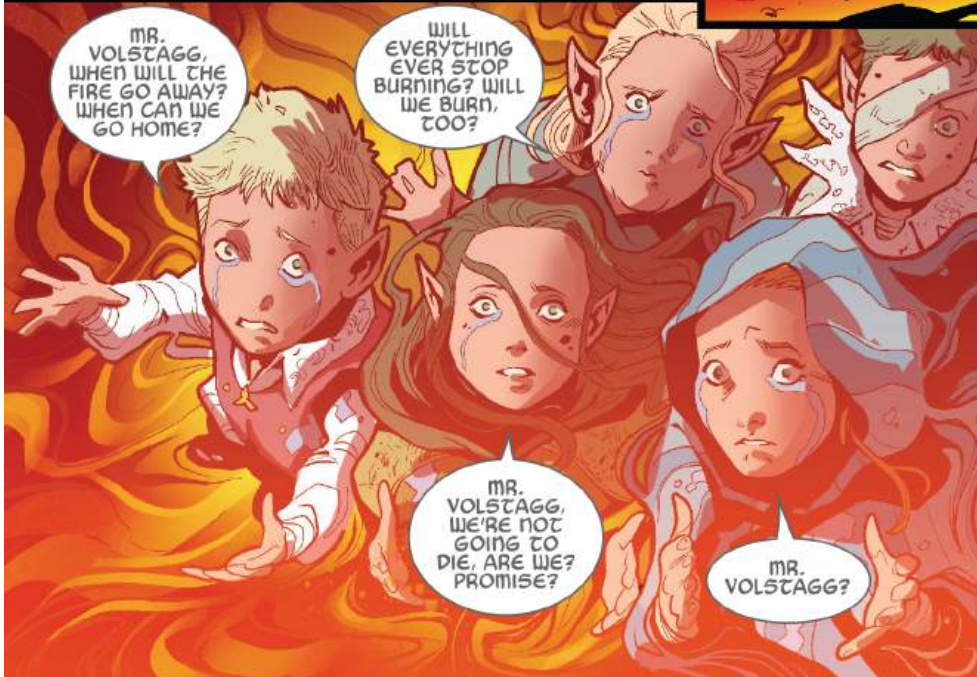


TO BE THE
QUEEN OF CINDERS,
I HAD TO LEARN
HOW TO PAINT
WITH FIRE. AND
YOU...

HSSS

...YOU
WILL BE MY
MASTERPIECE!

AAARRGGGHHH!





YOU DARE
FACE ME IN
MY OWN REALM,
YOU FOOL OF
A THOR?



I WAS
BAPTIZED IN THE
BURNING SEA AS
A BABE! I SUCKLED
VOLCANOES AND
SLEPT ON A BED
OF RAZOR
ROCK!

I AM THE
DAUGHTER OF
SURTUR! I HAVE
BRIMSTONE IN MY
GUT AND AN
INFERNO IN MY
VEINS! AND
YOU...



...YOU HAVE
NOTHING BUT
LUNGS FILLED
WITH LAVA.

GGUH,
NOT...ALL
I HAVE.



GAGGGH!

THUNK



VERY WELL.
YOU HAVE A
HAMMER. I HAVE
AN ENTIRE REALM
THAT OBEYS
ME. SO...

"...LET'S SEE WHICH
ONE IS MIGHTIER,
SHALL WE?"





MY QUEEN!
WHERE IS HE?
WE WILL LAY THIS
INVADER'S CHARRED
GIZZARD AT
YOUR FEET!

NO,
LET THE
FIRE-BREATHING
SHARKS
HAVE THEIR
FUN.

WHERE'S
THE ELF?



RETURNED TO
SVARTALFHEIM, YOUR
HIGHNESS.

USELESS
FOOL.

MALEKITH
SAID HE WAS
HANDLING THE
THOR PROBLEM, BUT
INSTEAD HE APPEARS
TO HAVE ALLOWED
IT TO MULTIPLY.

LUCKILY
FOR HIM,
I AM--



HOW--



IN
THE BATTLE
OF MUSPELHEIM
VERSUS MJOLNIR,
I BELIEVE THE
OUTCOME IS
CLEAR.

GAGGH!



ALL
HAIL THE
HAMMER.



NO!
SAVE THE
QUEEN!

SWARM!
SWARM THE
CHOR!



GAGH!
OFF ME,
INSECTS!

THE QUEEN
OF CINDERS WILL
NEVER FALL! SHE
LOVES US LIKE THE
FLAME LOVES THE
TINDER! SHE
LOVES US
LIKE--



HUKK!

HUGGGH!



FEEL THAT
FIRE IN YOUR
SOFT, FLAMMABLE
BELLY? THAT DEEP,
UNIGNORABLE
PAIN?

THAT IS BUT
THE BEGINNING
OF YOUR
BURNING.



I WILL SPREAD
MY FIRE THROUGH
YOU OH SO SLOWLY.
ROASTING YOUR TENDER
FLESH, MELTING YOUR
MARROW, LITTLE
BY LITTLE.

YOUR EYES
WILL BURN LAST.
AFTER YOUR MANHOOD.
YOUR BEARD. AFTER
YOUR SCREAM HAS
TURNED TO ASH IN
YOUR CHARRED
MOUTH.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY TO
THAT, LITTLE
THOR?

THAT ISN'T
THOR.



THOUGH I
SUPPOSE SOME
WOULD TELL YOU
THAT NEITHER
AM I.

LET
HIM GO.



YOU MAY ALL
CALL YOURSELF
THOR FOR ALL I
CARE. TO ME, YOU
ARE NOTHING MORE
THAN UNWELCOME
VISITORS TO
MY REALM.

THEN GIVE
HIM TO ME
AND WE WILL
LEAVE.

no.



NOT LEAVING.
UNTIL SHE PAYS...
FOR WHAT
SHE DID.

NIDAVELLIR.
CHILDREN
BURNING.

SEE? HE
DOESN'T WISH
TO LEAVE. YOU
HEARD HIM
YOURSELF.

YES.



I DID.

YOU CHOSE UNWISELY, QUEEN, WHEN YOU SIDED WITH MALEKITH.

'TIS TRUE WHAT HE SAYS, IS IT NOT?

THAT YOU ATTACKED NIDAVELLIR? THAT YOU MURDERED CHILDREN?!

NGH!

ELF CHILDREN, THOSE HARDLY COUNT, DO THEY?

UGH!

NO ONE HAS DARED LAY A HAND ON ME SINCE MY FATHER.

I JUST DARED, AND AM ABOUT TO DARE AGAIN.

YOU WILL NEVER LAY HANDS ON ANYTHING AGAIN, AS I AM ABOUT TO REMOVE THOSE HANDS.

YOU MIGHT FIND THAT DIFFICULT WHEN THEY ARE FILLED WITH URU.





mommy!

HOLD ON,
SMOKETONGUE!
DON'T...



AAAAHHH!!!

no, my
son!!!



no, please
don't steal me
and sell me to the
dwarves! I don't
want to die in their
furnaces like my
brother!

BE CALM,
CHILD. THIS WILL
ALL BE OVER
SOON.



I HAVE
YOU!

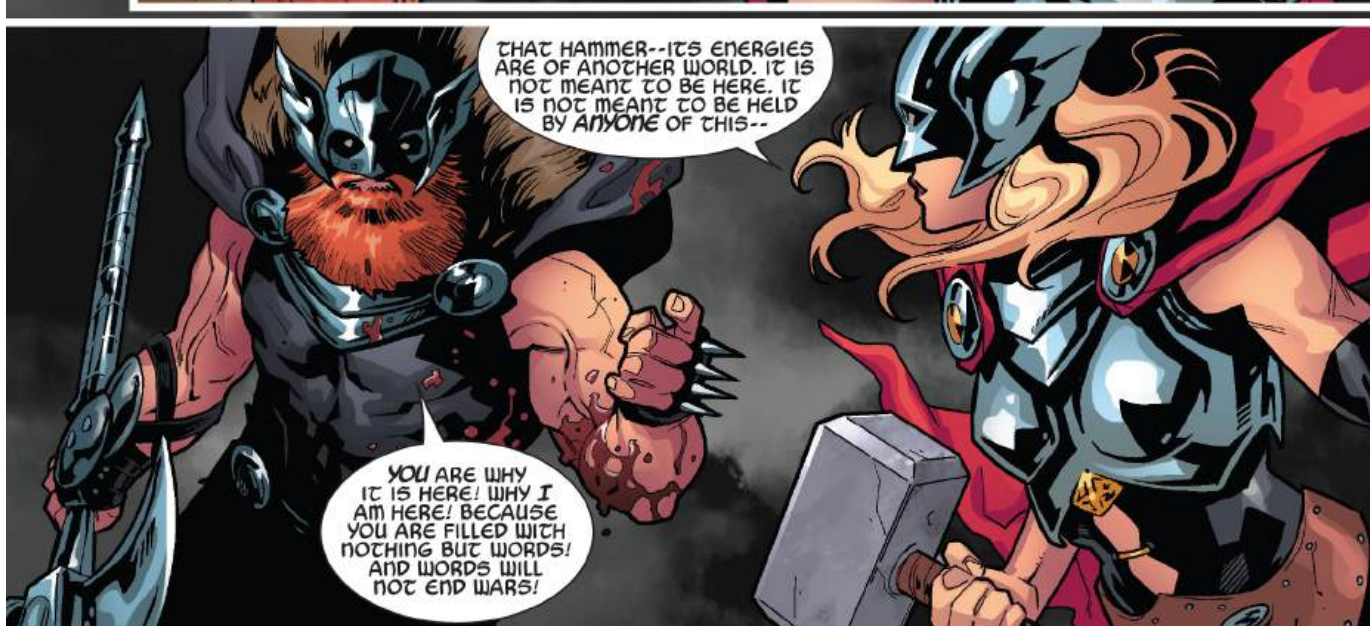
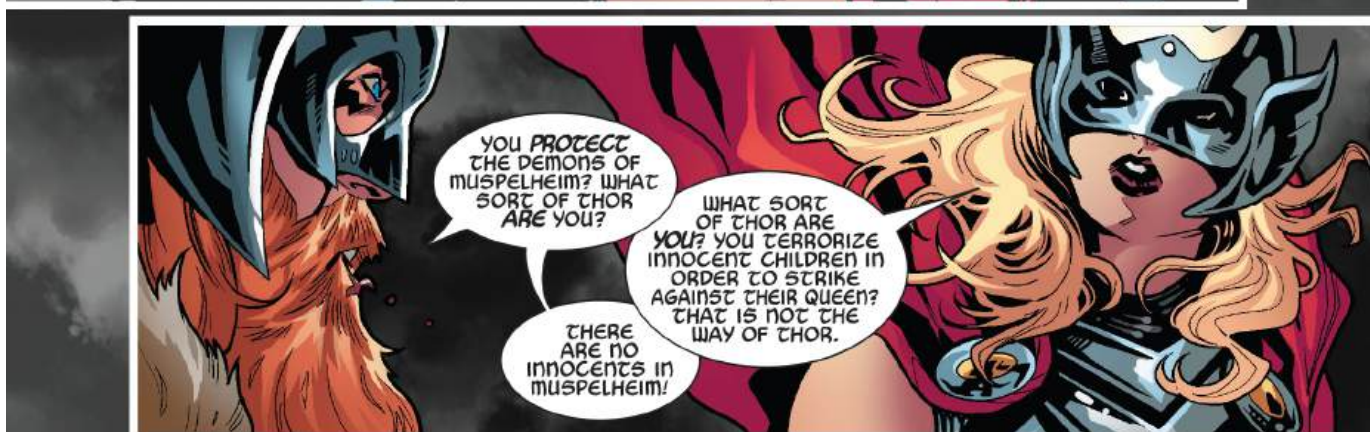


I HOPE.

mom!



SH





BUT
I WILL!

NOW STAND
ASIDE, WOMAN,
OR THE WAR THOR
WILL END YOU
AS WELL!

THIS IS NOT
THE FIGHT I
WANT. BUT IT'S
NOT ONE I WILL
RUN FROM
EITHER!

HAVE
AT THEE,
MADMAN!

AND MAY
THE BEST
THOR WIN!



MIGHTY THOR #23 ROCK 'N' ROLL VARIANT
BY Marco Rudy



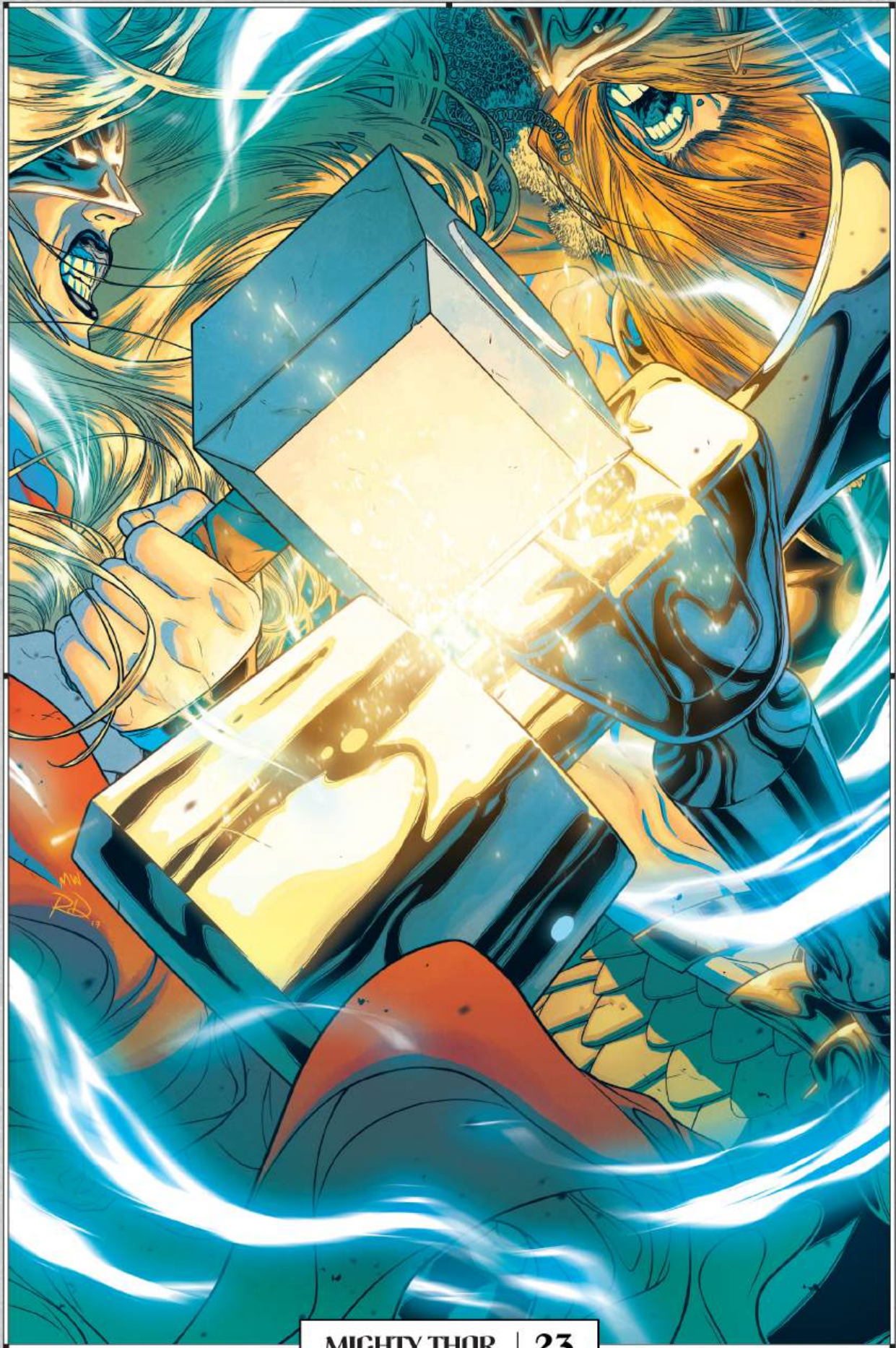
MIGHTY THOR #23 VENOMIZED VILLAINS VARIANT
BY Clayton Crain



LA POTENTE THOR #19/#224 VARIANT
BY Mahmud Asrar



GENERATIONS: THE UNWORTHY THOR & THE MIGHTY THOR
BY Olivier Coipel & Jason Keith



IN THE BEGINNING,
THERE WAS THE
YAWNING VOID.

GINNUNGAGAP, THE
GREAT UNENDING
NOTHINGNESS.

AND THEN FROM THE SOUTH
CAME ROARING FIRE, AND
FROM THE NORTH, SWIRLING
ICE AND MIST.

AND WHERE THE TWO FORCES
CLASHED IN THE HEART OF
THE VOID, LIFE WAS BORN.

ELVES AND GIANTS.
ANGELS AND GOBLINS.
GODS AND MEN.

BOOM

BOOM

AND REALMS WERE
MADE FOR EACH OF
THEM, TEN IN TOTAL.

EACH WITH ITS OWN PLACE
ALONG THE WORLD TREE.
EACH WITH ITS OWN
WONDERS AND TERRORS.

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

THIS IS THE STORY
OF THOSE TEN
REALMS.

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

AND OF THE ONE MIGHTY
GOD WHO BESTRODE
THEM ALL.

BOOM





THIS IS NOT
THE TIME FOR
WEAK-WILLED
THORS! THIS IS
NOT THE TIME
FOR YOU,
WOMAN!

GUUUUGH!



YOUR
CONCERN FOR
MY WILL IS SURELY
APPRECIATED,
WAR THOR!

BUT
YOU SHOULD
CONCERN YOURSELF
MORE WITH MY
URU!



WEAK
THOR. WEAK
HAMMER.



NEITHER
OF YOU CAN
END THIS
WAR.

MJOLNIR!

FLY AWAY,
LITTLE THOR
THAT WAS.



"FLY FAR AWAY
LIKE YOUR
MALLET."



VANAHEIM.
LAND OF THE VANIR,
WISE GODS OF OLD.



THIS...I
HAVE SEEN THIS
IN THE DIVINING
ROOTS. SO BEGINS
THE NEXT PHASE OF
THE PROPHECY. THE
WAR OF THE
THORS.

I HAVE
LEARNED TO
TRUST YOUR SIGHT,
WIZARD BLOODROOT.
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW
THIS IS THE BEGINNING
AND NOT THE
END?

IF THIS
WERE THE
END...



"...THE HAMMER
WOULD BE DRENCHED
IN BLOOD."

NOTHING
WILL STAND IN
MY WAY. NOTHING
WILL STOP ME FROM
ENDING THIS WAR.
ANYTHING THAT
TRIES--

--MUST
BE READY
TO TASTE THE
BLOODSTORM!

UUGH!



**NIFFLEHEIM.
LAND OF THE DEAD.**

KRAKKDOODM

ON THE FROZEN SHORES
OF NASTROND, THE KING
OF HEL HEARS THE
THUNDER RUMBLE
FAR AWAY...

...AND DREADS THE COMING
STORM. AS AN ODINSON AND
A BROTHER TO THUNDER,
BALDER THE BRAVE
KNOWS DARK WEATHER
ALL TOO WELL.

HE KNOWS THAT WHEN THE
SKY GROWS BLACK AND THE
WINDS COME HOWLING AND
THE LIGHTNING FALLS LIKE
GOLDEN SPEARS...THERE'LL
BE NO RUNNING.



NO WAY TO STAY
OUT OF THE
STORM.

IF I HAVE
TO **BREAK** YOU
TO SAVE THE
REALMS, THEN
SO BE IT.

DEATH
TO ALL
WARS!

DEATH TO
ALL OTHER
THORS!



UUUGH!



GAAGH!

GET...!
GUUGH!

HHGH!
THINE HAMMER IS
POSSESSED!



RRGGGH!
AND THY STORM...
IS PALTRY!

JUST LIKE
THY BEARD! AND
THY GRASP ON
SANITY!



AS
FOR HAMMERS,
'TIS NOT *mine*
THAT IS
CORRUPTED...



HHRRRRGGGHH!!!

no.

THIS
HAMMER...SHOULD
NOT BE HERE.
BUT SINCE
IT IS...





I...I SHOULD NOT BE HOLDING THIS. I SHOULD...

YOU LIFTED IT. BUT DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO USE IT? TO TRULY BRING THE STORM?



THIS WAR WILL NOT BE WON WITH THUNDER, BUT WITH BLOOD!

ONLY BLOOD PUTS OUT THE FIRE! IF YOU WANT TO STOP ME, YOU WILL HAVE TO BE THE RAGING BLOODSTORM!

DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU--

--WUUGH!



YOU THINK I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WAR?!

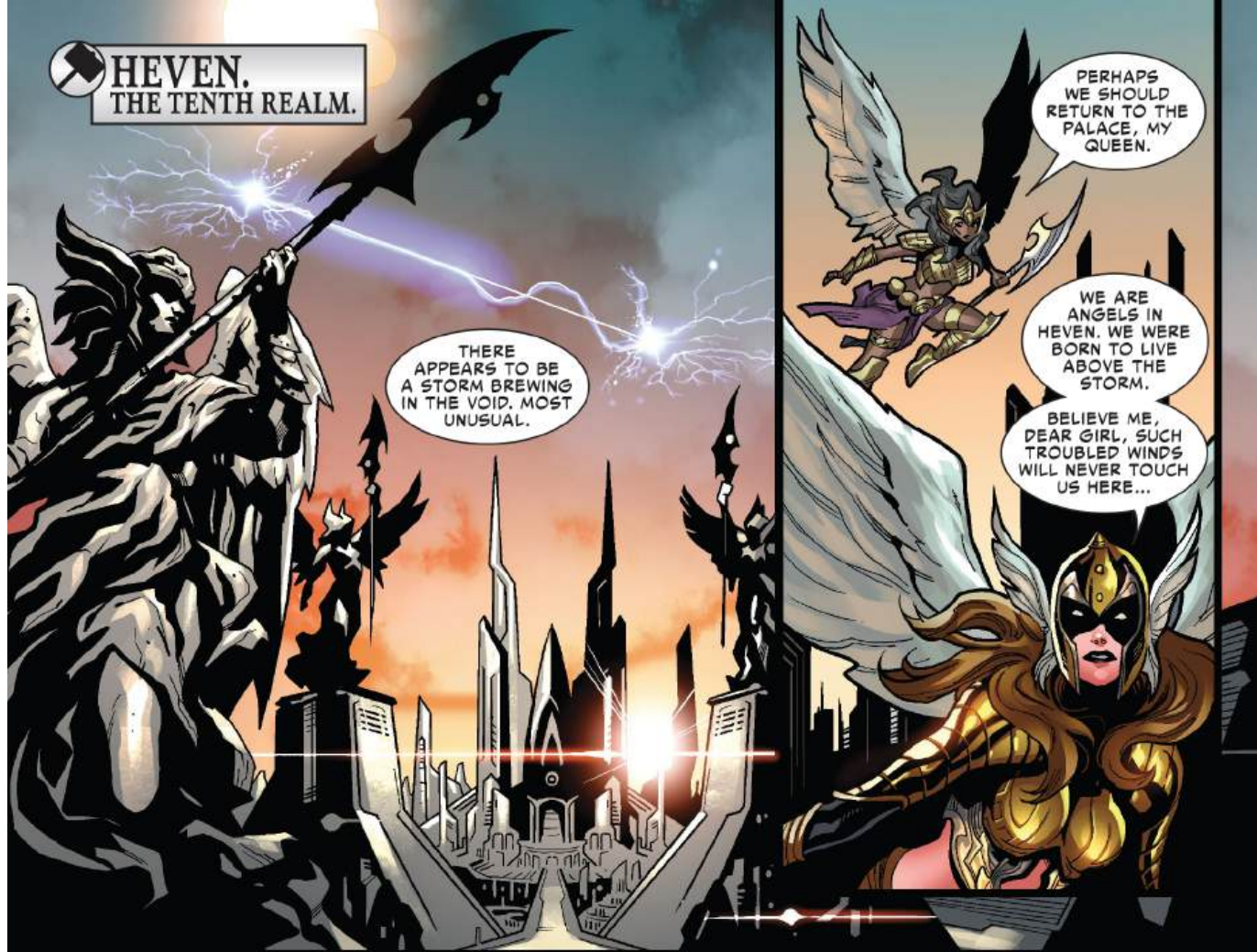
TRY BATTLING CANCER!!!



RRRRROOOOOOMMM



HEVEN. THE TENTH REALM.



THERE APPEARS TO BE A STORM BREWING IN THE VOID. MOST UNUSUAL.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD RETURN TO THE PALACE, MY QUEEN.

WE ARE ANGELS IN HEVEN. WE WERE BORN TO LIVE ABOVE THE STORM.

BELIEVE ME, DEAR GIRL, SUCH TROUBLED WINDS WILL NEVER TOUCH US HERE...



SVARTALFHEIM. THE DARK FAERIE REALM.



"...NO MATTER HOW THEY MIGHT BLOW THROUGH THE OTHER REALMS.

THE GODS ARE BOMBING THE VILLAGE! RUN INTO THE SWAMP!

SUMMON THE WAR WITCHES!

SVARTALFHEIM. THE BIRTHPLACE OF MALEKICH. THIS... IS NO ACCIDENT.



THE HAMMER
BROUGHT US
HERE ON PURPOSE.
WHETHER YOU
WILLED IT
OR NOT.

MY HAMMER
KNOWS THESE
DARK ELVES MUST
BE PUNISHED. JUST
LIKE *SINDR* AND
HER DEMONS IN
MUSPELHEIM.



WE CAN DO
THAT TOGETHER,
YOU AND I. WE CAN
END THIS WAR IN
A DAY.

THIS
MJOLNIR...IS
SO ANGRY. SO...
UNTETHERED. IT
WANTS ME...
TO RAGE.

THEN RAGE,
WOMAN.



no.



I HAVE SEEN
YOUR RAGE. IN
ALL ITS UGLINESS.
THAT...IS NOT THE
ANSWER FOR
THESE TROUBLED
TIMES.

WE
HAVE ENOUGH
WARS...



...AND ENOUGH
MJOLNIRS!

BEGONE,
FOUL HAMMER!



no.

THAT IS NO MERE MJOLNIR. NOT ANYMORE.

THAT IS A WARHAMMER.



AND WITHOUT RAGE, YOU WERE NEVER TRULY WORTHY OF IT.



NOW LET ME SHOW YOU HOW A *REAL* THOR MAKES WAR!

AND SAY FARE THEE WELL TO SVARCALFHEIM!

VOLSTAGG?











VOLSTAGG!

RRRGH!



I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER AND YOUR PAIN. BUT THIS IS NOT THE ANSWER.

THIS IS NOT YOU.



REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE, MY FRIEND. REMEMBER WHAT MAKES YOU SUCH A LOVING, MERCIFUL GOD.

I AM THE WAR THOR. AND IF YOU COME ANY CLOSER, WOMAN, I WILL SMASH YOU LIKE I SMASH THIS ODINSON.



LIKE HEL YOU WILL!

STAND DOWN, PLEASE. HE DOESN'T MEAN IT.

HE IS VOLSTAGG THE VALIANT.



DEVOTED HUSBAND. LOVING FATHER. ESTEEMED SENATOR IN THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS.

AND MY FRIEND.

AND HE KNOWS...IT'S TIME TO COME HOME.



SO WHAT ABOUT THAT THING?

WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE IT HERE.

THE HAMMER IS MY RESPONSIBILITY. I HAVE ALREADY SWORN TO GUARD IT. I WON'T FAIL AGAIN.

WAIT... SO DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE ACTUALLY GONNA... PICK IT--

GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM! BACK TO OLD ASGARD!

NO ONE WANTS YOU HERE! GO!

UM, ODINSON... IT'S A HAMMER. NOT A DOG. DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S GONNA...

I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND YOU THORS AND YOUR HAMMERS.

I HAVE BEEN ALIVE LONGER THAN YOUR ENTIRE RACE, AND THERE IS MUCH THAT I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND, SENATOR SOLOMON.

BUT I DO KNOW THIS...

EVEN IF WE ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE NO MORE OF THE WAR THOR, WE MOST ASSUREDLY HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST...

"...OF THE WAR
OF REALMS."

VANAHEIM.

THE WAR OF
THE THORS
HAS ENDED.

YES, AND
NOW OUR WAR
BEGINS.

NIFFLEHEIM.

AND SO
THE ENEMY HAS
COME TO HEL! AND
EVEN THE DEAD
ARE NOT SAFE
FROM WAR!

HAH!

HEVEN.

LEAVE ME
NOW. THE QUEEN
OF HEVEN WOULD
BE ALONE WITH
HER THOUGHTS
FOR A WHILE.

I AM
SURE THOSE
ARE LOVELY
THOUGHTS,
MY DEAR...

"...BUT YOU AND YOUR
REALM WOULD BE A
LOT BETTER OFF..."

ROXXON

"...IF YOU WOULD BUT
SIT FOR A MOMENT
AND OPEN YOUR MIND..."

...AND
LISTEN TO
WHAT MALEKITH
THE ACCURSED
HAS TO
SAY.





GENERATIONS: THE UNWORTHY THOR & THE MIGHTY THOR | 1

The Thunder

THE VANISHING POINT

**AN INSTANT APART!
A MOMENT BEYOND!
LOOSED FROM THE SHACKLES OF PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE—
A PLACE WHERE TIME HAS NO MEANING!
BUT WHERE TRUE INSIGHT CAN BE GAINED!
MAKE YOUR CHOICE! SELECT YOUR DESTINATION!
THIS JOURNEY IS A GIFT...**

DR. JANE FOSTER MET ODINSON
MILLENNIA AFTER HE EARNED
THE HAMMER, AND THEY BECAME
LOVERS, THEN FRIENDS. BUT WHEN
A WHISPER COST ODINSON HIS
HAMMER, JANE HEARD MJOLNIR'S
CALL, FOR THERE MUST ALWAYS BE
A THOR. NOW, DESPITE THE CANCER
THAT IS KILLING HER MORTAL
FORM, SHE DEFENDS THE REALMS
AGAINST ALL ENEMIES.

THE MIGHTY THOR



THE PRINCE OF ASGARD, THE YOUNG
AND HEADSTRONG ODINSON, IS
DESTINED TO ONE DAY WIELD THE
HAMMER MJOLNIR AS THE GOD OF
THUNDER. BUT FIRST, HE MUST
PROVE HIMSELF WORTHY. UNTIL
THEN, HE DEFENDS THE PEOPLE
OF MIDGARD, ESPECIALLY THOSE
KNOWN AS VIKINGS, WITH THE AX
JARNBORN AT HIS SIDE.

THE UNWORTHY THOR

ART BY
OLIVIER COIPEL
& JASON KEITH

THOR CREATED BY
STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER
& JACK KIRBY

GENERATIONS

THE THUNDER

 **MANY YEARS AGO.**
THE WEAPONS HALL
OF ASGARD.

RRGGGH!!!
YES!

AT LAST!
THE HAMMER...
RRGGH...IS
OFF THE
PEDESTAL!

NOW IF I
CAN JUST...
LIFT IT HIGH
ENOUGH
TO...

THOR!





NO.
THAT WAS
THE **HIGHEST**
I'D EVER...

YOU TRY
MY PATIENCE,
THOR. EVEN
MORE SO THAN
YOUR WRETCHED
"BROTHER."

MJOLNIR
IS NOT TO BE
TOUCHED. NOT BY
ANYONE. IT'S FAR
TOO POWERFUL.
AND TOO BOR-
DAMNED WILD!



I JUST SAVED
MIDGARD FROM AN
ARMY OF RAMPAGING
STORM GIANTS. I
BATTLED THEM...
FOR NINE DAYS
STRAIGHT.

THE ONLY
NOURISHMENT
I HAVE TASTED...HAS
BEEN MY OWN BLOOD.
I THOUGHT PERHAPS
I MIGHT FINALLY
BE...

WORTHY.

WORTHY?
YOU WISH TO
BE WORTHY OF
SOMETHING?



BE WORTHY
OF **ME**, BOY! BE
WORTHY OF BEING
THE PRINCE OF
ASGARD!

LOOK AT YOU,
DRESSED IN **RAGS**.
YOU SPEND SO MUCH
TIME ON MIDGARD. YOU'RE
STARTING TO **LOOK** LIKE
ONE OF THOSE
FILTHY BEASTS!



WE ARE
RECEIVING A
DELEGATION FROM VANAHEIM
THIS MORN. AND YOU WILL
BE THERE, LOOKING LIKE
AN **ODINSON** FOR
ONCE.



IN THE **THRONE**
ROOM, DO YOU HEAR
ME? NOT ON MIDGARD.
AND NOT FOOLING
ABOUT WITH
HAMMERS.

"AND DRESS
IN YOUR FORMAL
WEAR, OR THERE
WILL BE HELL TO
PAY, I PROMISE
YOU!"



RGH.
FORMAL
WEAR.

I HATE THE
DAMN FORMAL
WEAR.



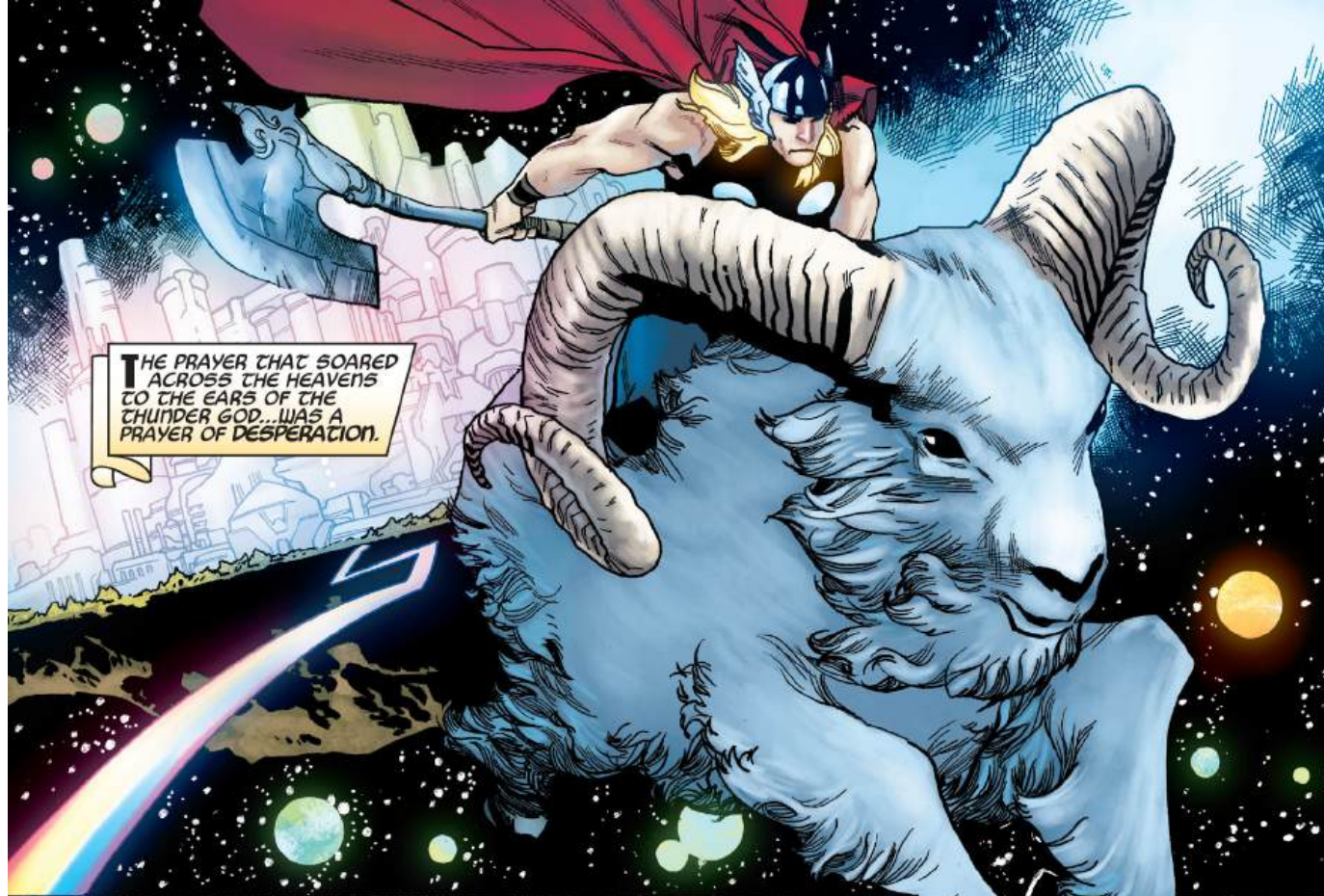
YOU THERE.
BRING ME MEAD.
ALL THE MEAD
YOU CAN CARRY.

AH, SORRY, MY LORD THOR,
BUT, AH, WE'VE BEEN TOLD
NOT TO SERVE YOU MEAD
UNTIL AFTER THE
RECEPTION.

AH,
ALL-FATHER'S
ORDERS.

PLEASE
DON'T KILL
ME.





THE PRAYER THAT SOARED
ACROSS THE HEAVENS
TO THE EARS OF THE
THUNDER GOD... WAS A
PRAYER OF DESPERATION.



A PRAYER FROM
MIDGARD.

FROM ONE OF THOR'S
MOST DEVOTED
OF FOLLOWERS.



ONE OF THOSE FEARSOME
WARRIORS OF THE NORTH
KNOWN AS THE VIKINGS.

FAR HAD THEY SAILED FROM
THEIR HOMES IN THE NORDIC
LANDS. FARTHER THAN THEY
HAD EVER SAILED BEFORE.

ALL THE WAY TO THE
GREATEST RIVER IN
ALL THE WORLD.





SO DIVINE INTERVENTION WAS WHAT THEY RECEIVED.

YOU PRAYED! AND THE MIGHTY THOR HAS ANSWERED!

NOW TELL YOUR LORD OF LIVING THUNDER, WHO IS HE TO SMITE?



GAAAGH!



AH, I SUPPOSE 'TIS YOU.

FOOLS! YOU DARE INVADE THE LAND OF EGYPT?!



THE LAND
OF EN SABAH
NUR?!

YOU
HAVE CROSSED
THE WORLD, ONLY TO
DIE IN THESE
SANDS...

...AT
THE FEET OF

APOCALYPSE!



WARRIORS
OF CLAN
AKKABA!

WELCOME
THESE WOULD-BE
INVADERS TO OUR
HOLY LAND!













JANE FOSTER FEELS MOST ALIVE WHEN SHE IS FIGHTING.

WHEN THERE IS SOMETHING IN FRONT OF HER SHE CAN PUNCH OR THROTTLE.



FOR SHE CANNOT THROTTLE THE CANCER THAT IS RAVAGING HER HUMAN FORM.

AND RECENTLY SHE HAS BEGUN TO WONDER...IF SHE SHOULD BOTHER HAVING A HUMAN FORM AT ALL.



WHY NOT LIVE THE LIFE OF A GOD FOREVERMORE?

WHY NOT HOLD THE HAMMER UNTIL THE END OF TIME?



THE MORE SHE THINKS THOSE THOUGHTS, THE TIGHTER THE GODDESS OF THUNDER GRIPS HER MJOLNIR.

AND THE MORE JANE FOSTER SLIPS AWAY.









LOKI?

YOU HAVE
ME AT A RARE
DISADVANTAGE.
YOU KNOW ME,
YET I KNOW
YOU NOT.

TELL ME
YOUR NAME, FAIR
LADY, AND PERHAPS
I WILL DEIGN TO
DIVINE YOUR FUTURE
FOR YOU.



I KNOW
MY FUTURE.
AND *YOURS*.

SO
KNOW THAT
THIS IS FULLY
JUSTIFIED.



HEH. NO
DOUBT.

SO YOU KNOW
THAT IT WAS LOKI
WHO URGED THE VIKINGS
TO INVADE THIS LAND.
ALL TO LURE MY
CONTEMPTIBLE BROTHER
INTO THE BATTLE HE
NOW FINDS HIMSELF
FIGHTING.

BUT AS IT
TURNS OUT, I
DIDN'T EVEN NEED
TO BOTHER WITH
ALL OF THAT.
DID I?



SEEING YOU
WITH THAT HAMMER
IN HAND WILL NO DOUBT
KILL HIM BEFORE
EVEN APOCALYPSE
CAN.

MANY
THANKS, MY LADY.
UNTIL OUR PATHS
CROSS AGAIN...

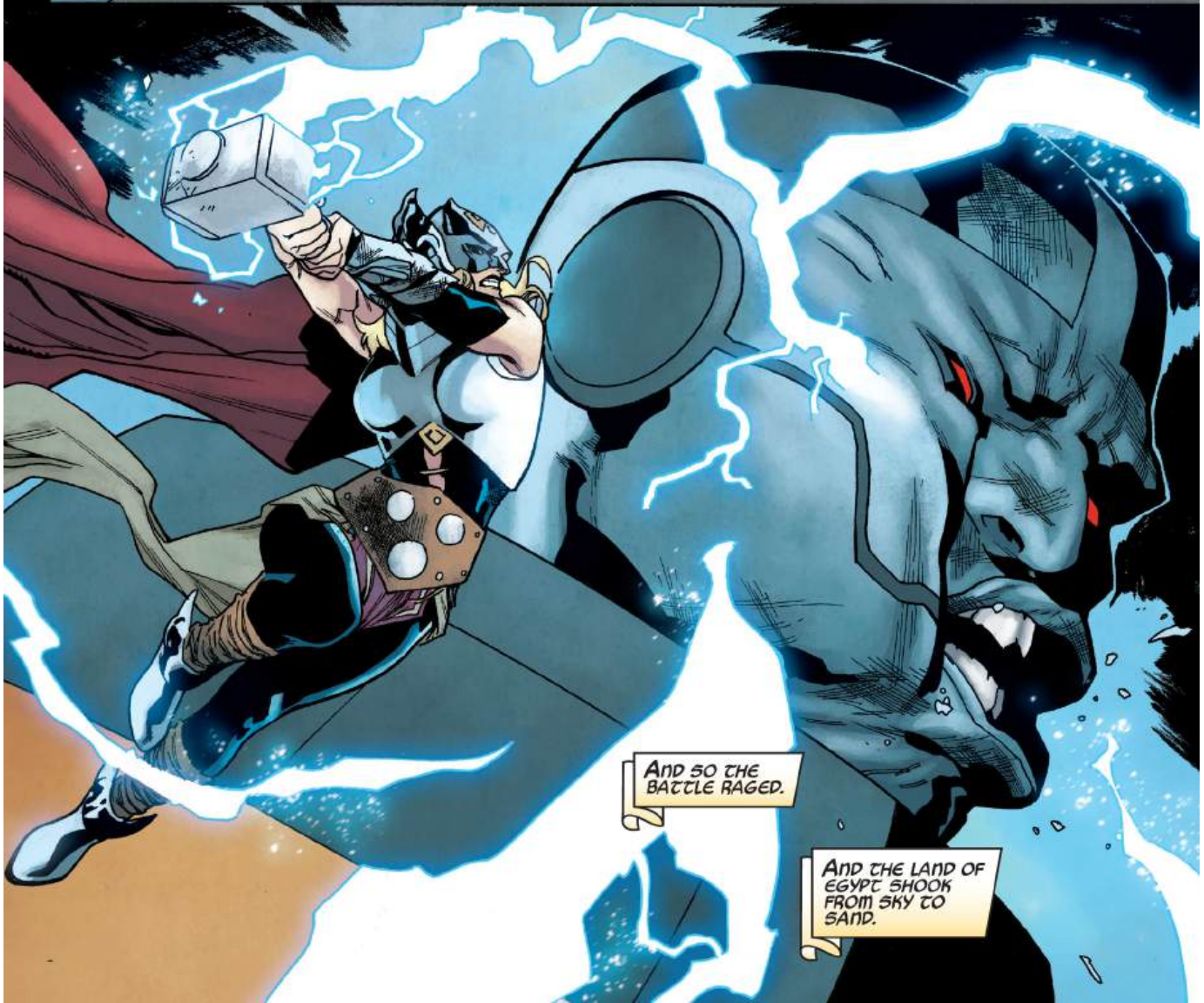


WHEN OUR
PATHS CROSS
AGAIN, YOU WILL
SOLEMNLY REGRET
IT, PRINCE OF
LIES.

BUT UNTIL
THEN...



I KNOW
ANOTHER VILLAIN
IN DESPERATE
NEED OF
PUMMELING.



AND SO THE
BATTLE RAGED.

AND THE LAND OF
EGYPT SHOOK
FROM SKY TO
SAND.

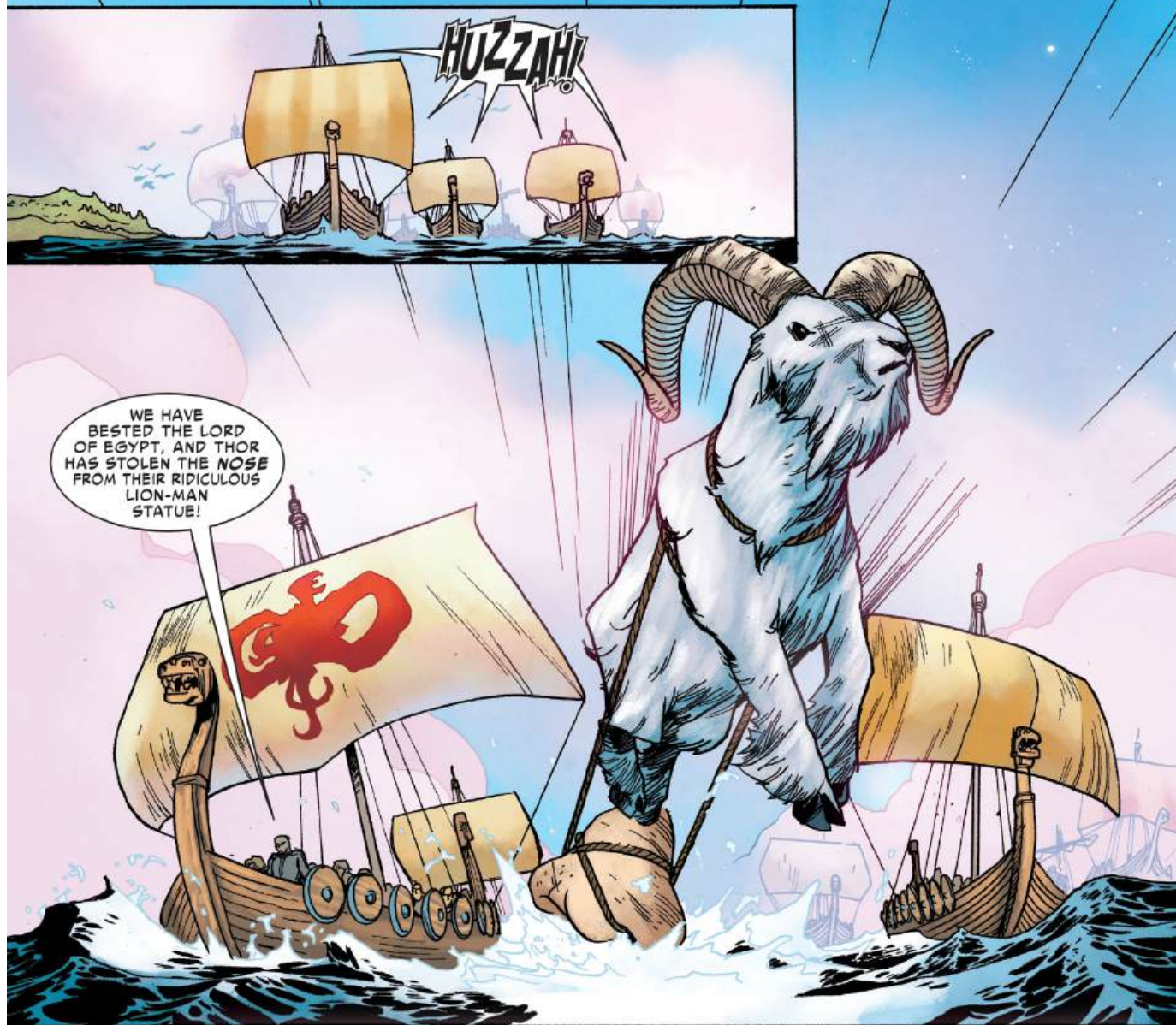


ONE ENRAGED THOR IS ENOUGH
TO CRUSH AN ARMY OF TROLLS
OR A HORDE OF DRAGONS OR
MORE GIANTS THAN THERE ARE
WHISKERS IN ODIN'S BEARD.

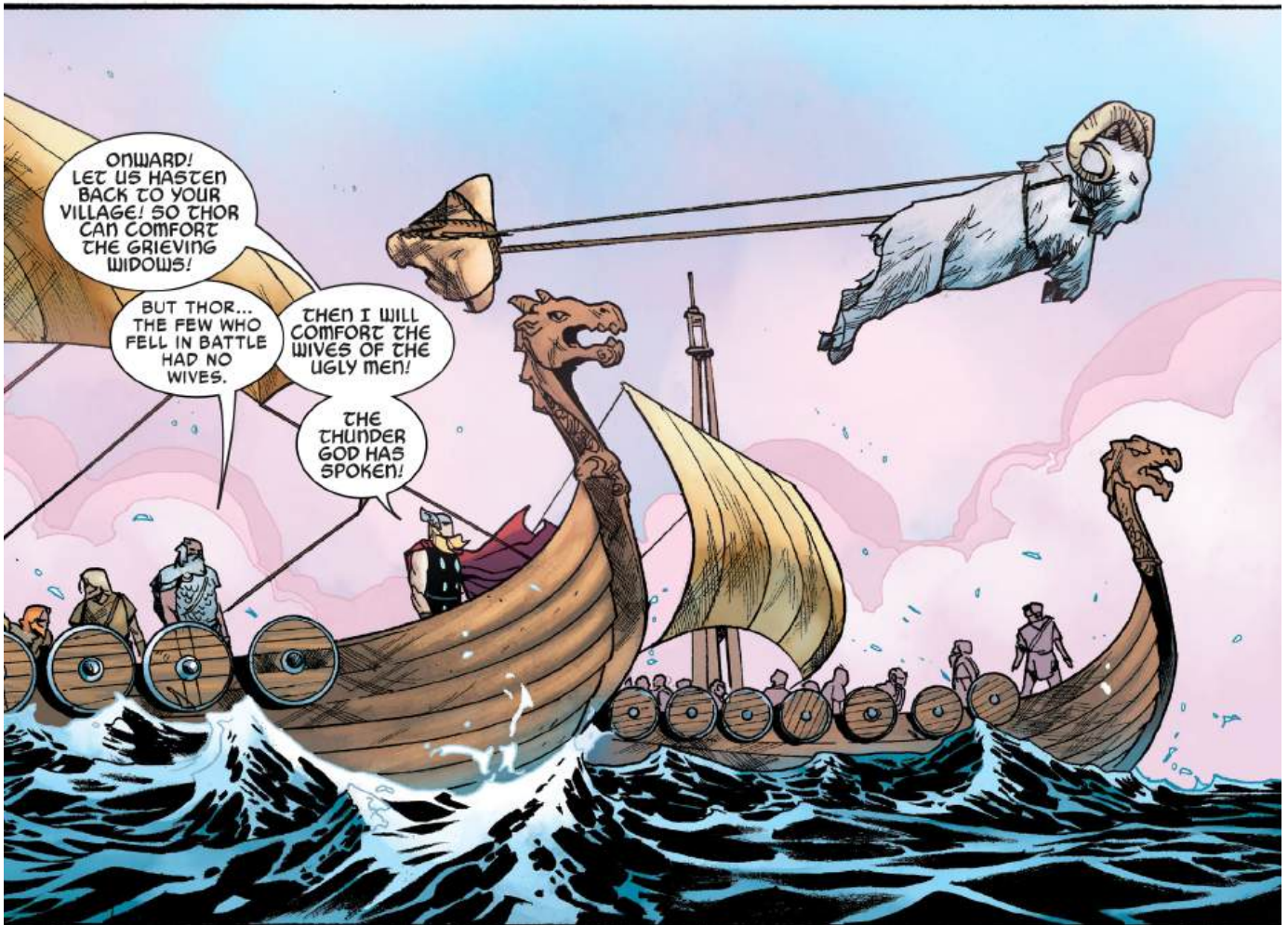
TWO THORS?

WHAT IN ALL THE REALMS
CAN HOPE TO STAND
BEFORE THE RAGE OF
TWO THORS UNITED?









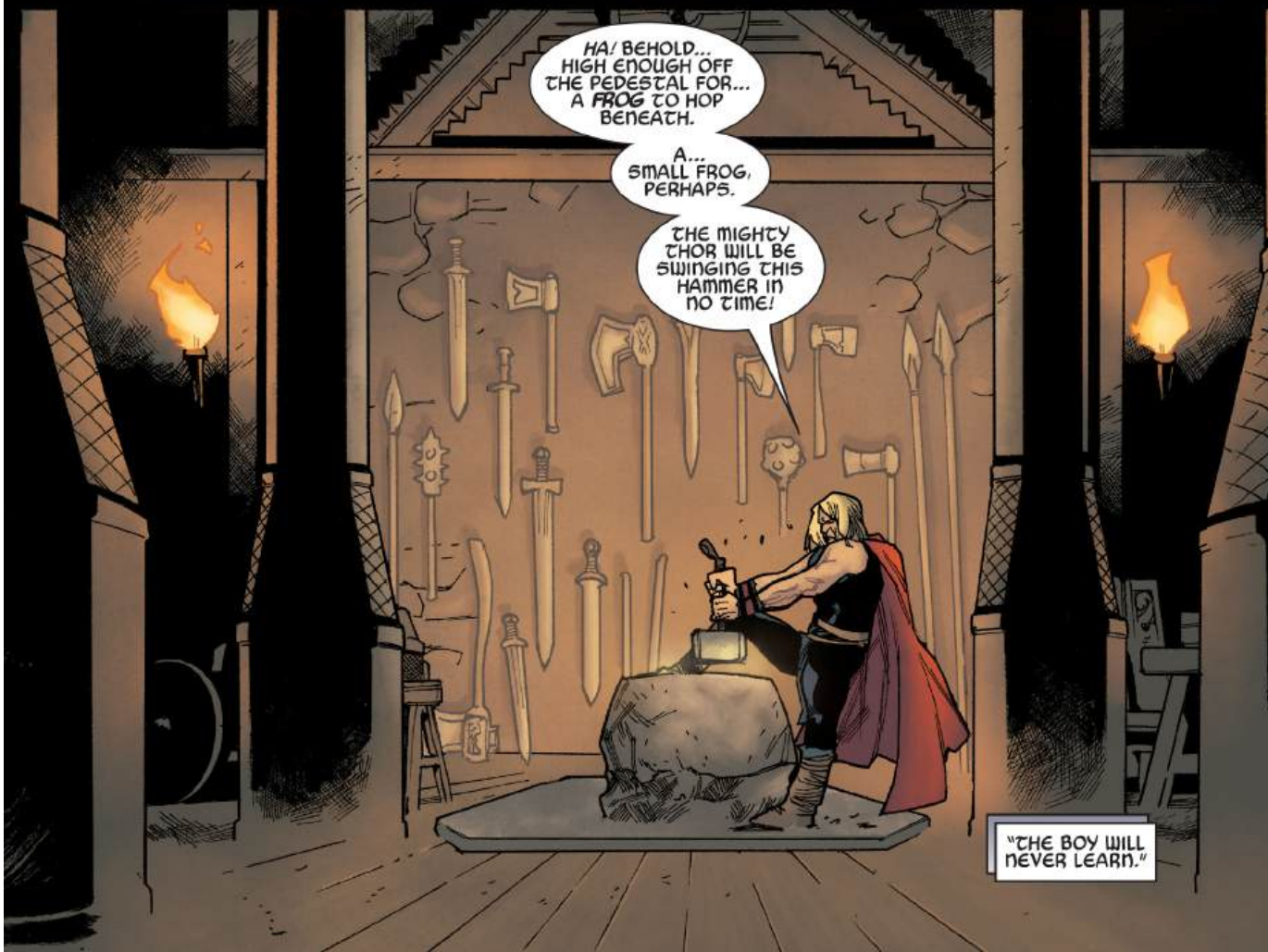
"RRGGGH!"



HIGHER. IT IS DEFINITELY... HIGHER OFF THE PEDESTAL THAN YESTERDAY.



NO WIZARDRY HERE. JUST...PURE WORCHINESS.

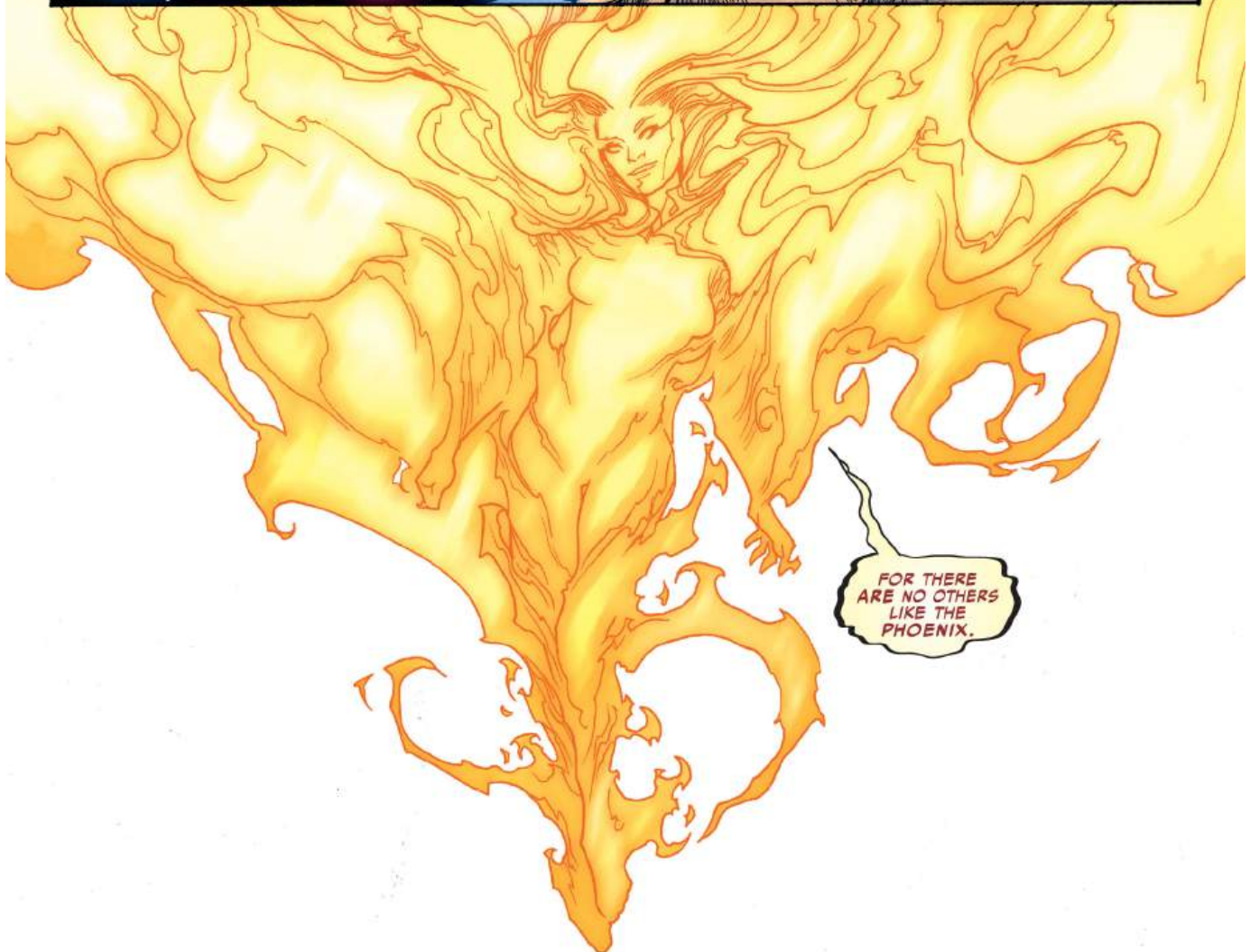


HA! BEHOLD... HIGH ENOUGH OFF THE PEDESTAL FOR... A FROG TO HOP BENEATH.

A... SMALL FROG, PERHAPS.

THE MIGHTY THOR WILL BE SWINGING THIS HAMMER IN NO TIME!

"THE BOY WILL NEVER LEARN."





I DID
ONCE. HAVE
YOU.

HA.
ARROGANCE
IS ALL YOU HAVE
NOW. AND A VERY
POOR MEMORY.

NO.
I REMEMBER
THOSE TIMES
WELL.



EACH AND
EVERY SECOND
IS SEARED INTO
MY BRAIN.

I MISS
THOSE TIMES.

I MISS
YOU.



WHAT YOU
THINK YOU MISS,
ALL-FATHER, IS EITHER
DEAD...OR NEVER
EXISTED.

DO NOT
CALL UPON
ME AGAIN.

UNLESS YOU
WOULD LIKE TO
SEE YOUR GOLDEN
ASGARD AND ALL THOSE
PRETTY WIVES AND
CHILDREN TURNED TO
ASH BENEATH
YOUR FEET.



HOW CAN I
FORGET?



WHAT IT
WAS LIKE TO
MAKE LOVE
TO FIRE?

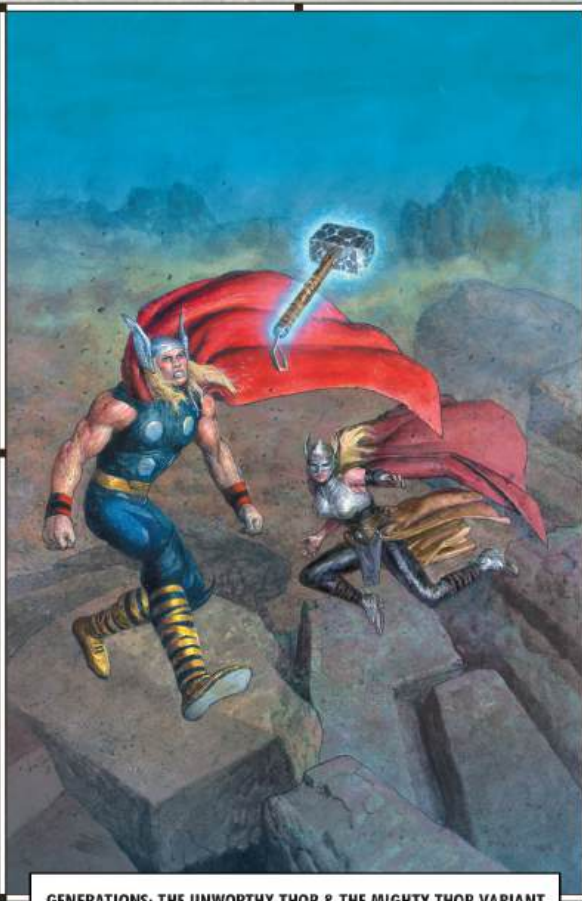
TO HOLD
THE STORM IN
MY FIST?

TO STAND
IN THE LIGHT
AT THE DAWN OF
A WORLD, FATHER
OF NOTHING
AND MASTER
OF ALL?

HOW
CAN I
FORGET...

"...THE ONE TIME
IN MILLENNIA WHEN
I WAS TRULY ALIVE?"





GENERATIONS: THE UNWORTHY THOR & THE MIGHTY THOR VARIANT
by Das Pastoras



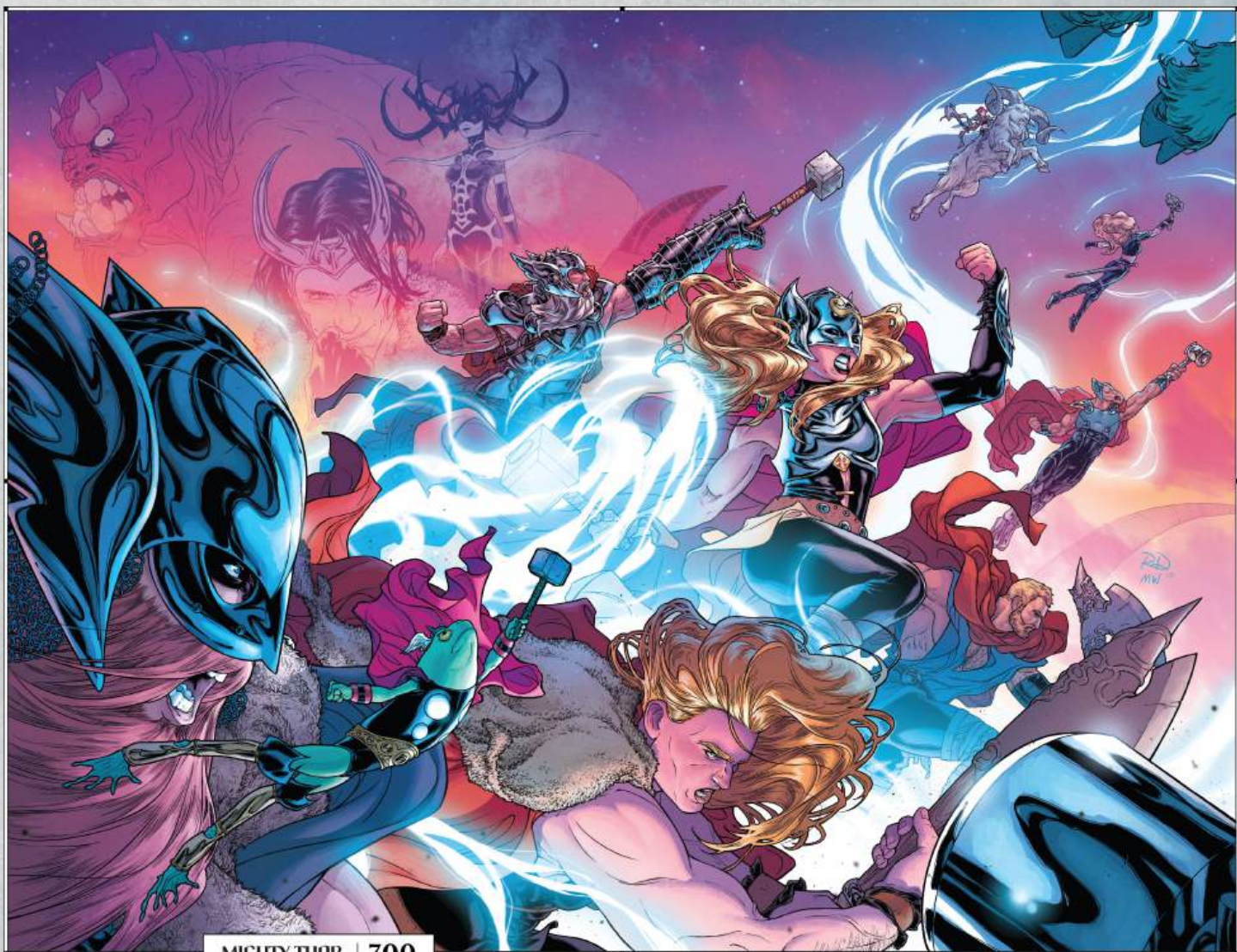
GENERATIONS: THE UNWORTHY THOR & THE MIGHTY THOR 100TH ANNIVERSARY
by Jack Kirby & Paul Mounts



GENERATIONS: THE UNWORTHY THOR & THE MIGHTY THOR 2ND-PRINTING VARIANT
by Francesco Mattina



MIGHTY THOR #700 VARIANT
by Adam Hughes



MIGHTY THOR | 700

The Blood of the Norns

"WHAT DO YOU
SEE, SON OF
ASGARD?"

"I SEE THE GOD I
ONCE WAS. AND
LONG TO BE AGAIN."

"THE GOD WHO BESTRODE
THE REALMS WITH A HAMMER
IN HIS HAND AND A ROAR OF
THUNDER IN HIS HEART."

"I SEE THE
MIGHTY THOR."



AND WHAT
I SEE...PAINS
ME TO THE
DEPTHS OF
MY SOUL.

YOU GAZE
INTO THE
GOLDEN SAP OF
YGGDRASIL. INTO THE
VERY LIFELOOD
OF THE WORLD
TREE ITSELF.

SUCH
VISIONS ARE
NOT FOR THE
FAINT OF
SPIRIT.

OR THE
UNWORTHY.

THEN
THEY ARE
NOT FOR
ME.

TREE
HURT MASTER.
BAD TREE.
THORI MURDER
TREE?

DOWN,
DOG.

IF YOU
CALLED ME ALL
THE WAY HERE JUST
TO HUMILIATE ME,
WOMAN, YOU COULD
HAVE SAVED US BOTH
THE TROUBLE
AND DONE SO
BY RAVEN.

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU
NEEDED HELP.

**THE ODINSON.
THE UNWORTHY THOR.**

IT IS NOT
I WHO NEEDS
YOUR HELP,
ODINSON.

IT IS
THOSE I AM
BOUND TO
PROTECT.

THE NORN
ARE IN THE
GRAVEST OF
DANGER.

SOMEONE
SEEKS TO SLAY
THE FATES
THEMSELVES.

**KARNILLA.
QUEEN OF THE NORN.**

THE NORNKEEP.
AT THE ROOTS OF THE
WORLD TREE.

AND BY SOMEONE YOU MEAN MALEKITH I PRESUME. MALEKITH THE ACCURSED. MALEKITH THE WARMONGER.

MALEKITH THE DARK ELF WHO TOOK MY ARM, AND WHO SEEMS TO SPREAD WAR THROUGHOUT THE TEN REALMS.

BUT WHY WOULD EVEN A MADMAN LIKE MALEKITH WANT TO THREATEN THE NORNS?

IF THE TWINNERS OF FATE SHOULD FALL, THEN DESTINY DIES WITH THEM. MALEKITH AND HIS DARK CABAL WOULD BE FREE TO FORGE THEIR OWN FUTURES, TO MATELTER THE CONSEQUENCES.

HE HAS TRIED THIS ALREADY? TO ASSAULT THE NORNKEEP?

ULUK AND HIS TROLLS HAVE TRIED. MY SOLDIERS REPELLED THEM.

BUT I FEAR THEY WERE MERELY PROBING ATTACKS, IN PREPARATION FOR A MUCH LARGER ASSAULT.

THOUGH WE HAVE OFTEN FOUND OURSELVES AT ODDS IN THE PAST, HARNILLA, I PROMISE YOU THIS...

...NO HARM SHALL BEFALL THE NORNS WHILE THE CHAMBER GOD HAS BLOOD PUMPING THROUGH HIS CHEST.

THE FATES THANK YOU, ODINSON.

YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF THEIR FAVORITES, YOU KNOW. FOR MANY CENTURIES HERE AT THE WELL OF URD, THE NORNS HAVE ENJOYED WEAVING THE THREADS OF YOUR ADVENTURES.

WELL, TELL THEM TO WEAVE ONE WHERE I'M HOLDING A HAMMER FOR A CHANG--





THAT'S
THE SENTRY'S
WARNING HORN. THEY
ARE ATTACKING
AGAIN.

SMELLS
LIKE MURDER!
MURDER MURDER
MURDER!

HAVE YOUR
GUARDS GET THE
NORNS TO SAFETY,
KARNILLA. LEAVE
THESE TROLLS
TO ME.

NOT JUST
TROLLS THIS
TIME. JOENAR.
MUSPELSSYNIH.
SVARTALFAR.
MAN.

THE ARMY
OF MALEKITH
CONTINUES TO
GROW. JUST
LIKE HIS
WAR.

OUR TIME
GROWS SHORT.
IF TODAY WE MUST
BLEED, THEN LET
US DO SO AS
NORNS.

AYE. AND
NORNS...BLEED
STORIES...

...STORIES OF REVELRY
AND WOE. OF TRIUMPH
AND TRIBULATION.

STORIES OF WAR
AND THUNDER.

STORIES OF HAMMERS
AND HEL AND THE
TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.





MIDGARD.
NEW YORK CITY.
NOW.

THIS IS ONE
OF THOSE.





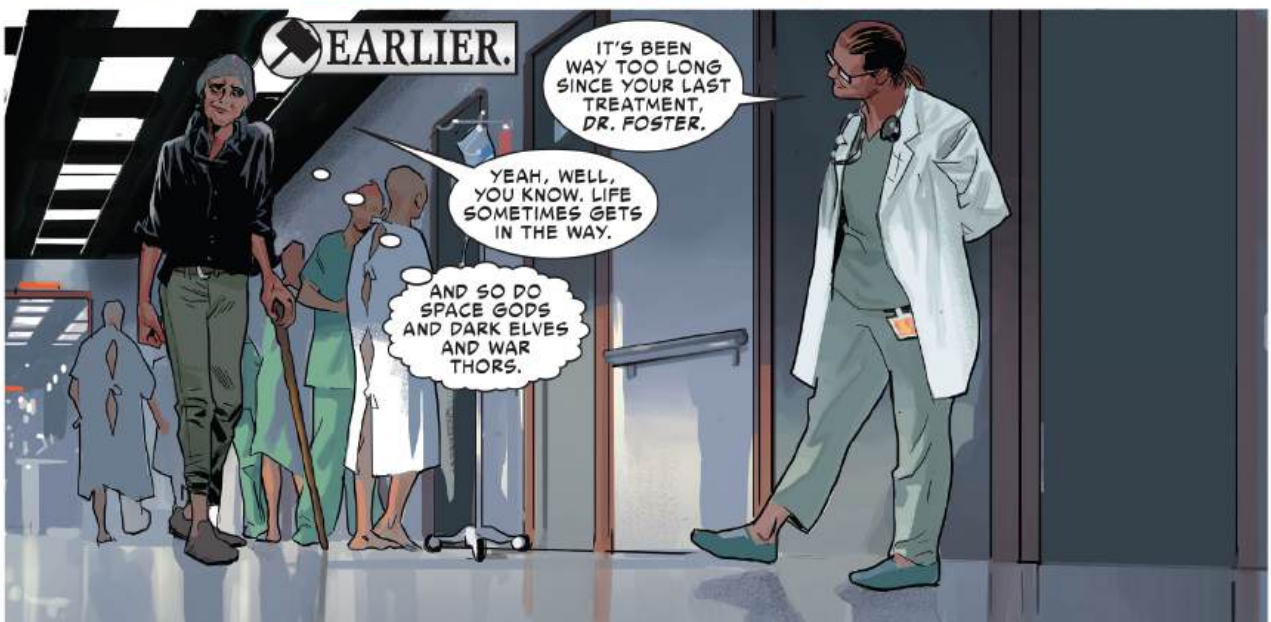




AND HERE
I WAS HAVING
SUCH A LOVELY
MORNING.



"IT'S REALLY GOOD TO
SEE YOU MAKE IT IN TODAY.
WE WERE STARTING TO GET
WORRIED ABOUT YOU."



EARLIER.

IT'S BEEN
WAY TOO LONG
SINCE YOUR LAST
TREATMENT,
DR. FOSTER.

YEAH, WELL,
YOU KNOW. LIFE
SOMETIMES GETS
IN THE WAY.

AND SO DO
SPACE GODS
AND DARK ELVES
AND WAR
THORS.







ASGARDIA.
CITY OF THE GODS.

WHILE JANE FOSTER SOARS ABOVE THE SPIRES OF MIDGARD, SOMEWHERE FAR ACROSS THE GALAXY ANOTHER THOR DEALS WITH BEING GROUNDED.



HE WAS CALLED THE WAR THOR, AND HIS THUNDER STRUCK TERROR ACROSS THE REALMS. BUT NOW HE IS ONCE AGAIN KNOWN ONLY AS...

VOLSTAGG... PLEASE BELIEVE US WHEN WE TELL YOU, THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.



THE ODINSON TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED. HOW YOU... LOST YOUR MIND BECAUSE OF THAT OTHER HAMMER.

THE THUNDER GUARD JUST NEEDS TO PUT YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE SO THE HEALERS CAN EXAMINE YOU.

ARE THE BONDS REALLY NECESSARY? THIS IS VOLSTAGG. WE ALL KNOW HE WOULDN'T HURT A--



OH, NO.

YOU ALL SHOULD RUN NOW.



THE WAR THOR.
GOD OF THE BLOODSTORM.
WIELDER OF A MJOLNIR
FROM A DEAD UNIVERSE.



WHERE THERE
IS WAR...

...THERE IS ALWAYS
A THOR.

THERE ALWAYS
HAS BEEN.



MIDGARD.
896 A.D.

THEIR
WARSHIPS ARE
CUTTING RIGHT
THROUGH US LIKE
SURTUR'S FLAMING
SWORD!

WE CANNOT
STOP THEM!
THERE...THERE
ARE JUST TOO
ODIN-DAMNED
MANY!

YAY!



THERE
ARE NOT
ENOUGH!

YOUNG THOR.
GOD OF THE VIKINGS.

QUICKLY,
BESEECH MY
FATHER IN
ASGARD!

AND PRAY
FOR MORE
CROLLS!

NO THOR HAS EVER
LOOKED FORWARD TO
WAR. BUT THEY DO
CRAVE COMBAT. AS
A NEWBORN BABE
CRAVES ITS
MOTHER'S MILK.



**THE WEAPONS
HALL OF ASGARD.**

HHRRRGGGH!!!

BATTLE IS HOW THEY
PROVE THEMSELVES.
HOW THEY BECOME
WHO IT IS THEY'RE
MEANT TO BE. ONE
MIGHT EVEN SAY...



...IT'S IN THEIR
BLOOD.

AH, I DO SO
ENJOY FAMILY
REUNIONS.

YOU REMEMBER
MY BELOVED SON,
FENRIS. I ASSUME? I
HAVE LOOSED HIM FROM
GLEIPNIR, THOSE CRUEL
CHAINS FORGED BY
THE ALL-FATHER.

HE'S QUITE
ANXIOUS TO GET
REACQUAINTED WITH
THE REST OF HIS KIN,
ESPECIALLY HIS
LEGENDARY UNCLE.
AREN'T YOU,
FENRIS?

ALL
I SEE IS
MEAT.

AND ALL
I HEAR IS
BARKING. TELL
ME, LOKI...

...DOES YOUR
DOG HAVE
ANY **BICE**?

**BATTLE AND THUNDER
AND URU. THESE ARE
THE THINGS THAT
MAKE A THOR.**

**HRRRGH!
MOVE, YOU
STUPID
HAMMER!**



WITH A FEW OTHER
INGREDIENTS.

HE...HE
JUST OUTDRANK
A FISH-MAN FROM
ATLANTIS!

HOW IS
THAT POSSIBLE?
WE BREATHE
WATER!

AYE, BUT
THOR BREATHES
MEAD! FETCH ME
ANOTHER
FACEFUL!

BUT WHICH INGREDIENT
IS THE MOST CRUCIAL
TO THE RECIPE?

HRRRGH!



WITHOUT WHICH
KEY COMPONENT
IS A THOR NO
LONGER A THOR?

I THOUGHT
I TOLD YOU TO
STAY AWAY FROM
THOSE BLASTED
HUMANS ON
MIDGARD!

AND I
THOUGHT I
TOLD YOU TO
MIND YOUR
OWN DAMN
BUSINESS!

NO SON
OF MINE WILL
DARE SPEAK
TO ME
LIKE--

GO TO
HEL!

WHAT THRESHOLD
MUST THEY PASS
TO BE CAPABLE OF
COMMANDING THE
THUNDER?

TO BE, ONCE AND
FOR ALL, WHAT
THEY MOST YEARN
AND STRIVE TO BE...



WORTHY.

OFF AGAIN
SO SOON,
YOUNG THUNDER
GOD?

DO THE ALL-SEEING
EYES OF HEIMDALL
BEHOLD A *MOJOLNIR*
IN MY HAND?

NO, THEY DO NOT. SO
FIND ME SOMEONE
IN NEED OF *SMITING*.
GUARDIAN OF THE
BRIDGE.

THERE ARE
MANY SUCH
BEINGS ACROSS
THE REALMS.

THEN
SEND ME
THERE.

TO WHICH
ONE?

"ALL OF
THEM!"

THE ODINSON'S QUEST
TO PROVE HIMSELF IS A
SEEMINGLY UNENDING
TALE, STRETCHING BACK
FAR INTO THE PAST
FOR MANY CENTURIES...

...AND EVEN FARTHER
INTO THE FUTURE.

NEW MIDGARD. UNTOLD EONS FROM NOW.

no,
you're doing
it wrong.





ARE THE GODDESSES
ANGRY BECAUSE WE
DON'T WORSHIP THEM
ENOUGH? IS THAT
WHY THEY
FIGHT?

THEY FIGHT
BECAUSE THERE'S
TOO DAMN MUCH OF
THEIR GRANDFATHER
IN THEM. TOO
MUCH OF ME.

**KING THOR.
ALL-FATHER AT
THE END OF TIME.**

AND I DIDN'T
CREATE YOU SO
YOU COULD
WORSHIP US.



THEN
WHY ARE WE
HERE?

AND
DID THEIR
GODS EVER
ANSWER?

YOU HAVE
NO IDEA HOW
LONG MEN HAVE
BEEN ASKING THAT
QUESTION OF
THEIR GODS.

NOT
TYPICALLY. NO.
GODS COULD BE
BASTARDS
LIKE THAT.

BUT I WILL
TELL YOU NOW,
JANE AND STEVE
OF NEW MIDGARD,
WHAT THOSE
OTHER GODS
NEVER WOULD.



YOU
ARE HERE
TO LIVE.

TO GROW AND
DREAM AND MAKE
THIS WORLD YOUR HOME.
AND TO FIND YOUR OWN
WAY, YOUR OWN PLACE
IN THE COSMOS,
GODS BE DAMNED.
MYSELF INCLUDED.

BUT
THOR IS
A GOOD
GOD.



THOR
IS A **TIRED**
GOD.

STORY!
STORY!

AH, BUT I
SUPPOSE I
DO HAVE TIME
FOR JUST ONE
MORE TALE.

HAVE I
EVER TOLD YOU
CHILDREN HOW
I DEFEATED
GALACTUS WITH
JUST ONE
ARM?

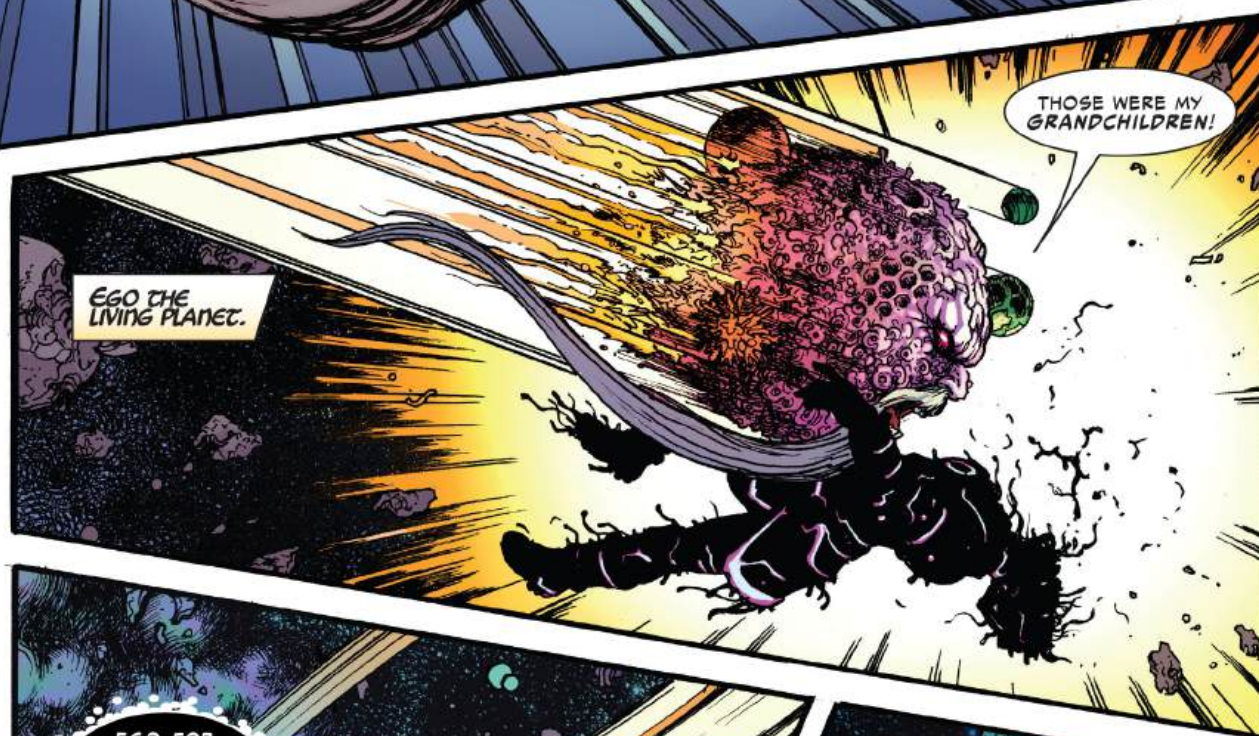
AND SO KING THOR TELLS THE
STORY OF HOW HE SAVED THE
EARTH FROM THE EATER OF
WORLDS, USING THE WEAPON
OF ONE OF HIS GREATEST
ENEMIES.





YOU'VE
JUST EATEN
YOUR LAST
MEAL, YOU
BASTARD!

AND SO IT IS THAT GALACTUS
MEETS HIS GREATEST FOE FOR
THE FINAL TIME. THE PLANET-
EATER VERSUS THE PLANET
THAT BITES BACK.



EGO THE
LIVING PLANET.

THOSE WERE MY
GRANDCHILDREN!

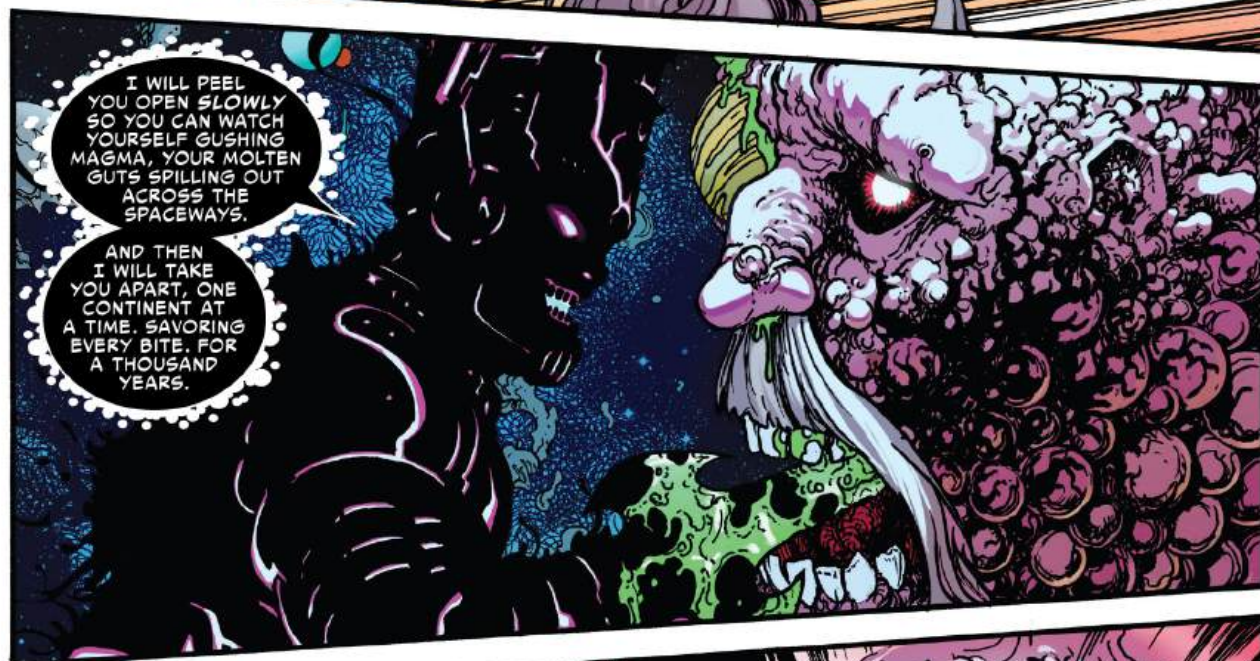


EGO, FOR
FAR TOO MANY
EONS HAVE YOU
MANAGED TO AVOID
MY GULLET, YOU
WITHERED OLD
PLUTOID.

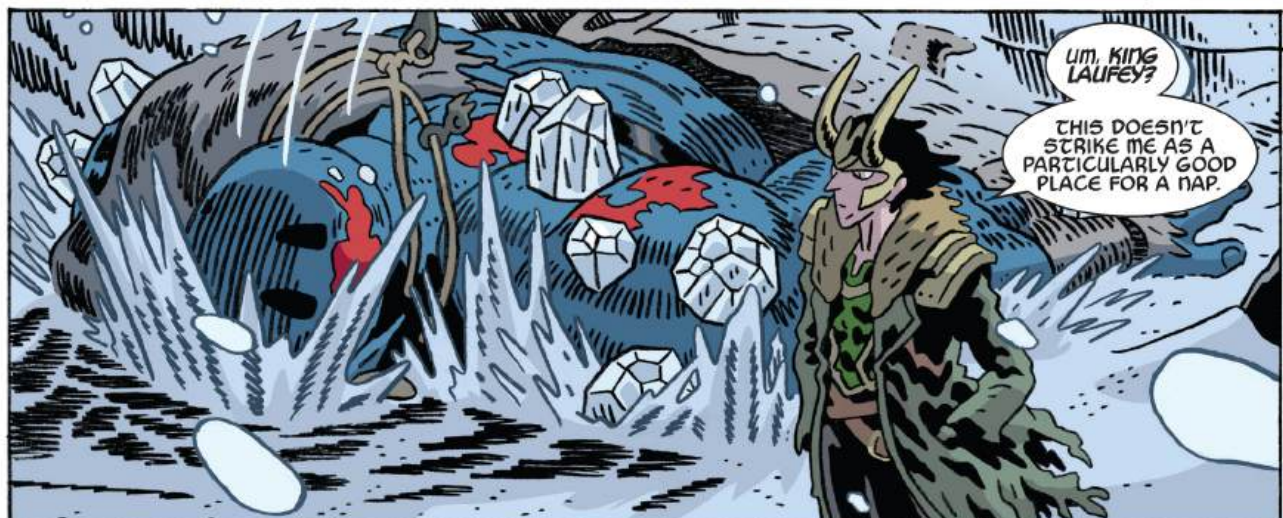
I WILL
WATER THE
STARS WITH
YOUR BLOOD,
GALACTUS,
FROM HERE
TO--

GAGGH!
MY EYE!

SAME
OLD EGO.









MIDGARD. NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK.

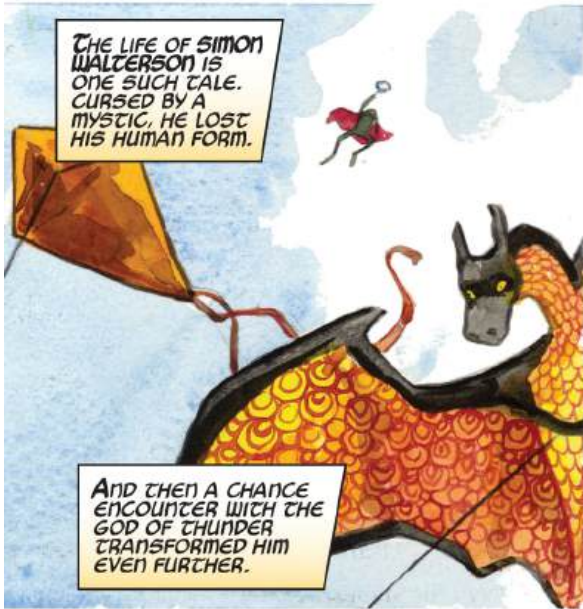
WHILE THERE ARE THOSE LIKE LOKI WHO ATTEMPT TO WEAVE THEIR OWN TALE, THERE ARE OTHERS WHO ARE PERFECTLY CONTENT LETTING THE NORNS WEAVE IT FOR THEM, AS THE GODS INTENDED.

THIS SOMETIMES MAKES FOR UNEXPECTED PLOT TWISTS.



THE LIFE OF SIMON WALTERSON IS ONE SUCH TALE. CURSED BY A MYSTIC, HE LOST HIS HUMAN FORM.

AND THEN A CHANCE ENCOUNTER WITH THE GOD OF THUNDER TRANSFORMED HIM EVEN FURTHER.



THROG. FROG OF THUNDER.

HMM. NO SIGN OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE HORDE. MAYBE THE RAT WARS HAVE FINALLY ENDED.



WAIT, WHAT'S THAT? SOMETHING LYING IN THE GRASS. LOOKS ALMOST LIKE...

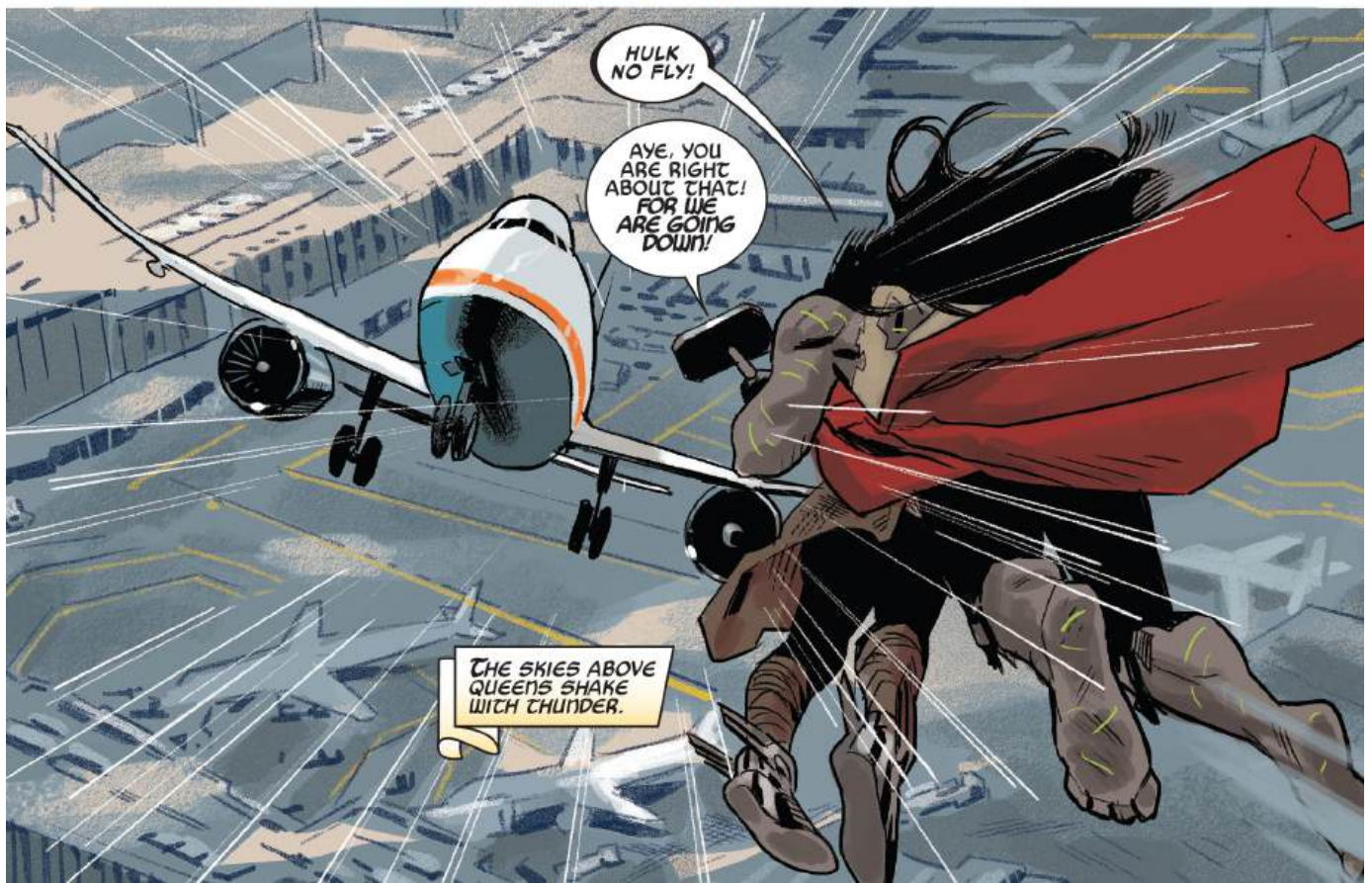
BY THE SPIRE OF BELVEDERE CASTLE! THIS...



...THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JOB FOR THE FROG OF THUNDER.

DOES IT?







WHILE AT THE
ROOTS OF THE
WORLD TREE...

AAAAAGHH!!!
MALEKICH!!!

YOU CAN
SEND EVERY
MONSTER FROM
EVERY REALM...

AND THE
ODINSON WILL
SEND THEM ALL
TO HELL!

HEL HEL
HEL!

THOR! IS
GOOD DOG!
BEST MURDER-
DOG IN ALL
OF HELL!

KEEP
COMING! MY
AX S'ILL
HUNGERS!

COME AND
FEED IT, YOU
BASTARDS!

"THE ODINSON
FIGHTS...LIKE A
GOD POSSESSED."

"BUT IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH."

NOT TO
SAVE THE
NORNS.

MALEKITH'S
FORCES WILL
NEVER TAKE THE
NORNKEEP, MY
QUEEN. WE
SWEAR IT UPON
OUR LIVES.

YOUR
LIVES WOULD BE
BETTER SPENT...
TAKING THE NORNS
FAR AWAY FROM THIS
PLACE. FROM
THIS WAR.

my
queen?
but...

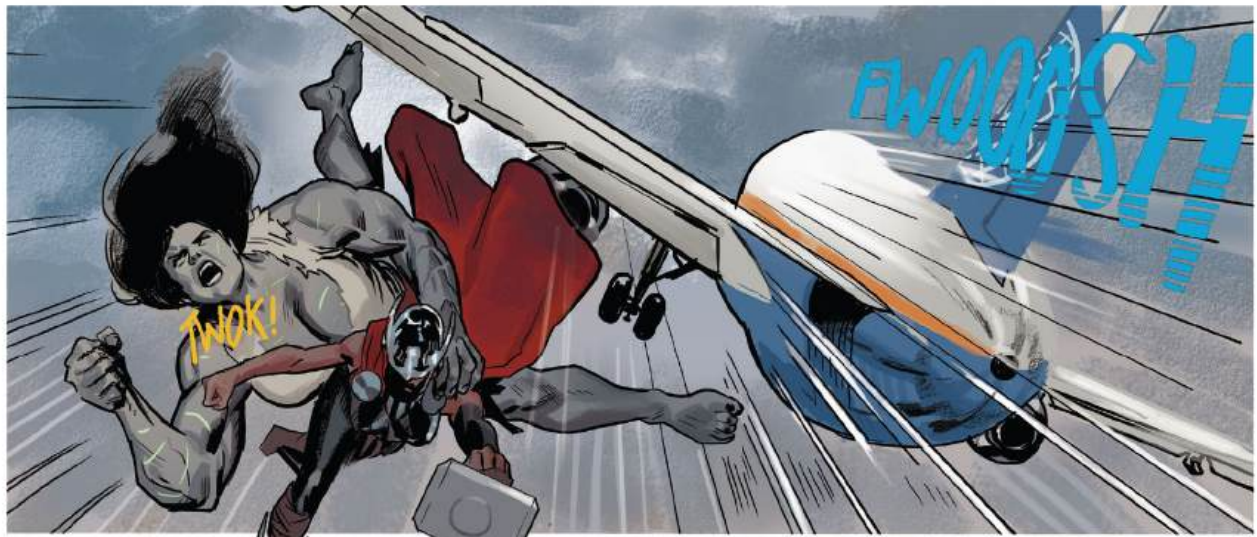
YOU HEARD
ME. DIVIDE YOUR
FORCES INTO THREE.
EACH TEAM WILL
TAKE A NORN AND
FLEE IN A DIFFERENT
DIRECTION.

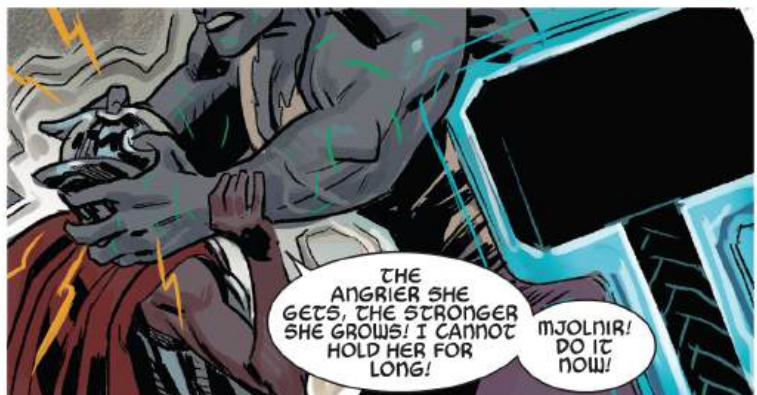
HIDE THEM.
PROTECT THEM
AT ALL COSTS.

BUT
WITHOUT THE
NORNS...WHO
WILL WEAVE
THE THREADS
OF FATE?

I AM THE
QUEEN OF THE
NORNS, AM
I NOT?

IT IS TIME
I CONTROLLED
MY OWN FATE
FOR ONCE.







RRRRRRGGHH!!!

TOOTHGRINDER!
THORI! MIND THE
FLANKS! DON'T LET
ANYONE PAST!

NO MORE
MURDER.

INTO THE
CASTLE! KILL
THE NORNS!
KILL THE--



--HGGGHHK!

THERE IS
ONLY ONE NORIN
IN THE NORINKEEP
TODAY.



AND SHE
HOLDS ALL
YOUR FATES
IN HER
HANDS.

GHHHK!!!

SHE
SEES WHERE
THE THREADS
WILL LEAD, WHERE
THEY'LL FRAY AND
KNOT AND SEVER,
FOR ALL OF
YOU.

FOR...





KEEP
HACKING!
WE'VE ALMOST
GOT IT!

THE WAR OF
THE REALMS. THE
BATTLE FOR THE
STONES. THE FINAL
HOST. THE
MANGOG.

GODS
HELP US.

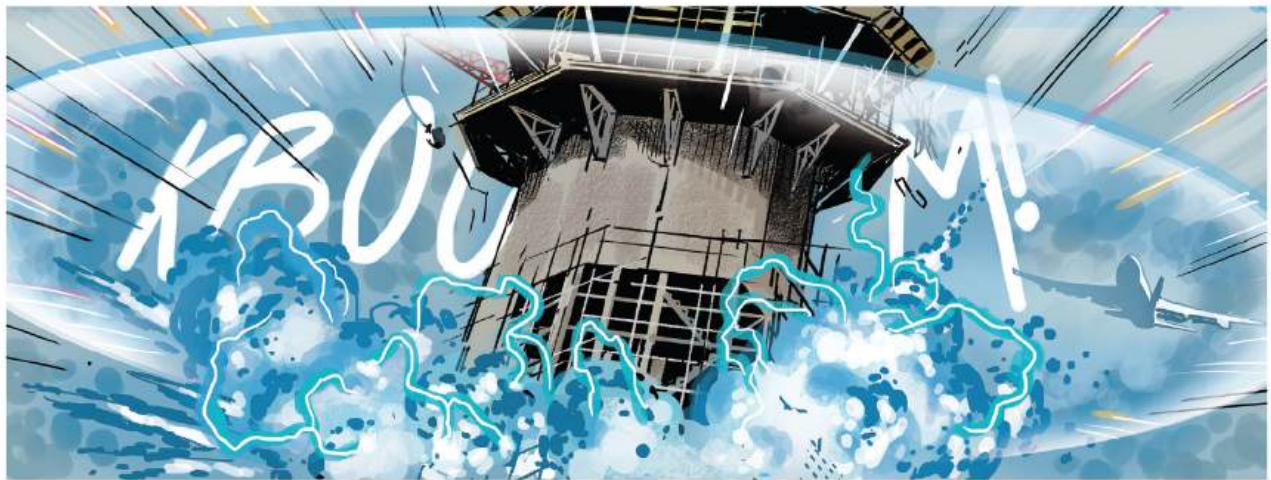
DEATH...

I SEE THE
MOST HORRIBLE
OF DEATHS
COMING FOR...

THERE IT
GOES!

NO MORE
ROOTS, NO
MORE NORNKEEP!
HA HA!

KARNILLA!







WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU PASSED
OUT. HOURS AGO. I
TREATED YOUR
WOUNDS WITH A
SPELL OF--

HOURS
AGO?



AND YOU'VE
JUST BEEN SITTING
HERE?! NO WAY IN HELL
IS THAT MY BLOOD
IN YOUR VEINS, YOU
TINY FOOL!

THOSE
MOUNTAIN
GIANTS WILL
FOLLOW OUR
TRAIL AND--

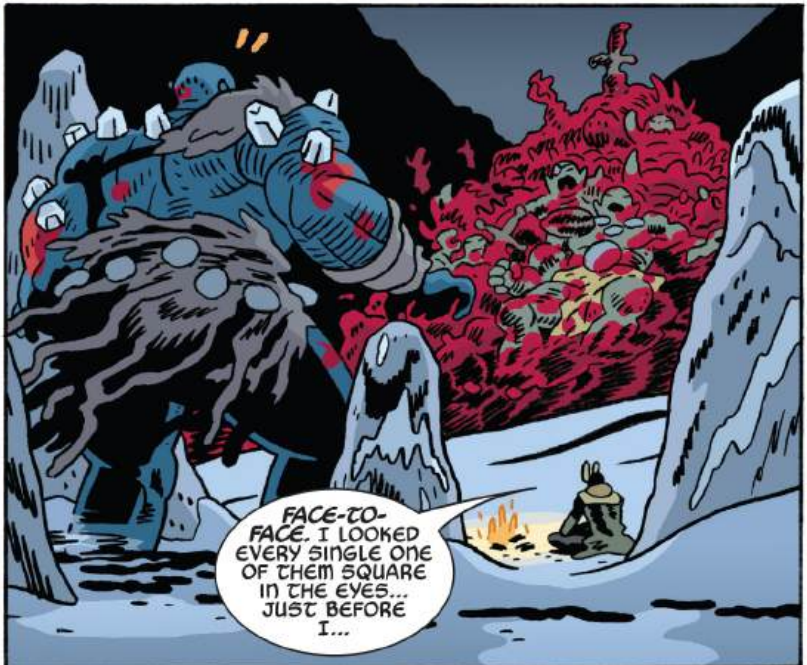
THEY
ALREADY
DID.



YMIR'S
BEARD.
YOU...

...YOU
DID ALL
THAT?

I DID LIKE
YOU SAID,
FATHER.



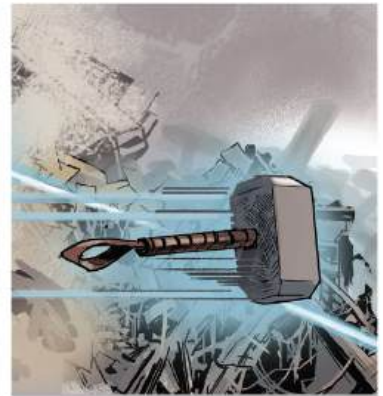
FACE-TO-
FACE. I LOOKED
EVERY SINGLE ONE
OF THEM SQUARE
IN THE EYES...
JUST BEFORE
I...



HA! MAYBE
THERE'S A DROP
OF GIANT BLOOD IN
YOU AFTER ALL, LOKI
LAUFEBYSON!

MUST BE.
I'VE CERTAINLY
NEVER FELT...

...SO
CALL.





HHRRRRGGH!!!

KARNILLA!



I SAW
THE THREADS.
THE FACES OF
US ALL.

I SAW
DEATH. DEATH
COMING.

COMING
FOR ME.



AND I SAY
THEE NAY, QUEEN
OF THE NORN. I
WILL GET YOU TO
ASGARDIA. WE
WILL....

I DID MY
BEST TO TWINE
THE TALE. I BLEED
LIKE A NORN. I
DIE PROUD AND
HAPPY.

MINE IS
NOT THE DEATH
YOU SHOULD FEAR,
ODINSON.



JANE.

DON'T LET
JANE...





SVARTALFHEIM.
REALM OF THE DARK
ELVES.

WORD HAS
COME FROM THE
ROOTS OF THE
WORLD TREE. THE
NORNKEEP HAS
FALLEN.

YOUR FATE
BELONGS TO
NONE BUT
YOU NOW.

CONGRATULATIONS,
KING MALEKITH.

no.



NOT
JUST MY
FATE.

ALL
OF THEIR
FATES.

EVERY LAST
REALM.

HA. IT'S
GOING TO
BE SUCH A
BEAUTIFUL
WAR.

HAA
HA HA!

IN THE DARKEST
DEPTHS OF SPACE.

ENJOYING
YOURSELF?

NOT
PARTICULARLY.
I NEEDED TO BE
SURROUNDED BY
DEATH. SO I
FOUND A *WORLD*
TO MURDER.

YOU
MISS YOUR
HOME.

YES. I
WANT MY
HEL BACK.

AND YOU
SHALL HAVE IT,
HELA. AS I'VE
PROMISED.

BUT THERE
IS STILL ONE
THING WE WILL
HAVE TO DO
FIRST.

AND WHAT
IS THAT,
DEAREST
THANOS?

KILL...
MANY MORE
PEOPLE.

I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK, MY
LOVE.





RIGHT.
LET'S NEVER
BE APART
AGAIN.

COME THEN,
MJOLNIR.



WE HAVE A
LOT OF WORK
TO DO OUT
THERE.

OUR JOB AS NORNS IS NOT
TO DICTATE STORIES
HOWEVER WE PLEASE...

...BUT TO DRAW YOUR OWN
STORY OUT FROM YOU. TO
EMPOWER YOUR NARRATIVE
TO REVEAL ITS TRUE SELF.

IN ALL ITS
NOBILITY.

ITS POWER. ITS
WORTHINESS AND
GRANDEUR.

IN ALL ITS
TRAGEDY.





OLD ASGARD.
WHERE ONCE
DWELLED THE GODS.



HRRGH!
GET BACK,
YOU...!



...YOU...
GOAT.

TOOTHGNASHER.

ODINSON
LEFT YOU TO
GUARD THE
HAMMER, DIDN'T
HE?



NO, YOU
CANNOT HAVE
IT BACK! IT CHOSE
ME! IT CAME
TO ME! IT...

IT WANTS
ME TO END THE
WAR. AND I...I
WANT...



I NEVER
ASKED FOR
THIS! I NEVER
ASKED TO BE
THOR!









MIGHTY THOR | 701

The Wrath of the Mangog



THEY SAY IT
IS FEROCITY
PERSONIFIED.



THEY SAY NOTHING
THAT LIVES, NOTHING
THAT BREATHES, CAN
STAY ITS WRATH.

THAT IT HAS POWER
FEW CAN COMPREHEND
AND NONE CAN HOPE
TO EQUAL.

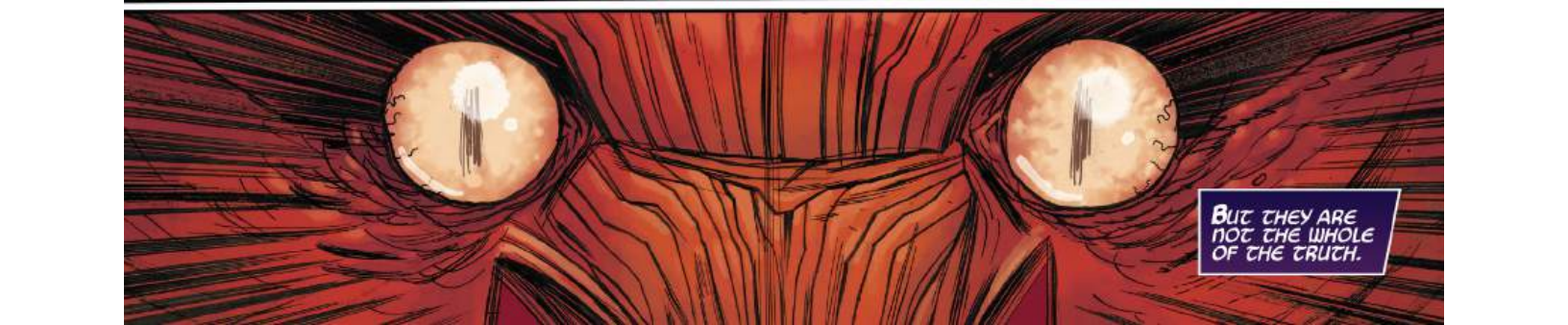
RRRGHH!!!



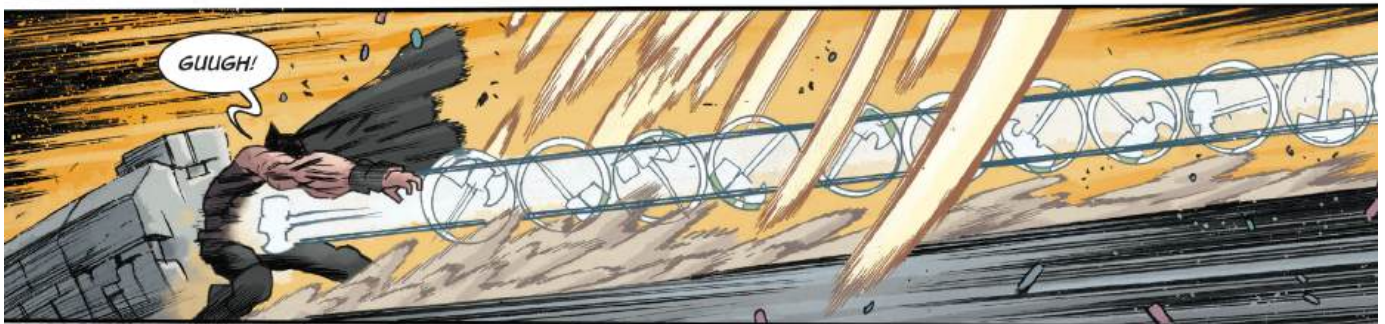
THE POWER OF
UNTOLD BILLIONS
OF BEINGS.

THEY SAY IT WAS BORN
FROM THE RAGE OF AN
ENTIRE SLAUGHTERED
PEOPLE.

AND ALL OF THOSE
WONDERFUL THINGS
ARE QUITE TRUE.

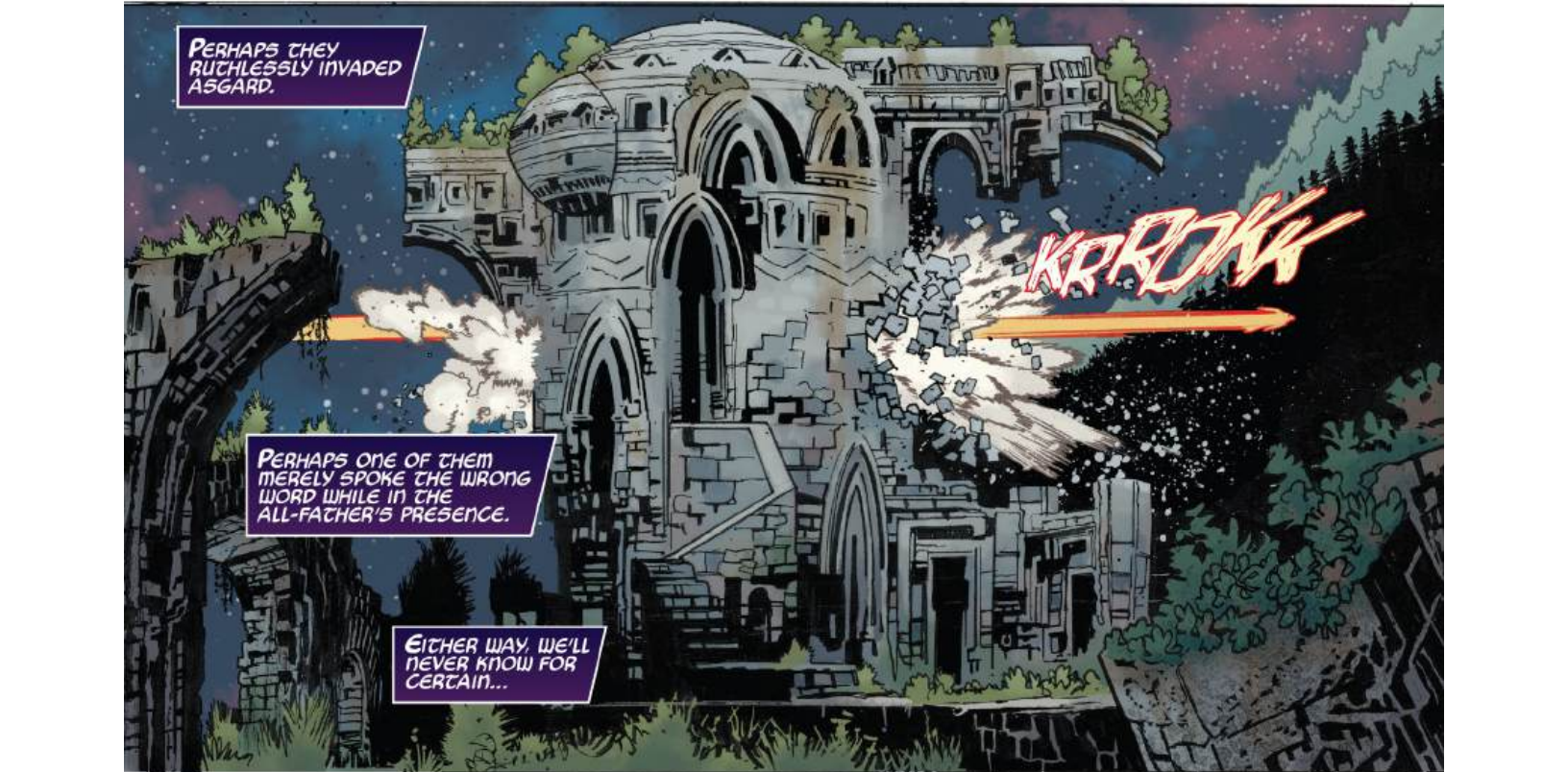


BUT THEY ARE
NOT THE WHOLE
OF THE TRUTH.





THEY SAY THAT EONS AGO, A
NOW LONG-FORGOTTEN RACE OF
BEINGS OFFENDED THE VENERABLE
ALL-FATHER ODIN FOR SOME
REASON OR ANOTHER.



PERHAPS THEY
RUTHLESSLY INVADED
ASGARD.

PERHAPS ONE OF THEM
MERELY SPOKE THE WRONG
WORD WHILE IN THE
ALL-FATHER'S PRESENCE.

EITHER WAY, WE'LL
NEVER KNOW FOR
CERTAIN...



...SINCE ODIN'S
RESPONSE WAS
TO SLAUGHTER
THEM ALL.



AN ENTIRE RACE
WIPE OUT BY
ONE IRATE DEITY.

BILLIONS OF
BEINGS.

I AM
NOT JUST...
A GOD.



BUT SO GREAT WAS THEIR
COLLECTIVE RAGE, THEIR
UNBRIDLED HATRED, THAT
IT DID NOT DISSIPATE
WHEN THEY DIED.

I AM
THE WAR
THOR.



IT BECAME...
SOMETHING
ELSE.

THE
GOD OF THE
BLOODSTORM!

HAVE AT
THEE, YOU
BASTARD!

AND THUS
MANGOG WAS
BORN.

OR SO THE
STORY GOES.

OVER THE YEARS, THE BEAST HAS
COME TO ANNIHILATE ASGARD MANY
TIMES, LAYING WASTE TO ENTIRE
ARMIES OF GODS, STRIKING FEAR
INTO EVEN THE COLD, OMNIPOTENT
HEART OF ODIN HIMSELF.

BUT THE MANGOG'S
RAMPAGE HAS ALWAYS
ENDED IN UTTER
DEFEAT.

ONCE ODIN EVEN
RESURRECTED THE
ENTIRE MURDERED
RACE IN ORDER TO
SATIATE MANGOG'S
RAGE.

YET STILL THE
GREAT MONSTER
RETURNS, SOMEHOW
ALWAYS STRONGER
THAN HE WAS
BEFORE.

BECAUSE MANGOG,
IT SEEMS, HAS
BECOME ABOUT
MORE THAN JUST
ONE WRONGED
RACE.

HE IS JUDGMENT FOR
THOSE WHO CANNOT
BE JUDGED BY MAN.

THE MANGOG IS THE
ULTIMATE JUDGMENT
OF ALL THE GODS.



AND AS USUAL,
HE HAS FOUND
THOSE GODS...

...WANTING.

AS HAVE
WE ALL.







...THE MANGOG KNOWS.



WHEN DEVOUT MEN DIE WHILE THEIR GODS DO NOTHING, THE MANGOG RISES.



WHEN DIVINE GARDENERS NEGLECT THEIR ORCHARDS AND ENTIRE WORLDS WITHER AND DIE, THE MANGOG RAGES.

UGGH.



WHEN THEY SIN AND CALL IT HOLY, HE SWELLS WITH POWER.

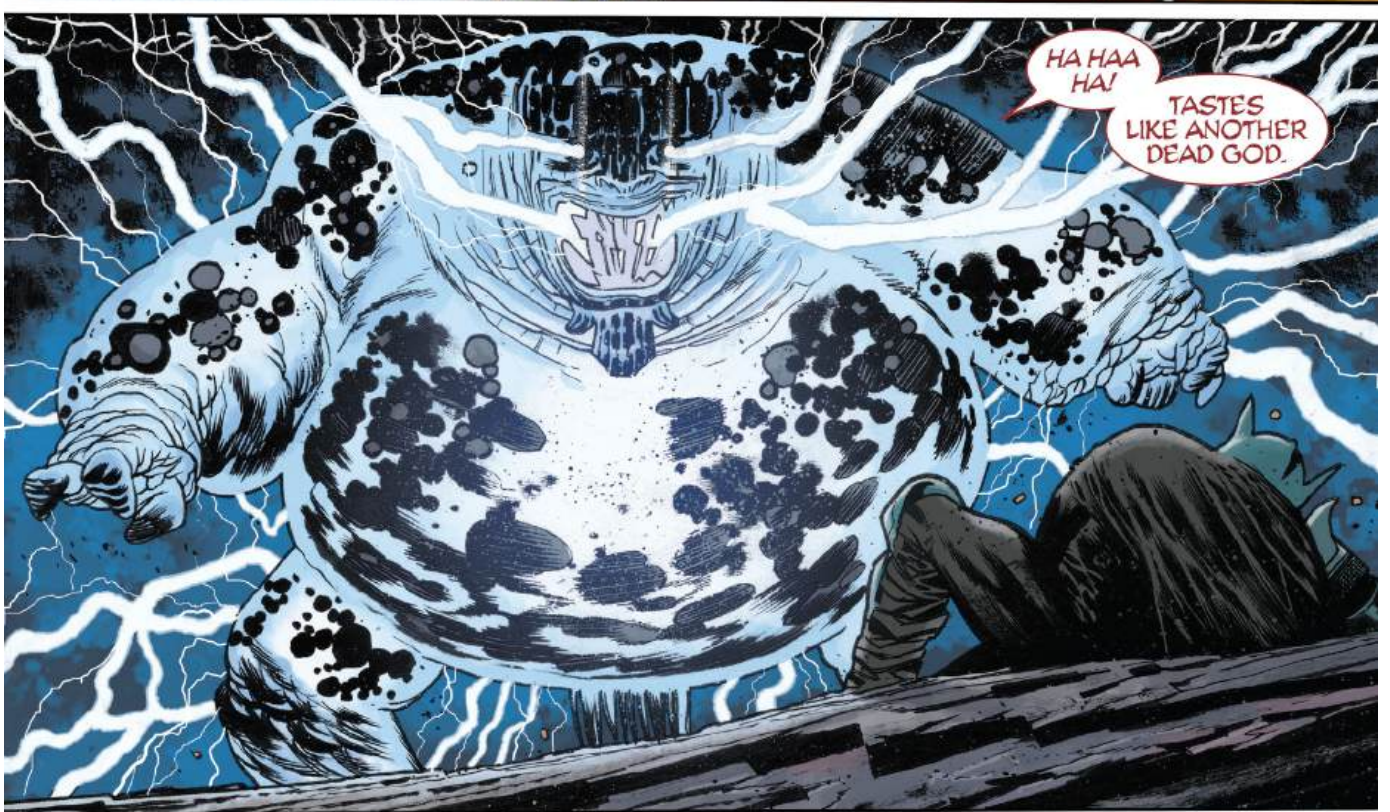


AND THEN HE COMES FOR THEM.

HGGGGHK!

WITH SOME SINS OF HIS OWN.









NIFFLEHEIM.
LAND OF THE DEAD.



MMGH.
I FEEL SO...
STRANGE.

YOU'VE
JUST ARRIVED.
THE FEELING
WILL PASS.



ARRIVED?
LAST THING I
REMEMBER... WAS
THE **NORNKEEP**
COLLAPSING
AND THE
ODINSON...

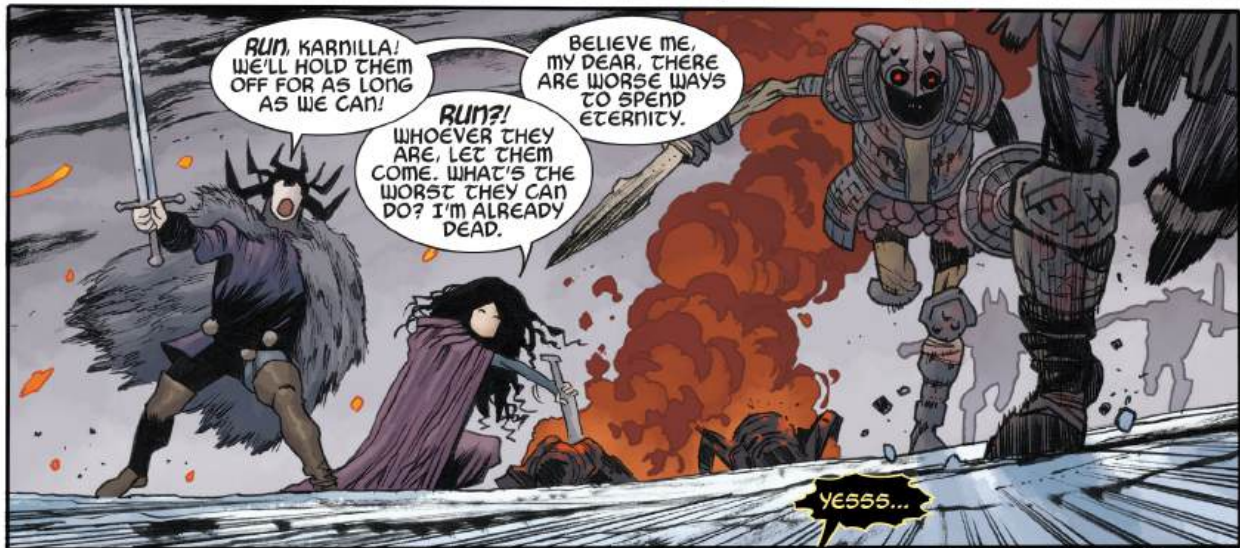
WHERE...
WHERE AM
I?

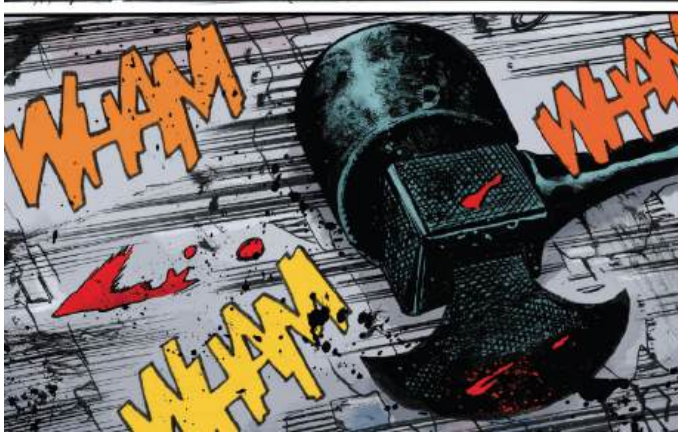
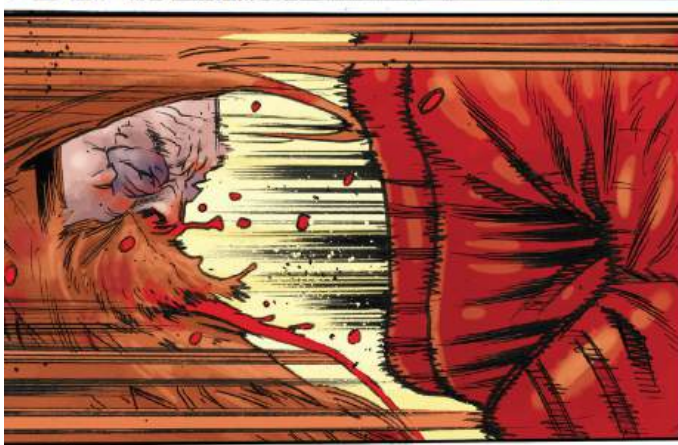
I AM TRULY
AND DEEPLY
SORRY, **QUEEN
KARNILLA**,
BUT...

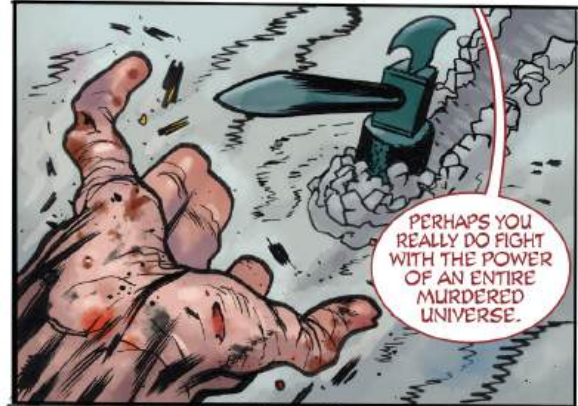


WELCOME
TO **HEL**.













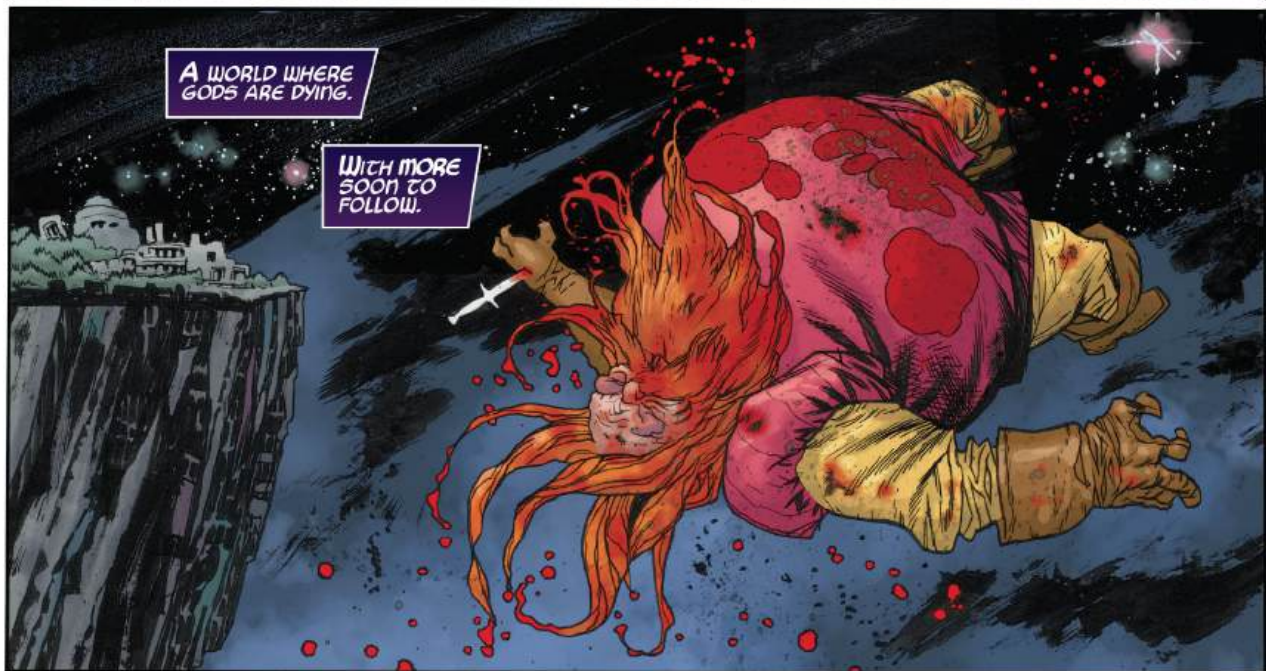




I PREFER THE WORLD
I'VE MADE, IN ALL ITS
RUINED BEAUTY.

THE WORLD OF
MALEKITH THE
ACCURSED.

A WORLD ERUPTING
WITH WAR.



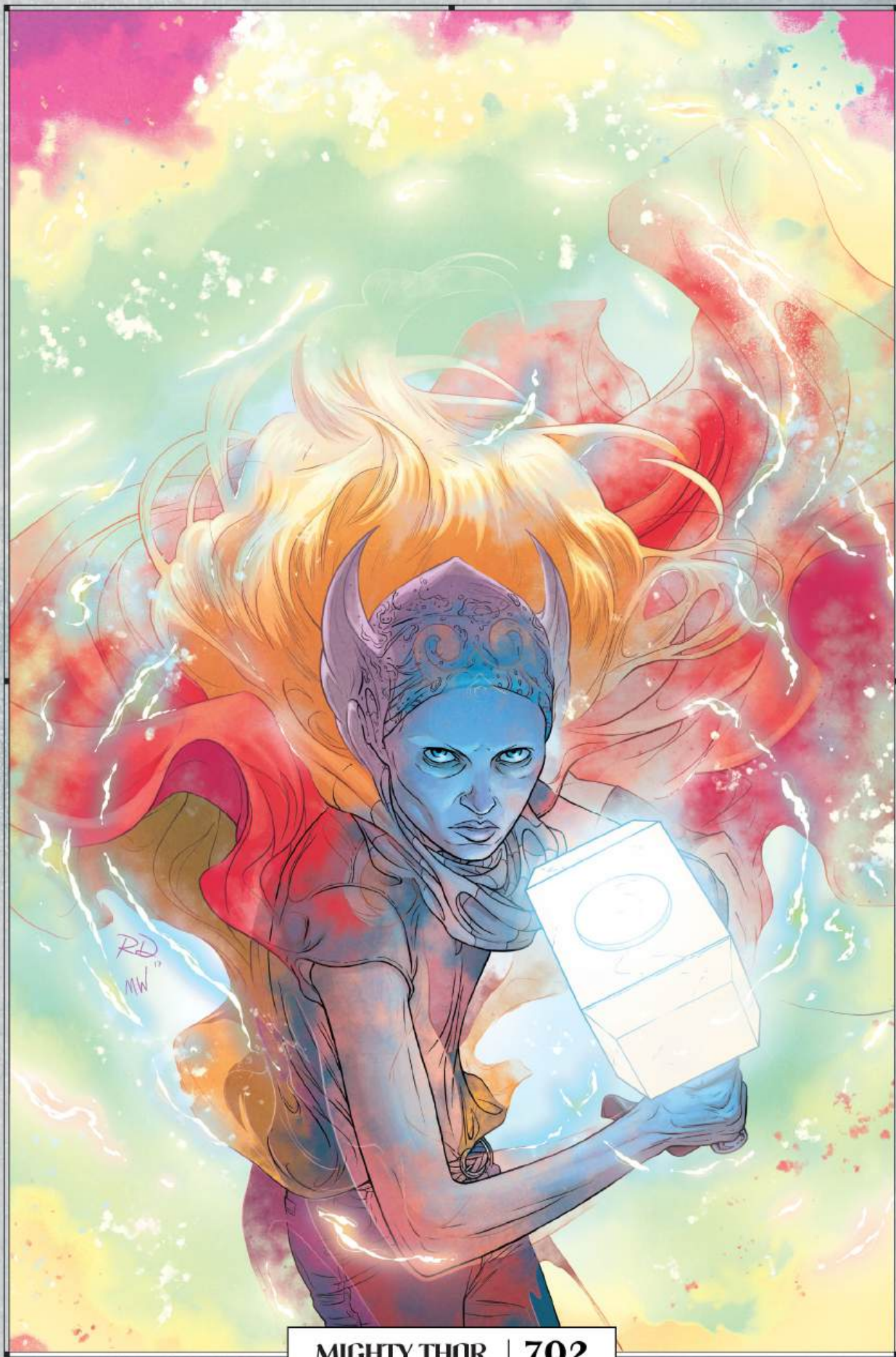
A WORLD WHERE
GODS ARE DYING.

WITH MORE
SOON TO
FOLLOW.



GODSPEED,
MANGOG.

AND GOODBYE,
MIGHTY THOR.



MIGHTY THOR | 702

The Last Days of the Goddess of Thunder



THE FORESTS OF VANAHEIM ARE
OVERRUN WITH HULKED-OUT
ROXXON SUPER-SOLDIERS. NUCLEAR
BOMBS RAIN DOWN ON THE
ANCIENT HOME OF THE GODS.

I SHOULD
BE THERE.



IN JOTUNHEIM,
THE GIANTS
ARE AT WAR.

STORM AND MOUNTAIN
GIANTS HAVE JOINED
FORCES AGAINST THE
FROST GIANTS. A LOSS
FOR KING LAUFNEY COULD
TURN THE TIDE OF WAR.

I HAVE TO GET
BACK THERE.



IN RUINED ALFHEIM,
THE LIGHT ELVES
ARE STARVING.

IF I DON'T HELP
THEM, MORE AND
MORE WILL DIE.



THE DUSK LANDS OF NIFFLEHEIM
ARE BEING INVADIED BY QUEEN
SYNDR AND HER FIRE GOBLIN ARMY.

I HAVE VOWED TO THE
KING OF HEL TO FIGHT
ALONGSIDE THE DEAD.



ULUR'S CROLLS ARE
ATTACKING THE
DWARF FORGES
IN MIDAVELLUR.

THE ANGELS OF HEVEN
HAVE WITHDRAWN FROM
THE CONGRESS OF
WORLDS. THE QUEEN OF
THE NORNS IS DEAD.

THERE ARE SO MANY
REALMS IN PERIL—
AND SO FEW
THUNDER GODS.

I CAN'T REMEMBER THE
LAST TIME I DID SOMETHING
EVEN REMOTELY RESEMBLING
SLEEP. OR WHEN I LAST PUT
DOWN THIS HAMMER.

BUT THERE ISN'T TIME TO
BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN
THOR. NOT AS LONG AS
THE WAR OF THE REALMS
IS STILL RAGING.

AND NOW TO CRY AND
WIN THAT PEACE.
THERE'S ONE VERY
IMPORTANT THING I
MUST DO NEXT.



HRRGGGH!
READY...TO
SURRENDER,
FAIR LADY OF
ASGARD?

I AM READY...
TO TEAR YOUR
WEAK LITTLE ARM
FROM YOUR STUBBORN
TORSO, PRINCE
OF OLYMPUS.

IF THAT
IS WHAT IT
TAKES TO CLAIM
VICTORY THIS
DAY.
FOR
LIVES DEPEND
ON IT.











"...BUT NOT TO WHERE YOU THINK."

YMIR'S BONES. WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?





WHAT IN THE REALMS HAS THAT SORT OF POWER?

THE SAME THING THAT HAD THE POWER TO REND HIS HAMMER TO PIECES.

AND TO... TO TEAR TOOTHGNASHER'S HEAD FROM HIS BODY.

OH, ODINSON. I AM SO SORRY.

VOLSTAGG HAS NOT SPOKEN A WORD. AND MAY NEVER DO SO AGAIN.

BUT THE ROYAL VIZIERS HAVE RECENTLY FORESEEN THIS MOMENT. AND KARNILLA SPOKE OF IT WITH HER DYING WORDS.

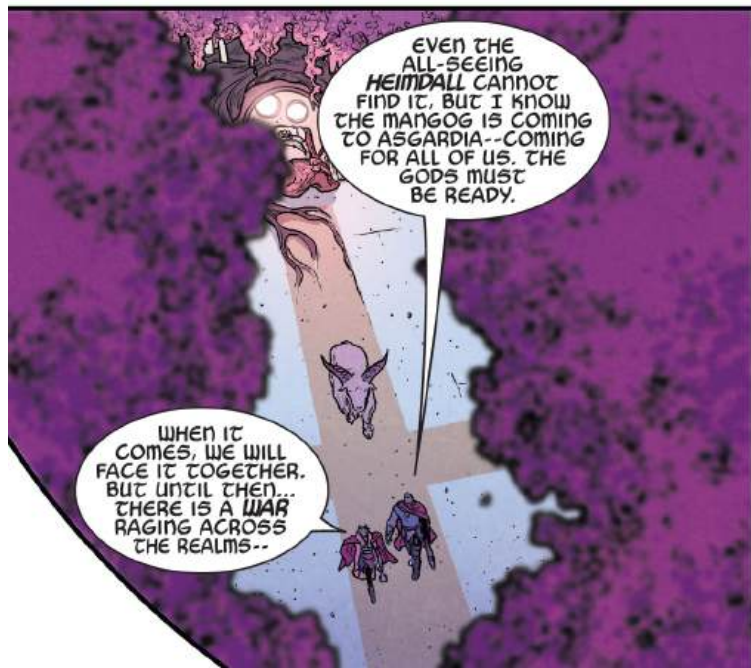
TELL ME, THOR... HAVE YOU EVER HEARD TELL OF THE MANGOG?

I'VE HEARD WHISPERS. I KNOW IT'S SOMETHING THAT EVEN THE GODS FEAR.

AYE, WITH GOOD REASON.

ON PREVIOUS OCCASIONS, IT HAS DEFEATED THE ARMIES OF ASGARD ALL BY ITSELF AND ALMOST BROUGHT ABOUT RAGNAROK THROUGH THE SHEER FORCE OF ITS OWN MONSTROUS WILL.

AND NOW, I BELIEVE THE MANGOG HAS RETURNED. TO JUDGE THE GODS ANEW.



EVEN THE ALL-SEEING HEIMDALL CANNOT FIND IT, BUT I KNOW THE MANGOG IS COMING TO ASGARDIA--COMING FOR ALL OF US. THE GODS MUST BE READY.

WHEN IT COMES, WE WILL FACE IT TOGETHER. BUT UNTIL THEN, THERE IS A WAR RAGING ACROSS THE REALMS--



NOT FOR YOU, THERE ISN'T.



THE ONLY WAR YOU SHOULD BE FACING IS THE ONE RAGING INSIDE YOU.

UNHAND ME, ODINSON, OR LOSE THE ONLY HAND YOU HAVE LEFT.



IF I MUST FIGHT TO KEEP YOU HERE, I WILL.

THEN YOU WOULD BE FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF MALEKICH.

NO--OF LIFE. FOR MY MORTAL FRIEND, JANE FOSTER.

DO YOU STILL REMEMBER HER, GODDESS OF THUNDER?



LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE WAS IN DESPERATE NEED OF MEDICAL CARE.

AYE. WHEN SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UNDERGOING TREATMENT FOR HER CANCER.

SHE IS FINE. SHE ARM-WRESTLED A GOD TODAY.



THERE... THERE ISN'T TIME TO BE SICK.

THAT IS THE HAMMER TALKING. NOT THE DOCTOR WHO WIELDS IT.

THIS IS WHY THE HAMMER CHOSE ME.



THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO LET IT KILL YOU.

IF THAT IS WHAT IT TAKES TO SAVE THE REALMS, I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

THEN DON'T BE AFRAID TO LIVE.



ONE GOD
WITH A HAMMER
WILL NOT DEFEAT
MALEKITH'S ARMY
OR STOP THIS
WAR. NOT
ALONE.

"THE WORLD
NEEDS A THOR."
AYE. AND YOU HAVE
BEEN ONE HEL OF
A THOR, MY
LADY.



FROST GIANTS,
THE DESTROYER,
THE GODS OF THE
SHI'AR, THE PHOENIX,
MY BASTARD BACK-
STABBING BROTHER,
MY URU-HEADED
FATHER...

...YOU
HAVE FACED
THEM ALL.



NOW FACE
THIS.

FOR THE
WORLD NEEDS
MORE THAN
JUST A
THOR.

IT NEEDS
YOU, JANE
FOSTER.

ALL OF
YOU.







ODIN!
COME OUT
HERE, YOU
COWARD!

THIS IS
NOT WHAT
I HAD IN
MIND.

ALL-FATHER!
I KNOW YOU
CAN HEAR ME
IN THERE!



I KNOW
THESE RAVENS
OF YOURS HEAR
EVERYTHING. WELL
LET THEM
HEAR THIS!

JANE
FOSTER OF
MIDGARD IS
CALLING YOU
OUT!



YOU ARE
YELLING AT
BIRDS. LADY
JANE, COME,
LET'S...

YOU'VE BEEN
HIDING INSIDE THAT
CASTLE OF YOURS FOR
TOO LONG, IGNORING YOUR
DUTIES, IGNORING THE
REST OF THE REALMS--
WE'LL NO MORE!

IF YOU WON'T
SHOW YOUR FACE
NOW, ODIN, AND
DEAL WITH THIS
WAR, THEN...



...THEN I SAY
IT'S TIME WE
HAD A NEW
ALL-FATHER IN
ASGARDIA!!!

OR BETTER
YET...AN ALL-
MOTHER!!!



THE WAR OF THE REALMS IS NOT JUST A WAR OF THE ELVES, OR OF THE GIANTS.

IT IS A WAR THAT AFFECTS US ALL. A WAR THAT IS MOVING FROM ONE REALM TO THE NEXT, SETTING THEM ALL AFLAME.



WILL ASGARDIA WAIT UNTIL ITS SPIRES ARE BURNING BEFORE IT RESPONDS? OR WILL YOU ACT NOW?

BE THE GODS THE REALMS NEED YOU TO BE! THE GODS MY PEOPLE ONCE WORSHIPPED!

THE GODS WHO INSPIRED US TO REACH FOR THE HEAVENS AND IMAGINE OUR OWN PLACE AMONG THE UNIMAGINABLE.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO CAME FIRST OR WHO MADE WHO. WE NEED GODS! AND YOU NEED US.



ALL OF US! ELVES, GIANTS, MEN, EVEN TROLLS.

WE ARE ALL ONE WONDROUS COMMUNITY, ALL DEPENDING ON ONE ANOTHER. WE CANNOT ALLOW WHOLE BRANCHES TO WITHER OR BURN WITHOUT IT KILLING THE ENTIRE WORLD TREE.

WE NEED TO END THIS WAR. AND WE NEED THE GODS TO LEAD US. BUT IF ODIN REFUSES TO DO SO--

ODIN IS NOT THE LEADER OF ASGARD!



I AM!

MOVE! MAKE WAY FOR CUL! MAKE WAY FOR THE REGENT OF ASGARD!

AND YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST FOR SEDITION!





ARE
YOU GODS
OR PETULANT
CHILDREN?

EITHER WAY,
CEASE YOUR
WRETCHED
MEWLING!

FOR
ALL-FATHER
ODIN HAS
RETURNED!



RETURNED
LONG ENOUGH
TO DEAL WITH THE
MESS YOU'VE MADE
OF ASGARDIA,
BROTHER.

BUT...IT'S
THE MORTAL!
SHE STARTED
ALL OF THIS!

A GOD WHO
CANNOT DEAL
WITH ONE
TROUBLESOME
MORTAL DOES
NOT DESERVE
TO BE A GOD.

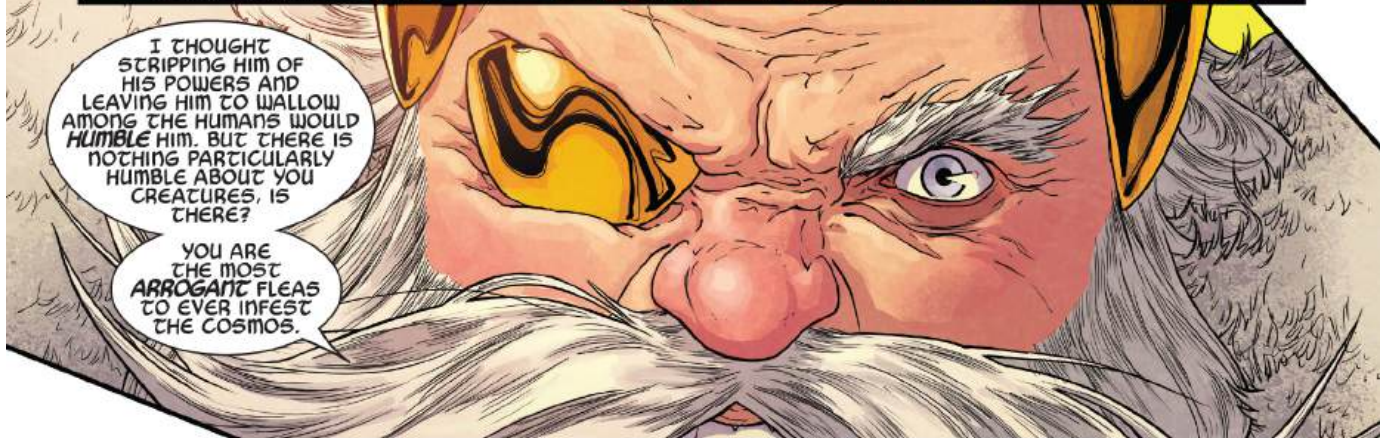


BUT *THIS*
ONE...HAS BEEN
TROUBLESOME
FOR FAR TOO
LONG.



I'M NOT THE TROUBLE HERE, ODIN. YOUR STUBBORNNESS WILL DOOM EVERY GOD IN--

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE SENT MY SON TO MIDGARD.



I THOUGHT STRIPPING HIM OF HIS POWERS AND LEAVING HIM TO WALLOW AMONG THE HUMANS WOULD HUMBLE HIM. BUT THERE IS NOTHING PARTICULARLY HUMBLE ABOUT YOU CREATURES, IS THERE?

YOU ARE THE MOST ARROGANT FLEAS TO EVER INFEST THE COSMOS.



BECAUSE MY SON WAS ONCE INFATUATED WITH YOU, YOU THINK YOU CAN COME TO MY DOORSTEP AND CALL FOR REVOLUTION? YOU THINK YOU CAN STAND BEFORE ME AND LECTURE THE ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD?!

WOMAN, YOU ARE NOT FIT TO BE MY CONCUBINE. LET ALONE MY ADVISER!

FATHER! MIND THY--

NAY! THERE IS NO DISCUSSION HERE! WHEN ODIN SPEAKS, THE UNIVERSE OBEYS! THAT IS THE WAY OF THINGS! NOW AND FOREVERMORE!



SO REMOVE THIS MORTAL FROM MY SIGHT, OR I WILL DO SO MYSELF! MOST PERMANENTLY!

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY.

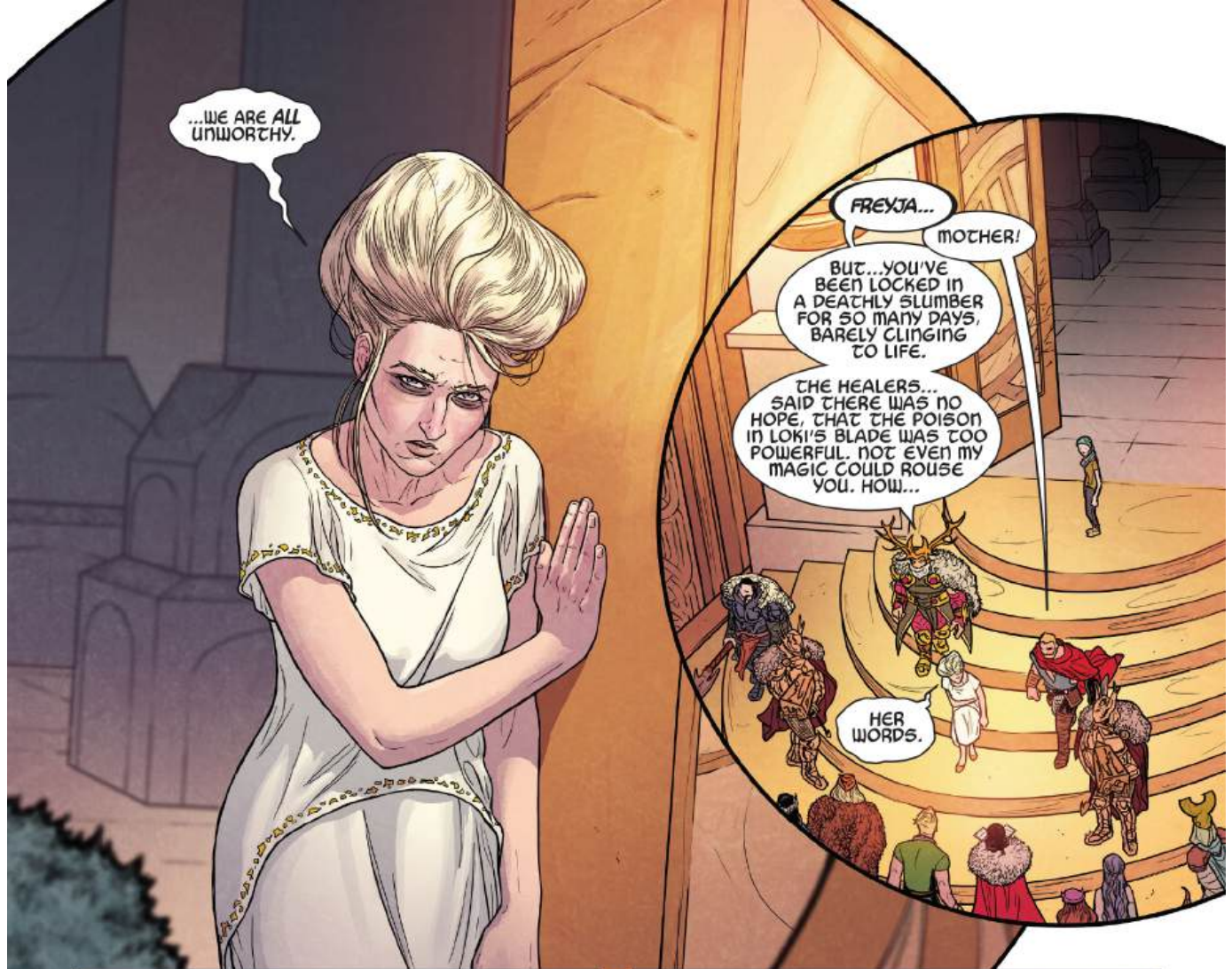
SHE'S RIGHT.



BY THE BIFROST'S GOLDEN SPAN...

YMIR'S BONES.

JANE FOSTER...SPEAKS TRUE. THE REALMS DESERVE BETTER GODS. WE...



...WE ARE ALL UNWORTHY.

FREYJA...

MOTHER!

BUT...YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED IN A DEATHLY SLUMBER FOR SO MANY DAYS, BARELY CLINGING TO LIFE.

THE HEALERS... SAID THERE WAS NO HOPE, THAT THE POISON IN LOKI'S BLADE WAS TOO POWERFUL. NOT EVEN MY MAGIC COULD ROUSE YOU. HOW...

HER WORDS.



JANE FOSTER'S WORDS STIRRED SOMETHING INSIDE ME. NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR SLUMBER.

FOR THE WAR OF THE REALMS HAS BEGUN. AND WE MUST PROVE OURSELVES WORTHY OF BEING CALLED GODS.

WE MUST BE WORTHY...OF *HER*. OF THE BOLD AND VALIANT LADY JANE OF MIDGARD. COME STAND BESIDE ME, MY LADY, SO THAT I MIGHT...



LADY JANE?



ASGARD!
AT LAST!

TELL THEM
I AM HERE,
LITTLE LOUSE!
TELL ALL THE
GODS IN
HEAVEN...

...THAT THE
MANGOG
HAS COME TO
SEND THEM
TO HELL!





MIGHTY THOR | 703

The Fall of Asgard

A FEW DAYS AGO.

I MEAN, LOOK, DON'T GET ME WRONG, THE VIEW FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW IN ASGARDIA IS ALL KINDS OF AMAZING. I CAN PRACTICALLY REACH OUT AND TOUCH THE RINGS OF SATURN.

BUT THIS...

I STILL MISS THIS.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, ROZ.

I'VE FLOWN THROUGH THE STARS WITH A MAGIC HAMMER, YET THIS CITY STILL TAKES MY BREATH AWAY.

RIGHT? ALSO...



...PIZZA.

ASGARDIA HAS GOLDEN APPLES, A RAINBOW BRIDGE AND WINES THAT ARE OLDER THAN HUMAN CIVILIZATION. BUT YOU CAN'T GET A DECENT SLICE OF PIZZA IN THE WHOLE DAMN PLACE!

I'M STARTING TO SEE WHY YOU DITCHED YOUR OLD SENATOR JOB AND LEFT IT TO...

DOC? YOU ALL RIGHT?

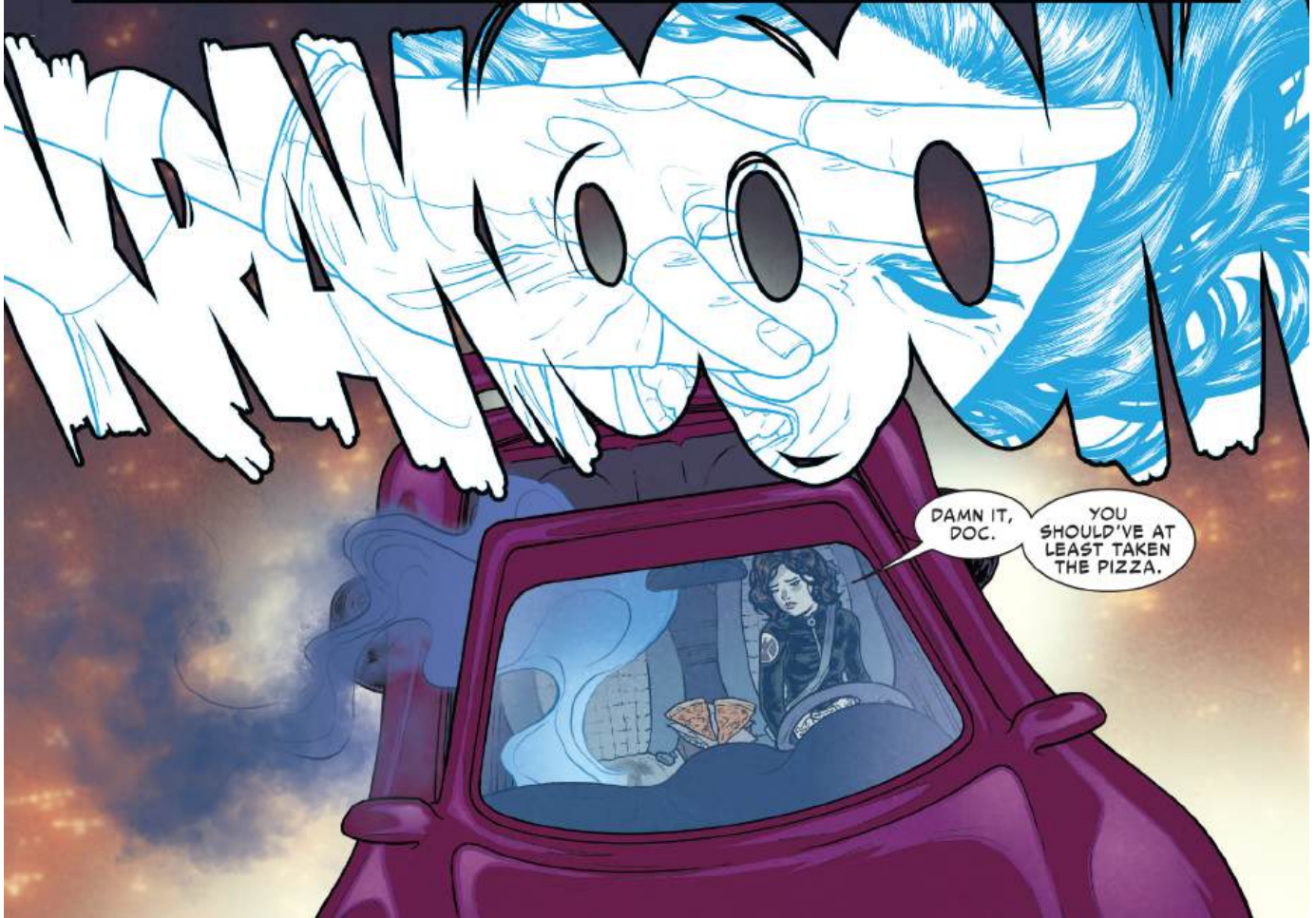
JUST NOT HUNGRY, I GUESS. I'M SORRY.

DOC...JANE... AS A FRIEND, CAN I TELL YOU... YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE HELL.

FEEL LIKE IT, TOO.

YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS, RIGHT?





HEY. IT'S
SAM.

JUST
SEEING WHAT
YOUR WEEKEND
LOOKS LIKE.

WONDERING
IF YOU WERE MAYBE
INTERESTED IN ANOTHER
THOR/CAPTAIN AMERICA...
UH, TEAM-UP, LET'S
CALL IT.

THOUGH YOU
KNOW I'M BACK
TO BEING FALCON
AGAIN.* SO HOPEFULLY IT
WASN'T JUST THE RED-
WHITE-AND-BLUE
TIGHTS YOU WERE
DIGGING ON.

ANYWAY,
CALL ME BACK. I
HAVEN'T HEARD
FROM YOU IN--

AH. I'M, UH,
I'M WORRIED
ABOUT YOU, JANE. I
HOPE YOU'RE NOT
FORGETTING...

*SEE THE NEW
FALCON SERIES!
-SARAH

"...THAT THERE'S
MORE TO LIFE THAN
JUST THUNDER."

TRUDDA-DOOD

UNNGH!
THAT THUNDER.
I KNOW THAT
THUNDER.

AND EVERY
TIME I HEAR IT,
I KNOW YOU'RE UP
THERE KILLING YOURSELF A
LITTLE MORE, AREN'T YOU,
DR. FOSTER? I KNOW
LIFE CAN GET--

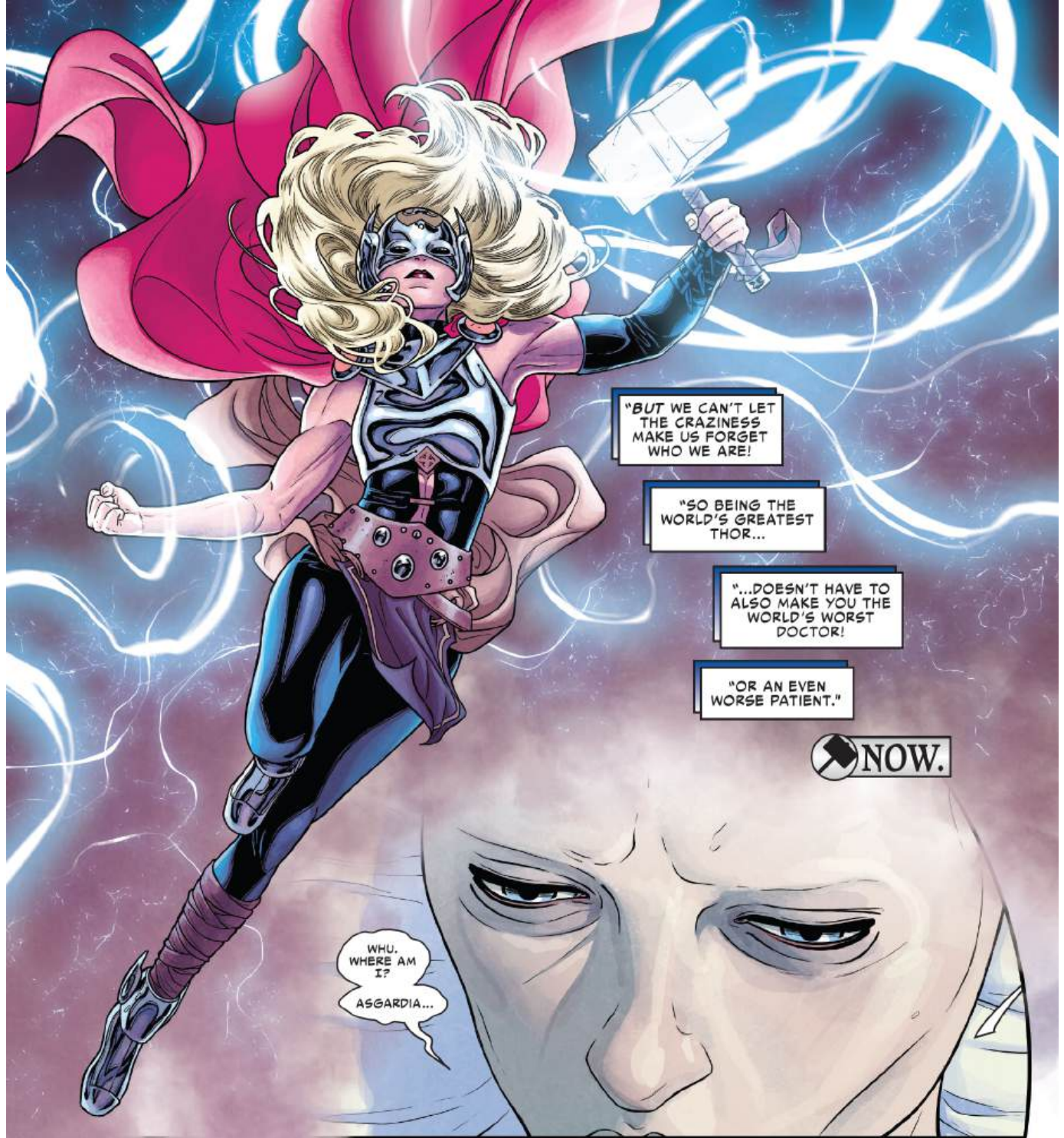
GAGGH! I
KNOW LIFE CAN GET
CRAZY SOMETIMES!
BELIEVE ME,
I KNOW!

I'M TELLING
YOU, YOU STUPID
HEXOPUS, YOU GOT
THE WRONG GUY! I'M
DR. STRANGE,
VETERINARIAN
NOW!

GO ATTACK
THE NEW
SORCERER SUPREME*
AND LET ME SCREAM
AT MYSELF IN
PEACE!

BUT! BUT
THERE'S A
"BUT" HERE, JANE
FOSTER! A VERY
BIG "BUT"!

*A.K.A. LOKI!! WHAAAT?? SEE
DOCTOR STRANGE #381!
-WIL



"BUT WE CAN'T LET
THE CRAZINESS
MAKE US FORGET
WHO WE ARE!

"SO BEING THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
THOR...

"...DOESN'T HAVE TO
ALSO MAKE YOU THE
WORLD'S WORST
DOCTOR!

"OR AN EVEN
WORSE PATIENT."

 **NOW.**

WHU.
WHERE AM
I?
ASGARDIA...



YOU ARE NOT
ON ASGARDIA
ANYMORE, JANE
FOSTER. YOU ARE
WHERE YOU
BELONG.

YOU ARE
IN A HOSPITAL
BED.

AND IF
YOU PLAN ON
GETTING OUT
OF IT...

...YOU
ARE GOING
TO HAVE TO GO
THROUGH US.



"...ASGARDIA WILL
BE JUST FINE
WITHOUT YOU."

 **ASGARDIA.**

THE REALM
ETERNAL IS UNDER
ASSAULT! ALL GODS
TO ARMS!

THE
MANGOG MUST
BE STOPPED!

THE
MANGOG WILL
BE STOPPED!

SO SWEARS
HEIMDALL THE
ALL-SEEING!

GHHRRRR GGHH!



WHEN THE GODS
ARE KNOWN FOR
HONOR AND COMPASSION
OVER ARROGANCE AND
CRUELTY, THEN WILL
MANGOG STOP!

IN
OTHER WORDS,
NEVER!

HOFUND!
MY SWORD!

YOU ARE THE
ONLY CRUEL ONE
HERE, YOU--



YOU SEE
VERY LITTLE FOR
AN ALL-SEEING GOD,
DON'T YOU? TELL
ME, MIGHTY
HEIMDALL...

HRRGGH!



DID YOU
FORESEE
THIS?!

YMIIR'S
BLOODY
BONES.

LORD CUL...
THE BEAST
CANNOT BE
STOPPED.

I... I AM THE
GOD OF FEAR.
BUT NEVER HAVE I
SEEN IT IN MY OWN
BROTHER'S EYES.
UNTIL TODAY.

IF EVEN
THE ALL-FATHER
FEARS THIS
MANGOG, THEN...

THE BIFROST!
TRIGGER THE
BIFROST!

SEND THE
BEAST OUT
OF HERE!



THE
BIFROST...

THE RAINBOW
BRIDGE HAS BEEN
DESTROYED!

BLASPHEMY!

DEATH TO
THE MANGOG!
FOR ASGARD!

THIS MANGOG
SPEAKS OF
CRUELTY. BUT WHAT
DOES AN IGNORANT
BEAST KNOW OF
SUCH THINGS?

SOME RACE
OF FOOLS WAS
WIPED FROM EXISTENCE
IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE?
THAT IS NOT
CRUELTY.

THAT
IS TENDER
MERCY.

IF THE
BEAST WANTS
CRUELTY...WE WILL
GIVE IT TO HIM,
WILL WE NOT?!

I WILL FIND
WHAT THIS BEAST
LOVES ABOVE ALL
ELSE, NO MATTER
WHERE IN THE COSMOS
IT HIDES! AND I WILL
KILL IT IN UNSPEAKABLE
WAYS! AND THEN I WILL
DO THE SAME TO
THE MANGOG!

LOVE? THE
ONLY THING LIKE
LOVE I HAVE
EVER KNOWN...

HOLD THE
MONSTER HERE!
HOLD IT UNTIL
MUSPELHEIM
FREEZES OVER!

...IS HOW I FEEL
WHEN I BREAK A
GOD WITH MY
BARE HANDS.

COME,
ARMIES OF
ASGARD!

THE
MANGOG
HAS MUCH
LOVE TO
GIVE!



THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING ME TO EXAMINE YOU LIKE THIS, DOCTOR.

LIKE I SAID, JUST DON'T GO TRYING ANY MAGICAL CURES.

I UNDERSTAND.



ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THE REST OF US TO LEAVE THE ROOM?

NO, LET'S JUST GET THIS OVER WITH. TELL ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW, DR. STRANGE.

WELL, I WAS NO ONCOLOGIST IN MY PREVIOUS DAY JOB, BUT I KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE THE EFFECT MYSTICAL FORCES CAN HAVE ON THE BODY.



WHEN THIS ALL BEGAN, OVER A YEAR AGO, YOUR INITIAL CANCER TREATMENTS WERE SHOWING POSITIVE RESULTS, WEREN'T THEY, DR. FOSTER?

IT WAS STAGE ONE BREAST CANCER. YOUR PHYSICIANS FELT CONFIDENT YOUR LUMPECTOMY HAD REMOVED ALL THE CANCEROUS CELLS AND THAT YOUR CHEMOTHERAPY WOULD KEEP IT FROM SPREADING.

BUT THEN SOMETHING SUDDENLY CHANGED. SOMETHING THE DOCTORS COULD NEVER EXPLAIN.



SUDDENLY YOUR TREATMENTS WERE INEFFECTIVE. YOUR CANCER METASTASIZED, SPREADING TO YOUR LYMPH NODES. STAGE ONE BECAME STAGE TWO.

ANOTHER ROUND OF CHEMOTHERAPY WAS EVEN LESS EFFECTIVE, ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU DIDN'T ALWAYS SHOW UP FOR TREATMENT.

IT'S IN YOUR LIVER NOW AS WELL. STAGE FOUR. ADVANCED METASTATIC CANCER.



WHAT CHANGED WAS THAT YOU FOUND A MAGIC HAMMER ON THE MOON. YOU BECAME THE MIGHTY THOR, GODDESS OF THUNDER.

AND THE MORE YOU SAVED THE WORLD, THE MORE YOU WERE KILLING YOURSELF.

THE MAGICAL TRANSFORMATION YOU UNDERGO WHEN YOU BECOME THOR PURGES THE CHEMOTHERAPY DRUGS FROM YOUR SYSTEM, WHILE LEAVING BEHIND THE CANCER.

PERHAPS BECAUSE IT SEES CANCER AS JUST ANOTHER PART OF YOUR HUMAN FORM. PERHAPS BECAUSE ALL MAGIC COMES WITH A PRICE. EITHER WAY, THE RESULT IS THE SAME.

EVERY TIME YOU CHANGE BACK TO JANE FOSTER, YOU'RE WORSE OFF THAN YOU WERE BEFORE. THE LAST FEW TIMES, YOU'VE COLLAPSED AND ALMOST DIED.

AT THIS POINT, EVEN THE MOST AGGRESSIVE TREATMENTS AVAILABLE MAY STILL NOT BE ENOUGH TO SAVE YOUR LIFE. BUT THERE IS ONE THING I CAN SAY FOR CERTAIN...

IF YOU TRANSFORM INTO THOR JUST ONE MORE TIME, YOU WILL...

DR. FOSTER? ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?

no!

GET THE HELL AWAY FROM HER, YOU WRETCHED MALLET! LEAVE HER BE!

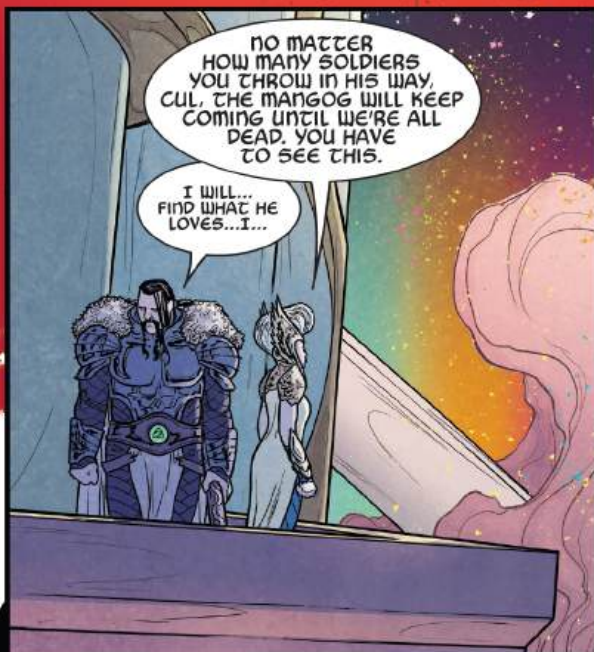
CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE KILLING HER?!

I HEAR YOU, MJOLNIR.

THE MANGOG.

"THE MANGOG HAS COME."

HE
WILL NOT
FALL.



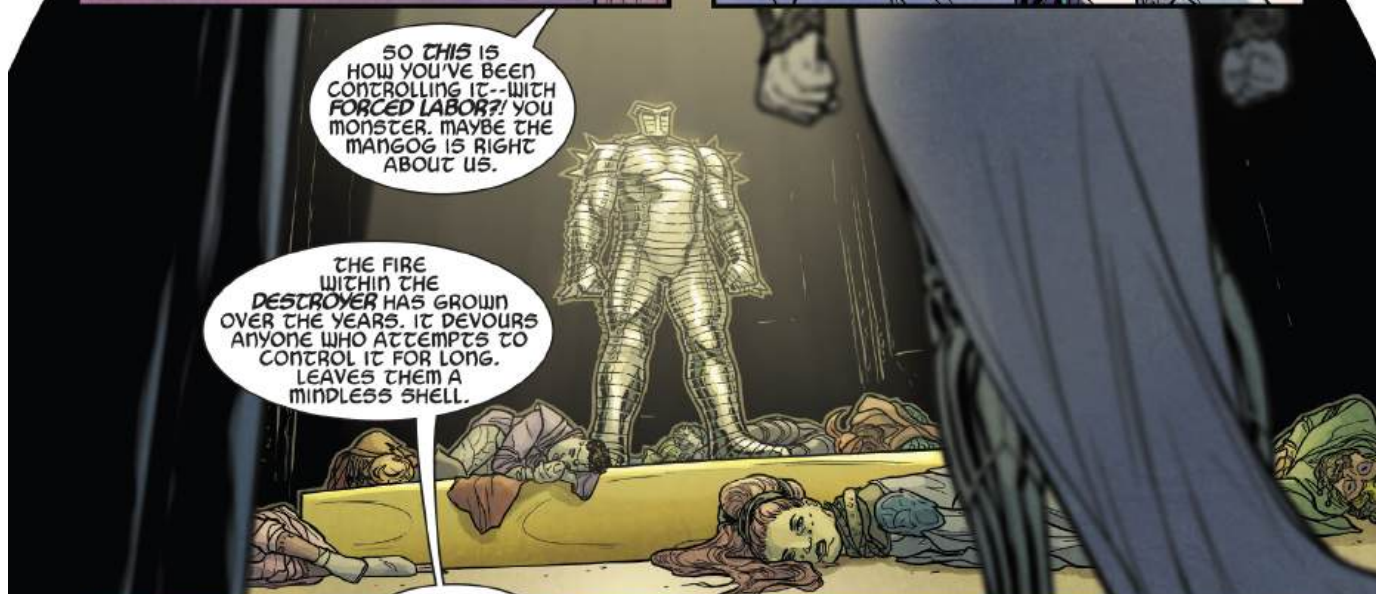
NO MATTER
HOW MANY SOLDIERS
YOU THROW IN HIS WAY,
CUL, THE MANGOG WILL KEEP
COMING UNTIL WE'RE ALL
DEAD. YOU HAVE
TO SEE THIS.

I WILL...
FIND WHAT HE
LOVES...I...



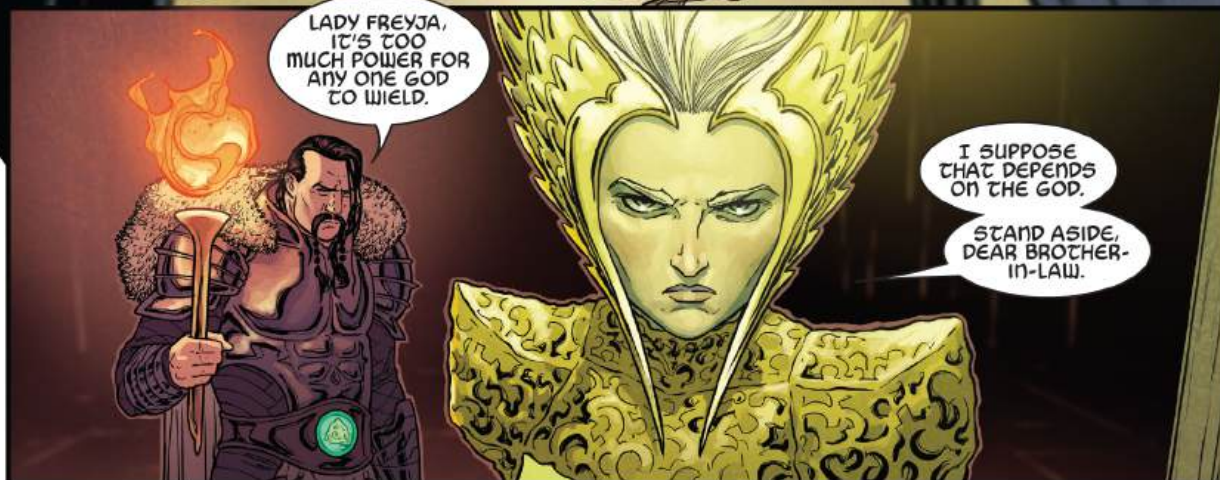
CUL, LISTEN
TO ME, YOU FOOL!
WE NEED MORE POWER!
WE NEED ASGARD'S
GREATEST WEAPON!

TAKE
ME TO IT,
NOW!



SO *THIS* IS
HOW YOU'VE BEEN
CONTROLLING IT--WITH
FORCED LABOR? YOU
MONSTER. MAYBE THE
MANGOG IS RIGHT
ABOUT US.

THE FIRE
WITHIN THE
DESTROYER HAS GROWN
OVER THE YEARS. IT DEVOURS
ANYONE WHO ATTEMPTS TO
CONTROL IT FOR LONG.
LEAVES THEM A
MINDLESS SHELL.



LADY FREYJA,
IT'S TOO
MUCH POWER FOR
ANY ONE GOD
TO WIELD.

I SUPPOSE
THAT DEPENDS
ON THE GOD.

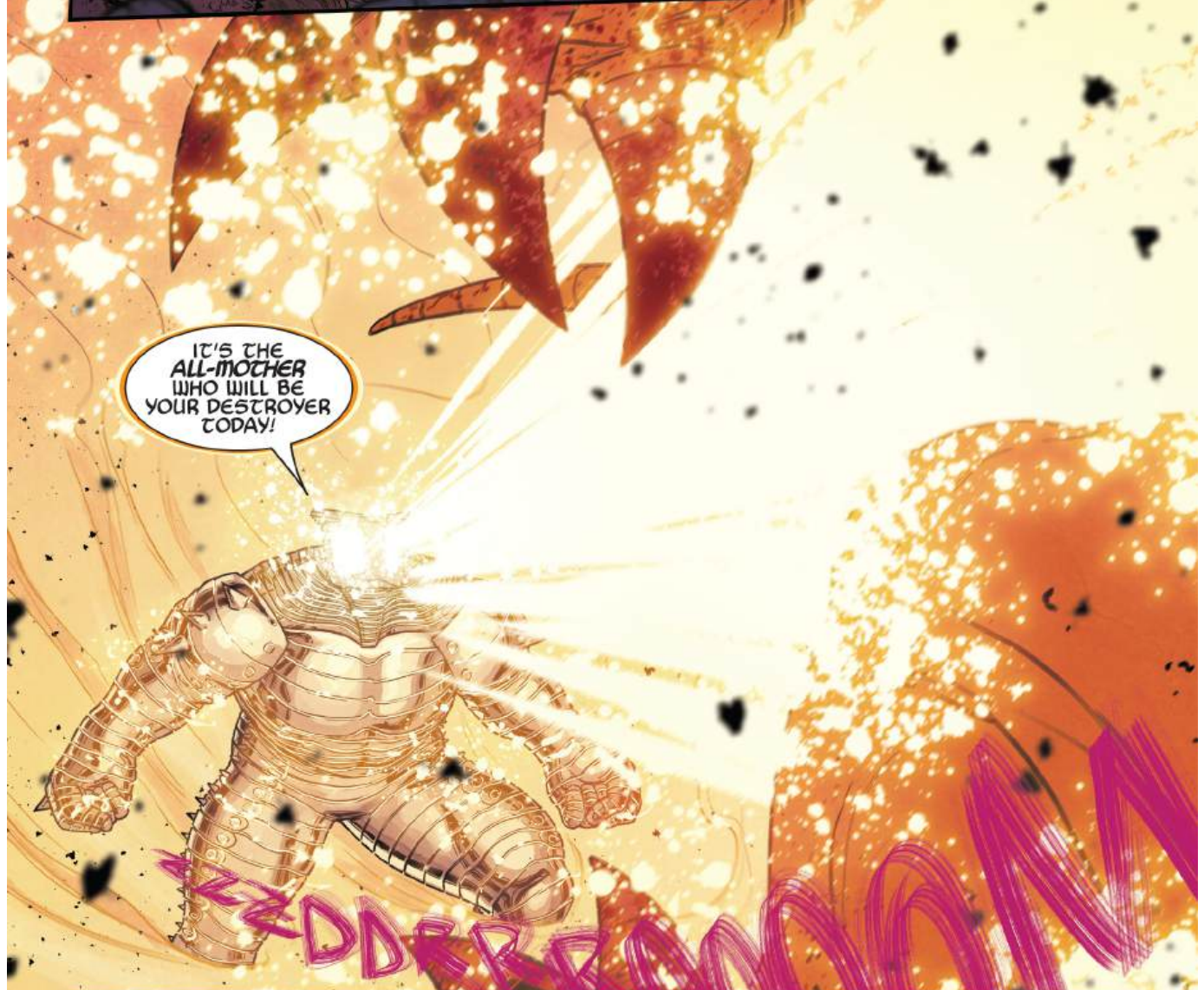
STAND ASIDE,
DEAR BROTHER-
IN-LAW.



ODIN! STOP
HIDING BEHIND
YOUR PATHETIC
ARMIES, YOU
ONE-EYED
COWARD!

COME
AND FACE
YOUR DEMISE,
ALL-FATHER!

THE
ALL-FATHER
ISN'T LISTENING,
MANGOG.



IT'S THE
ALL-MOTHER
WHO WILL BE
YOUR DESTROYER
TODAY!

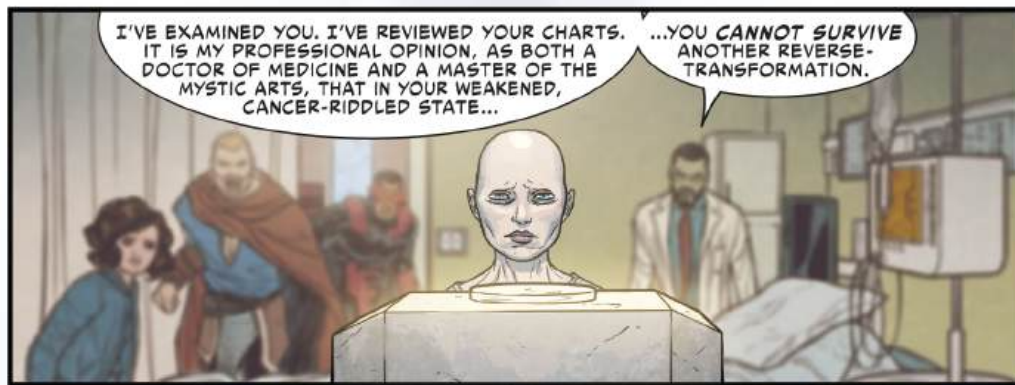


THOOM
KRUNG

WHOO
KRRING
CRASH

THOOM





SHE'S GOTTA MAKE THIS DECISION HERSELF.

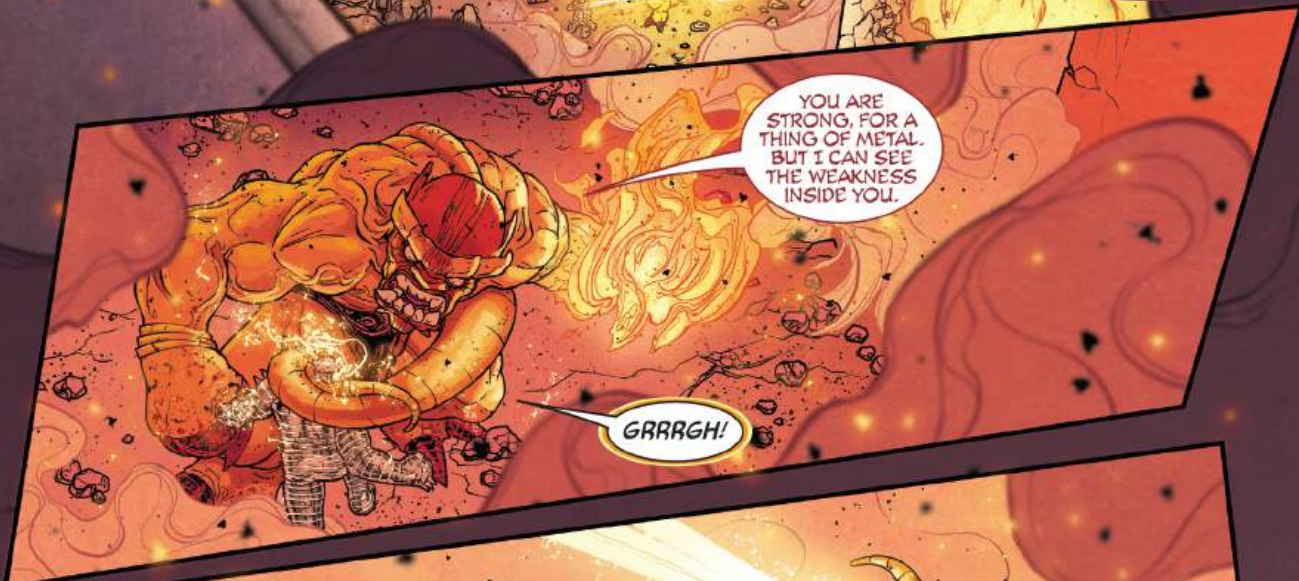


RRRRGGGH!!!
FALL, YOU
HEARTLESS
BASTARD!

HEARTLESS?
HARDLY.

MY HEART
BEATS STRONG,
WITH RIGHTEOUS
INDIGNATION.

YOU ARE
THE ONE HERE
WITHOUT A SOUL,
DESTROYER.



YOU ARE
STRONG, FOR A
THING OF METAL.
BUT I CAN SEE
THE WEAKNESS
INSIDE YOU.

GRRRRGH!



THE GODDESS
WHO CONTROLS
YOU--SHE IS WEARY.
RECOVERING FROM A
GREAT ILLNESS PERHAPS.
FROM A SLEEP NOT
UNLIKE DEATH.

HHHRRRGH!



SHE SHOULD
HAVE STAYED
IN BED!







"EVEN GODS
DON'T LIVE
FOREVER."



EVEN
ALL-FATHERS
DIE.



"IF TODAY IS
THAT DAY...THEN
SO BE IT."

"BEFORE ALL THE STARS
IN ALL THE HEAVENS, I
SWEAR...THAT I DIE
WITHOUT APOLOGY."

"WITHOUT
REGRETS."



EXCEPT
FOR ONE.

I WISH AT
LONG LAST I
COULD'VE TOLD
MY SON...MY
HEIR...WHAT
I TRULY--

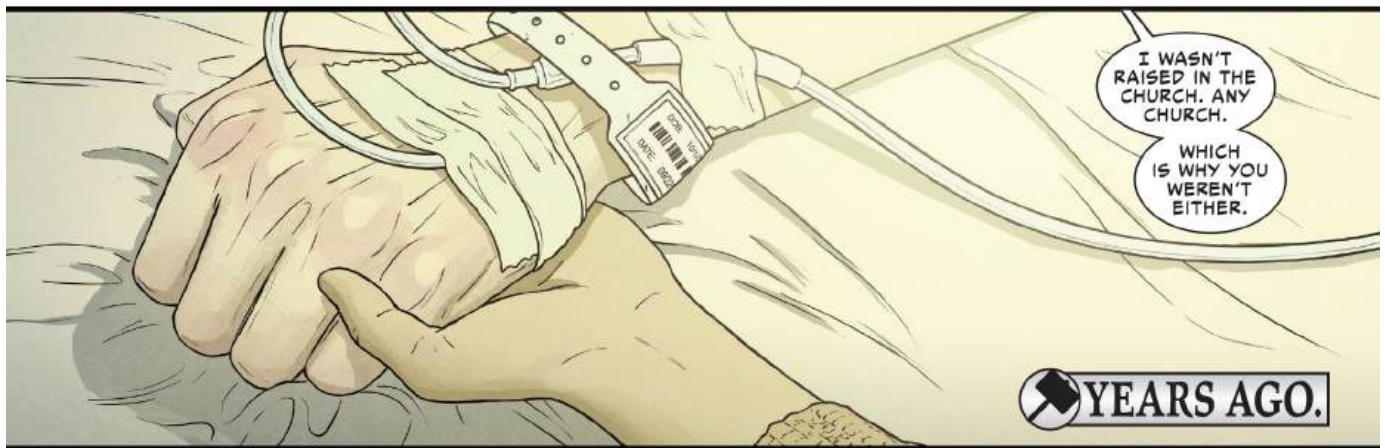
IT WILL
HAVE TO WAIT,
OLD MAN.

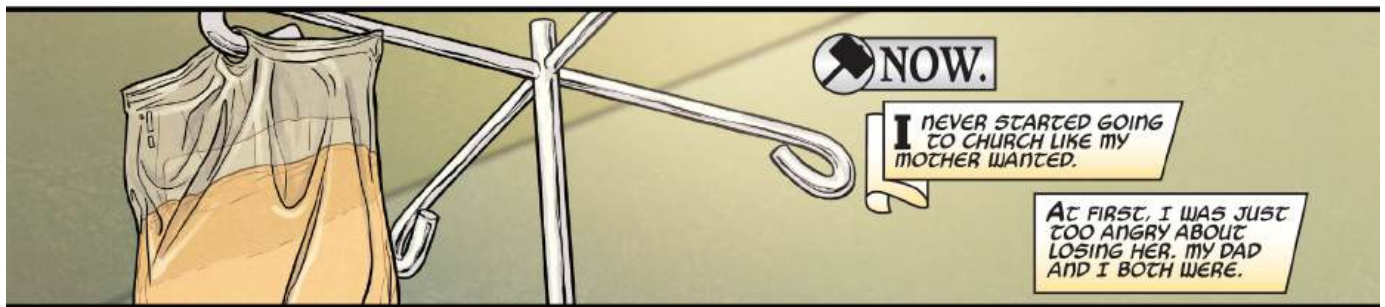




MIGHTY THOR | 704

The Gospel According to Jane





NOW.

I NEVER STARTED GOING TO CHURCH LIKE MY MOTHER WANTED.

AT FIRST, I WAS JUST TOO ANGRY ABOUT LOSING HER. MY DAD AND I BOTH WERE.



AND THE OLDER I GOT, THE MORE IT FELT FALSE TO ME, THE IDEA OF TURNING TO SOME HIGHER POWER ONLY IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

I LOVED MY MOTHER EVEN MORE FOR THAT, BECAUSE I KNEW SHE WAS DOING IT ALL FOR ME. BUT I FOUND I COULD NEVER DO WHAT SHE ASKED.

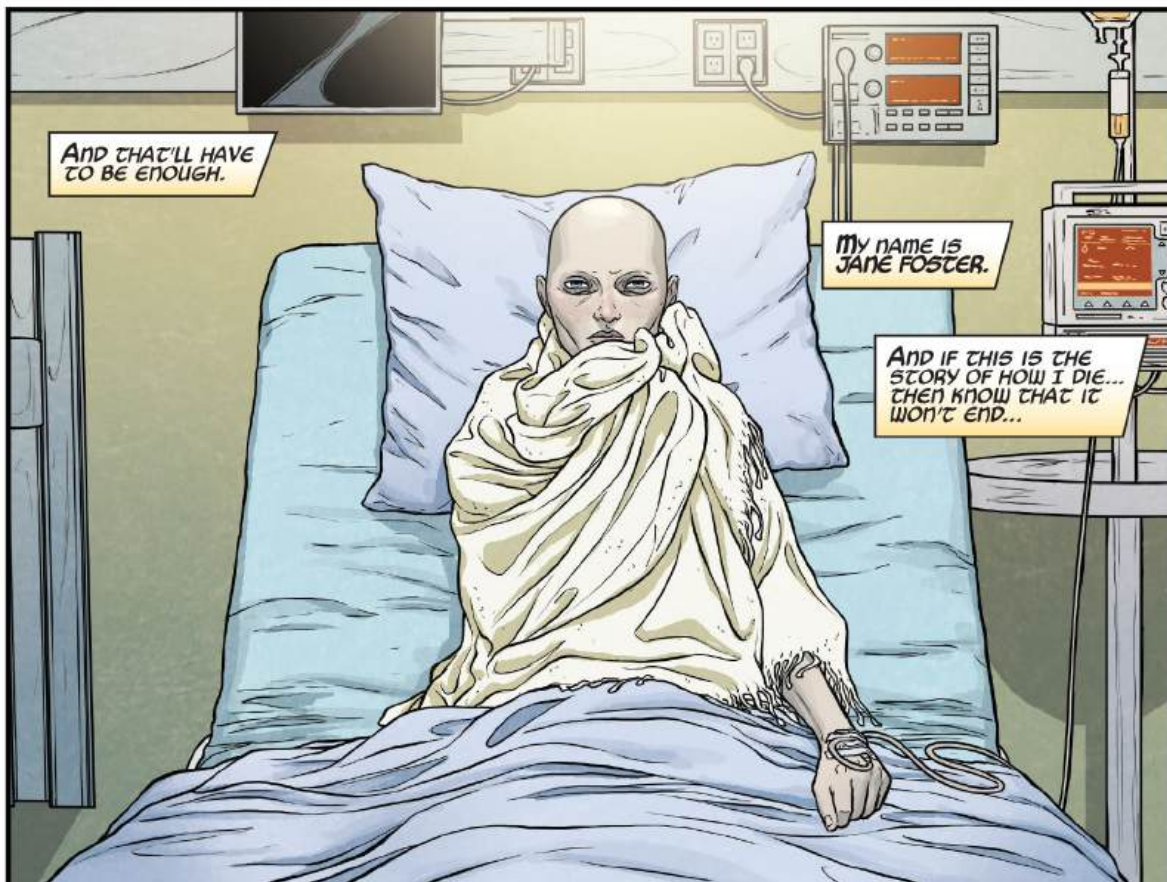
I COULD NEVER FIND A GOD TO BELIEVE IN.



INSTEAD THE GODS FOUND ME.

BUT THERE ARE NO GODS HERE NOW FOR ME TO LEAN ON, OR SIPHON AWAY THEIR POWER TO MAKE ME STRONGER.

AND I'VE GOT NO FAMILY LEFT, NO ONE I'M LEAVING BEHIND. THERE'S JUST ME.



AND THAT'LL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH.

MY NAME IS JANE FOSTER.

AND IF THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW I DIE... THEN KNOW THAT IT WON'T END...





"GROVEL FOR ME, ODIN."

TOOTHGRINDER!
HERE! QUICKLY!



AND IF I FIND
YOUR BLUBBERING
PLEASEING, PERHAPS
I'LL SPARE YOU THE
TORMENT OF WATCHING
YOUR SON AND HEIR
TORN TO BLOODY
SHREDS.

BY
KILLING YOU
FIRST.

ALL-FATHERS...
DO NOT GROVEL...
YOU IGNORANT
COW.

ALL-FATHER?
ALL-FATHER OF
WHAT? LOOK
AROUND YOU,
OLD ONE.



YOUR
KINGDOM
LIES IN
RUIN.

AND
NOW SO
DO YOU.

KR0000M

FATHER!
NO!

SMASH

KRASH

KRASH

MANGOG
DOESN'T... HIT
AS HARD... AS I
REMEMBER. BARELY...
EVEN FELT
THAT.

DREW

I WAS A
FOOL TO GIVE
IN TO FEAR.

DEATH...
MAKES CHATTEL
OF US ALL. SOONER
OR LATER.

IF TODAY
DEATH COMES
FOR ASGARD...
SO BE IT.

WHAT
A GLORIOUS
DEATH IT
WILL BE.



"BLOOD-DRENCHED
AND ROARING.

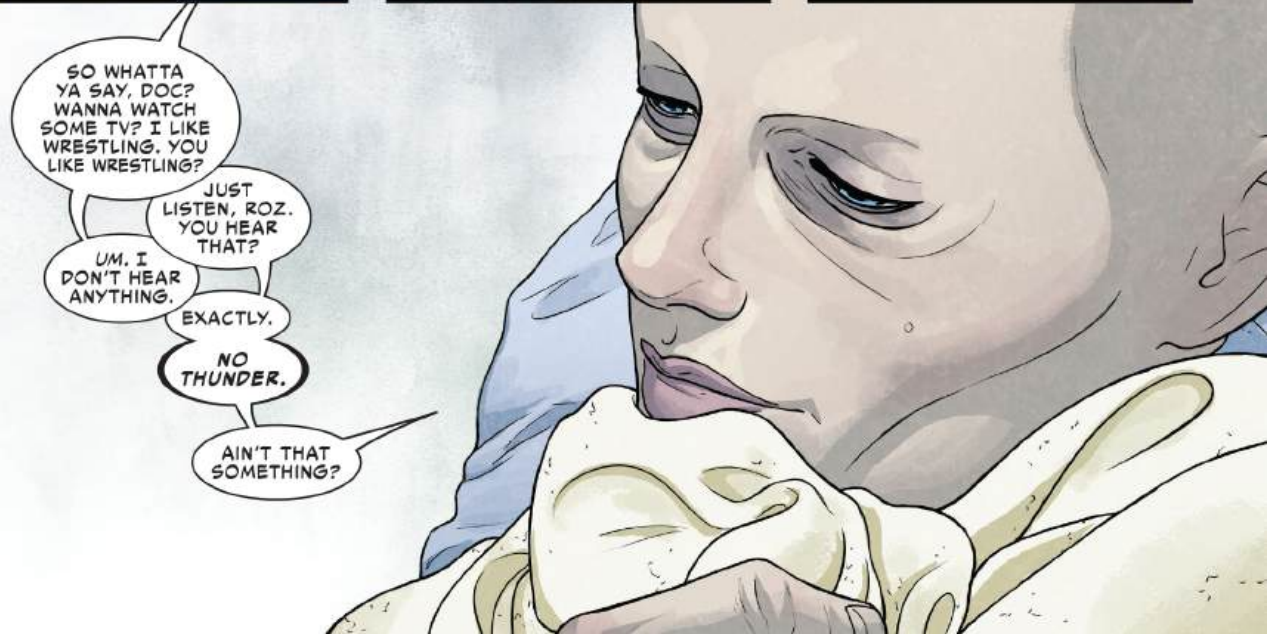
"FESTOONED
WITH RAGE.

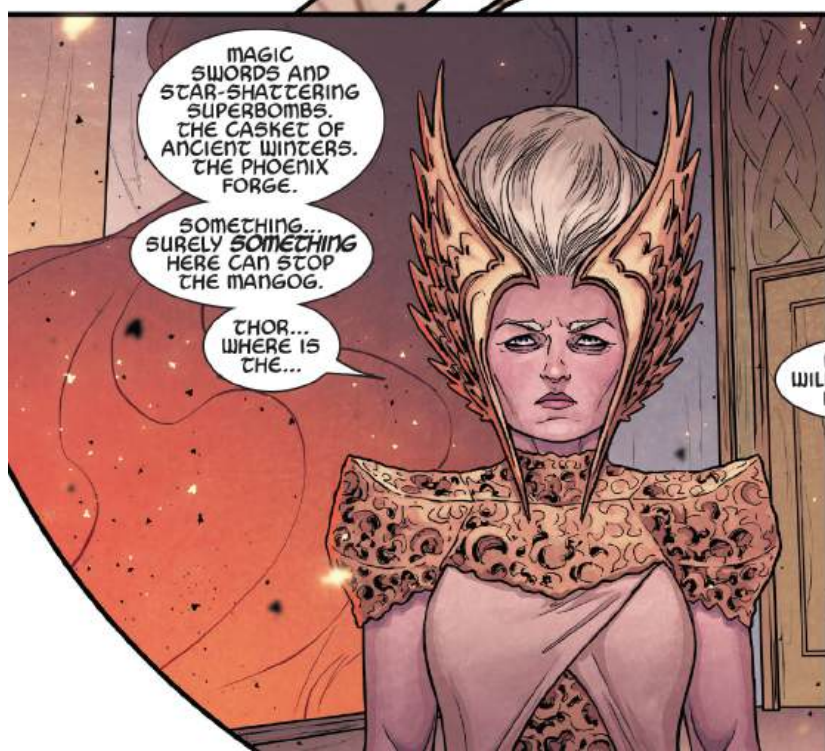
"WRATHFULLY
ENRAPTURING.

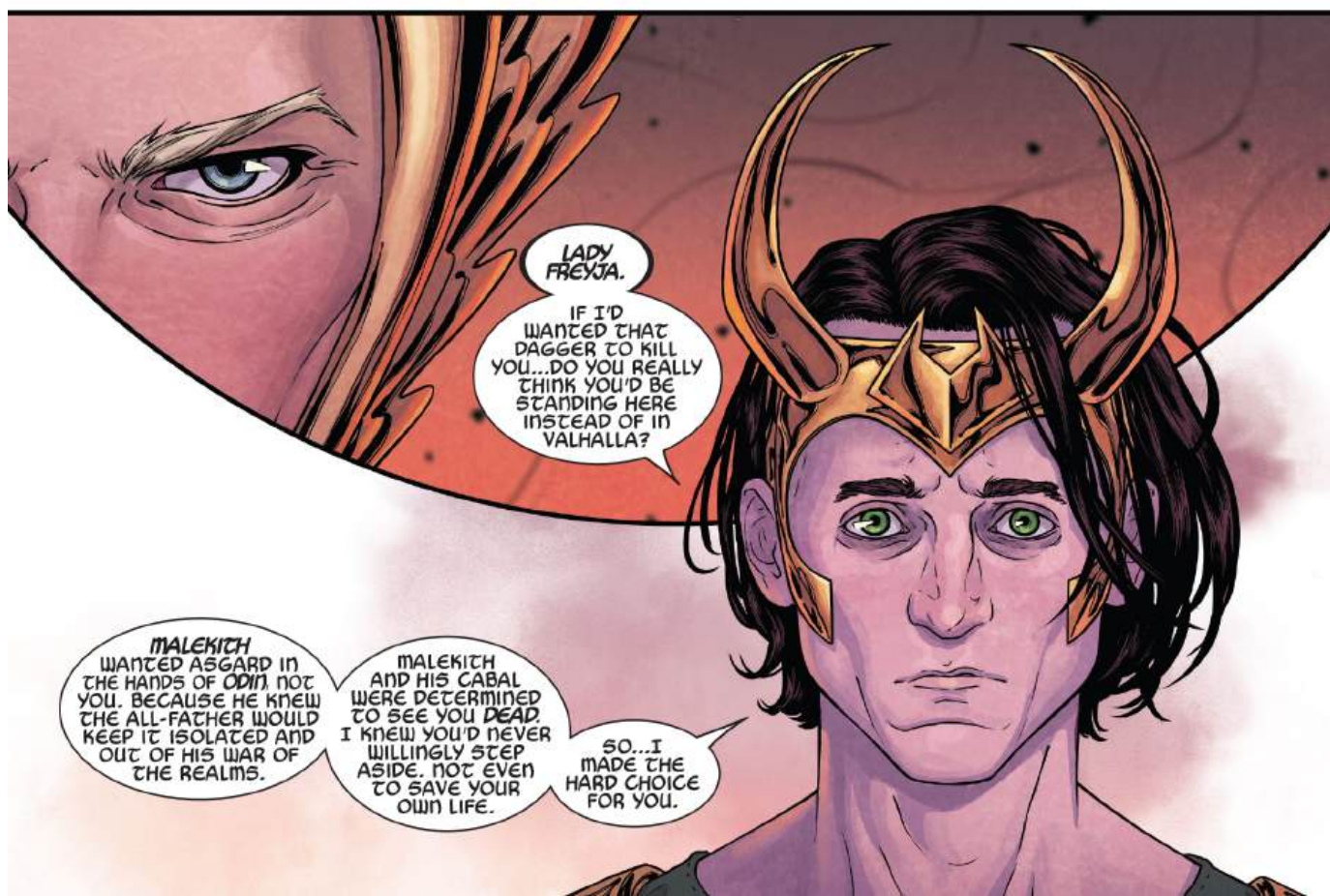
"A HOLY BERSERKER
STORM OF MEAT
AND METAL.

"OH, WHAT A
DAY TO BE
A GOD."











I HAVE BEEN
IN A COMA FOR
MONTHS. ON THE
VERY EDGE OF DEATH.
WHILE WAR WAS
RAMPAGING THROUGH
THE REALMS, KILLING
THOUSANDS.

DO YOU
EXPECT ME TO
THANK YOU FOR
THAT?



NO,
I NEVER
EXPECTED
THAT.

EVERYONE
TOLD ME I
WAS A FOOL FOR
YET AGAIN DARING TO
TRUST YOU. FOR GIVING
YOU ONE LAST CHANCE
TO PROVE YOURSELF.

TO SHOW THAT
THE GOOD I SAW
INSIDE YOU WASN'T A
RUSE. THAT YOUR HONOR
COULD FINALLY OUTWEIGH
YOUR GODFORSKEN LIES.



BUT THEY
WERE RIGHT.
WEREN'T THEY?
WITH YOU, LOKI...
THE LIES ALWAYS
WIN IN THE
END.

IT'S NO LIE
WHEN I TELL YOU
THAT ASGARDIA
WILL FALL
TODAY.

AND NO
ONE, NO GOD IN
ALL THE HEAVENS,
CAN DO ANYTHING
TO CHANGE
THAT.



NOT THE
ALL-FATHER.

NOT THE
ODINSON.

NOT
YOU.

THERE ARE
SOME THINGS...
YOU JUST CAN'T
SAVE.

GOODBYE,
LADY FREYJA.





HRRH!

GUUH!



YOU'RE NOT QUITE THE THOR I REMEMBER. OR THE ALL-FATHER. BUT YOU'RE BOTH STILL RATHER **STUBBORN** WHEN IT COMES TO DYING, AREN'T YOU?

KILLED YOU BEFORE. WILL DO IT AGAIN.

HA! ALL YOU EVER DID WAS MAKE ME **STRONGER**. ASGARDIAN.



STRONG ENOUGH TO END YOU ALL.

GET AWAY FROM THERE, YOU BRAINLESS ASS. THOSE ARE THE CONTROLS THAT PILOT ASGARDIA. YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO COMPREHEND THE--



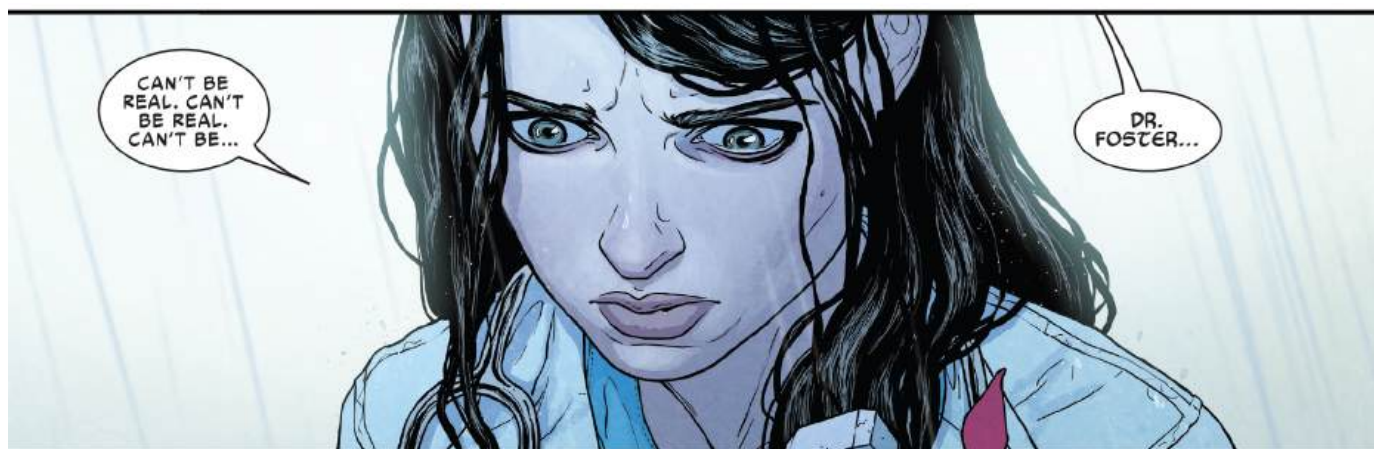
ONCE I'VE KILLED YOU ALL, THERE WILL BE NO RESURRECTIONS! NOT IF THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO RESURRECT!

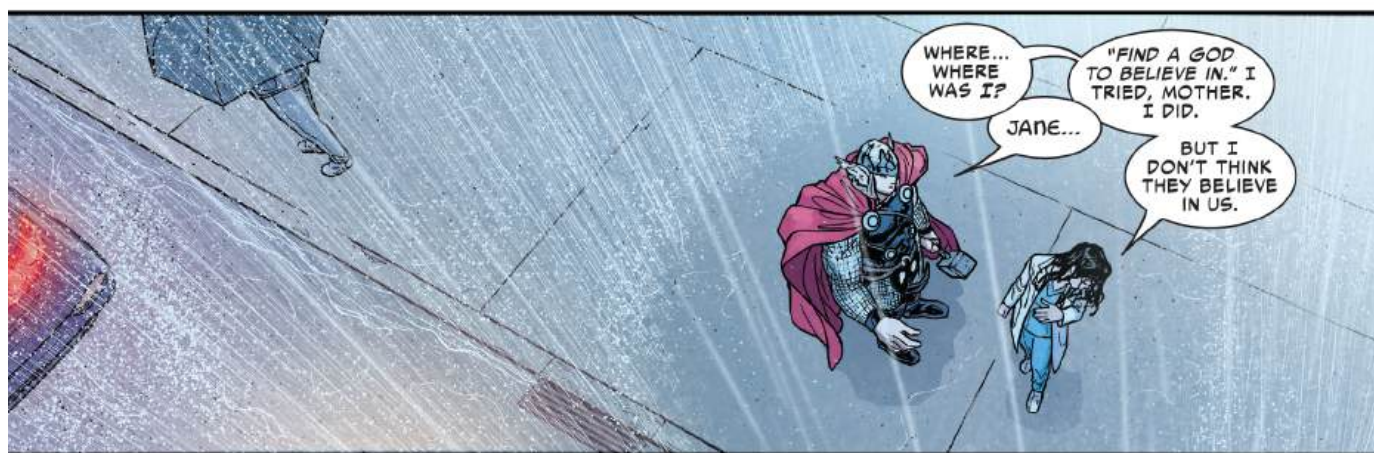
unnnh!

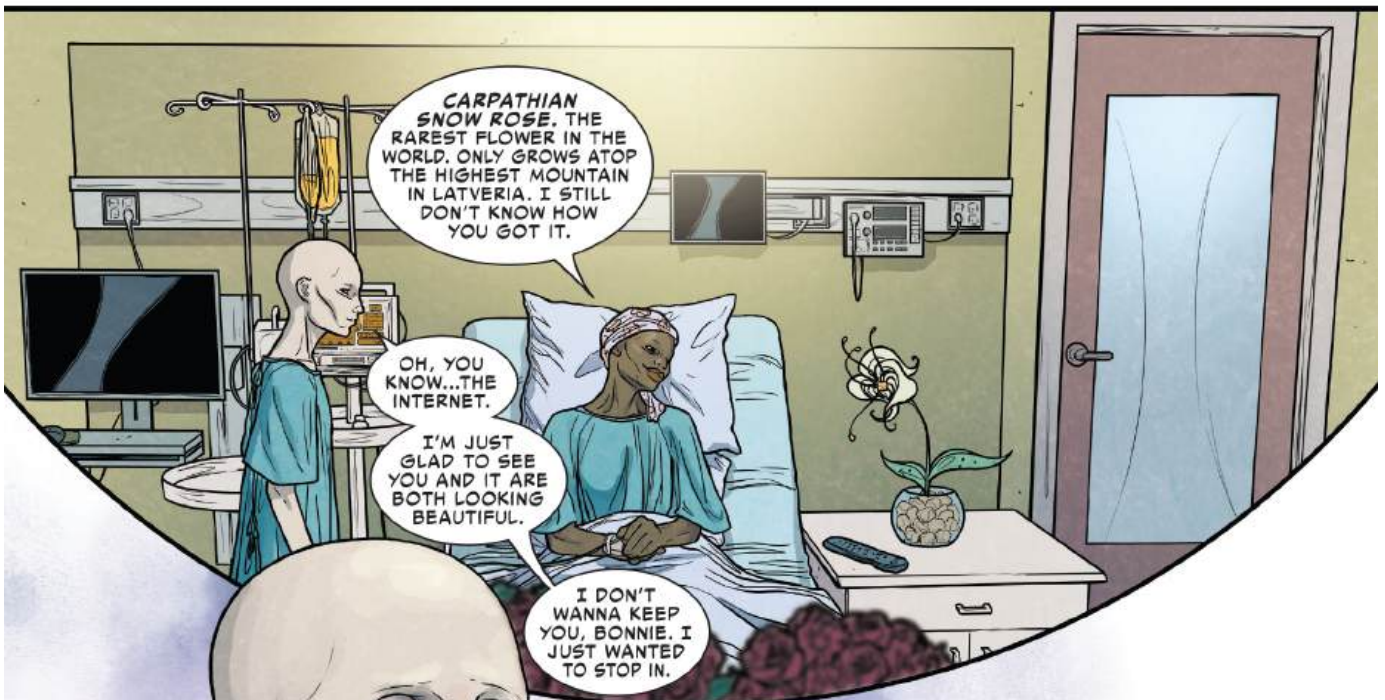
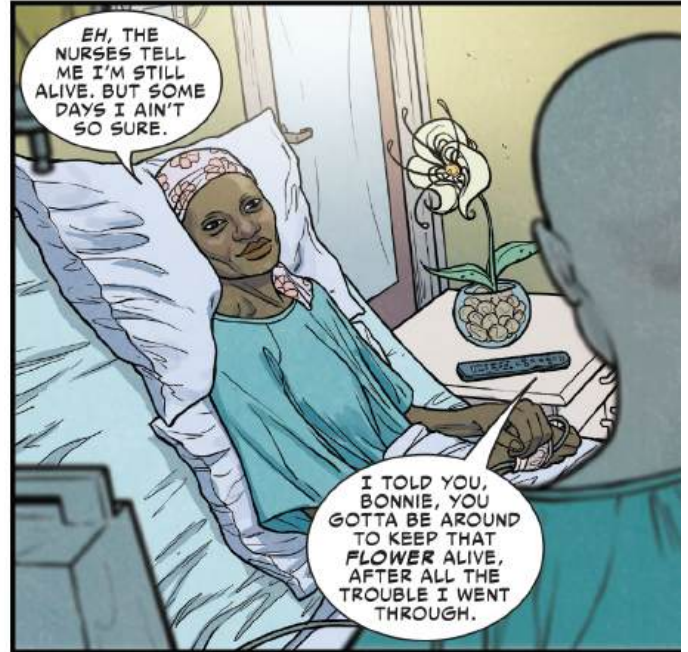


"YOU WILL DIE AT THE HANDS OF THE MANGOG!"

"AND THEN THE **SUN** WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!"







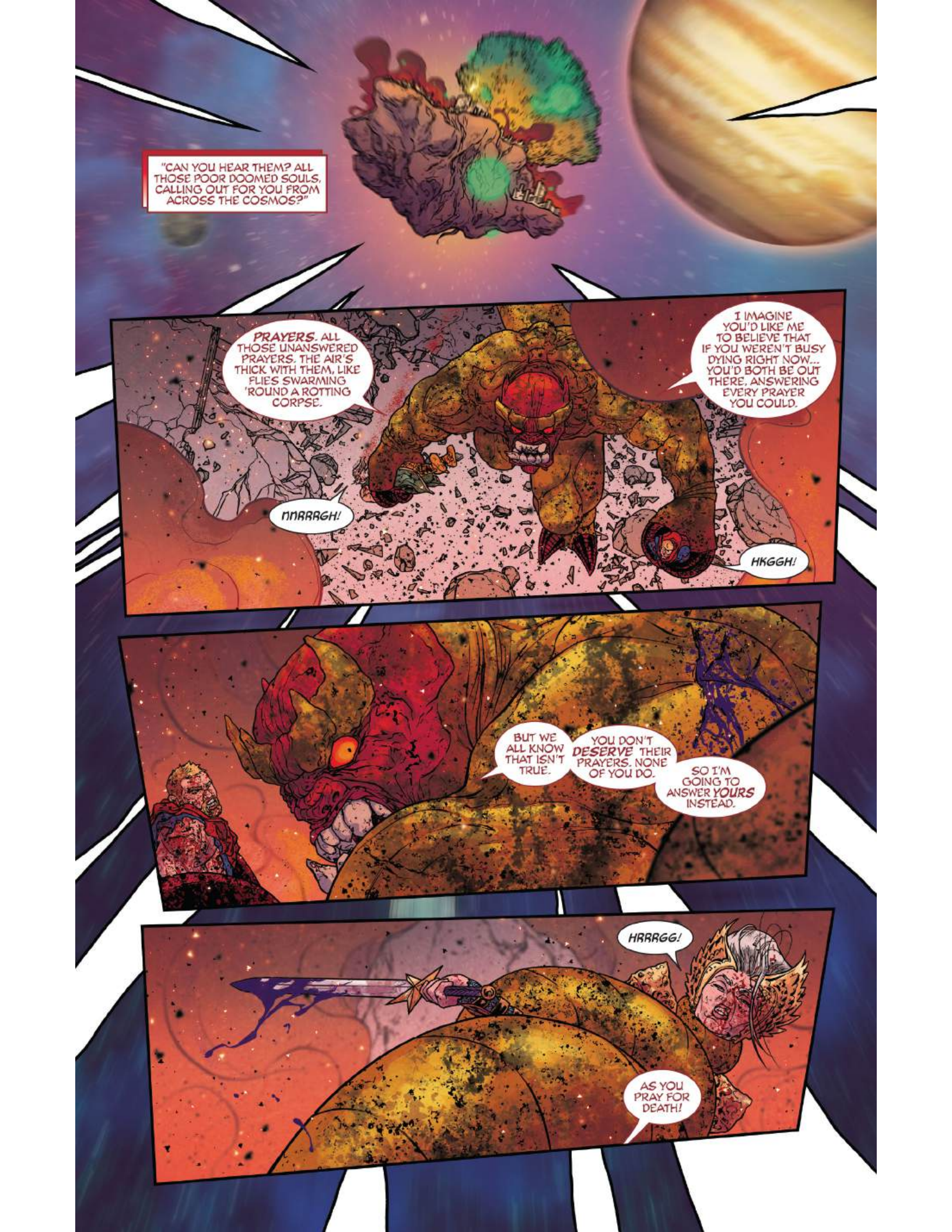
WOULD YOU PRAY WITH ME, DOCTOR, BEFORE YOU GO?

DOC?

YEAH.

OF COURSE I WOULD.

JUST TELL ME WHO WE'RE PRAYING TO, BONNIE.



"CAN YOU HEAR THEM? ALL THOSE POOR DOOMED SOULS, CALLING OUT FOR YOU FROM ACROSS THE COSMOS?"

PRAYERS. ALL THOSE UNANSWERED PRAYERS. THE AIR'S THICK WITH THEM, LIKE FLIES SWARMING 'ROUND A ROTTING CORPSE.

NNRRAGH!

I IMAGINE YOU'D LIKE ME TO BELIEVE THAT IF YOU WEREN'T BUSY DYING RIGHT NOW... YOU'D BOTH BE OUT THERE, ANSWERING EVERY PRAYER YOU COULD.

HKGGH!

BUT WE ALL KNOW THAT ISN'T TRUE.

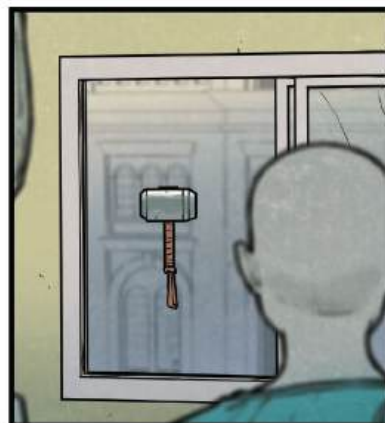
YOU DON'T **DESERVE** THEIR PRAYERS. NONE OF YOU DO.

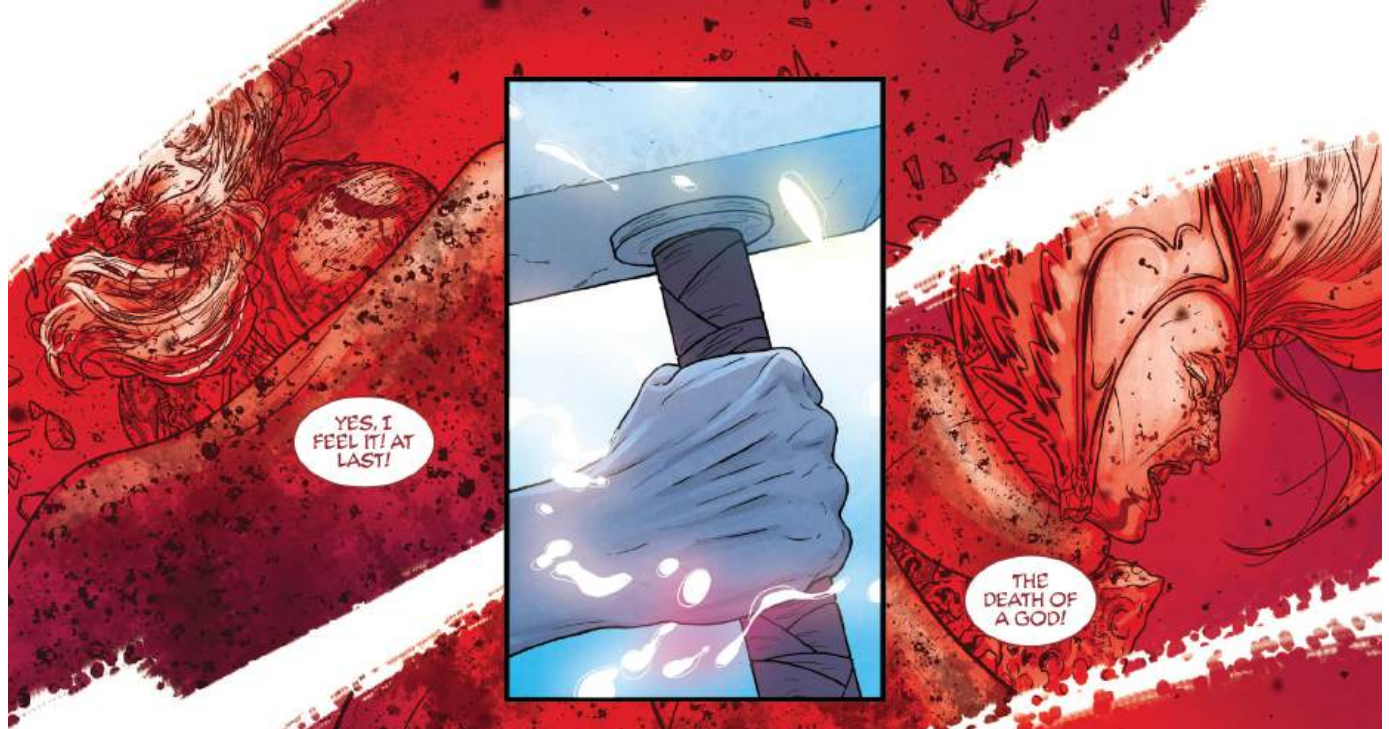
SO I'M GOING TO ANSWER **YOURS** INSTEAD.

HRRRGH!

AS YOU PRAY FOR DEATH!







YES, I
FEEL IT! AT
LAST!



THE
DEATH OF
A GOD!



IF YOU
CHANGE INTO
THOR...EVEN ONE
MORE TIME...THERE
WILL BE NO
COMING BACK.

JANE
FOSTER
WILL DIE.



THERE IS
NOTHING ELSE IN
THE COSMOS LIKE
THAT FEELING!
TELL ME...



"...DO YOU FEEL
IT, TOO?"

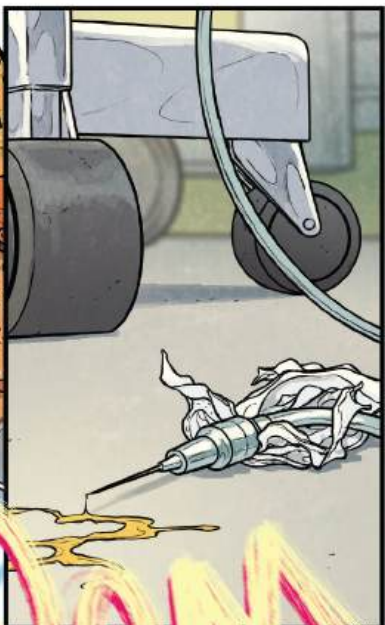


MURDER?
WHY
YOU...MURDER
SELF?



OR
SHOULD
I...

WHAT YOU
SHOULD DO,
MANGOG...

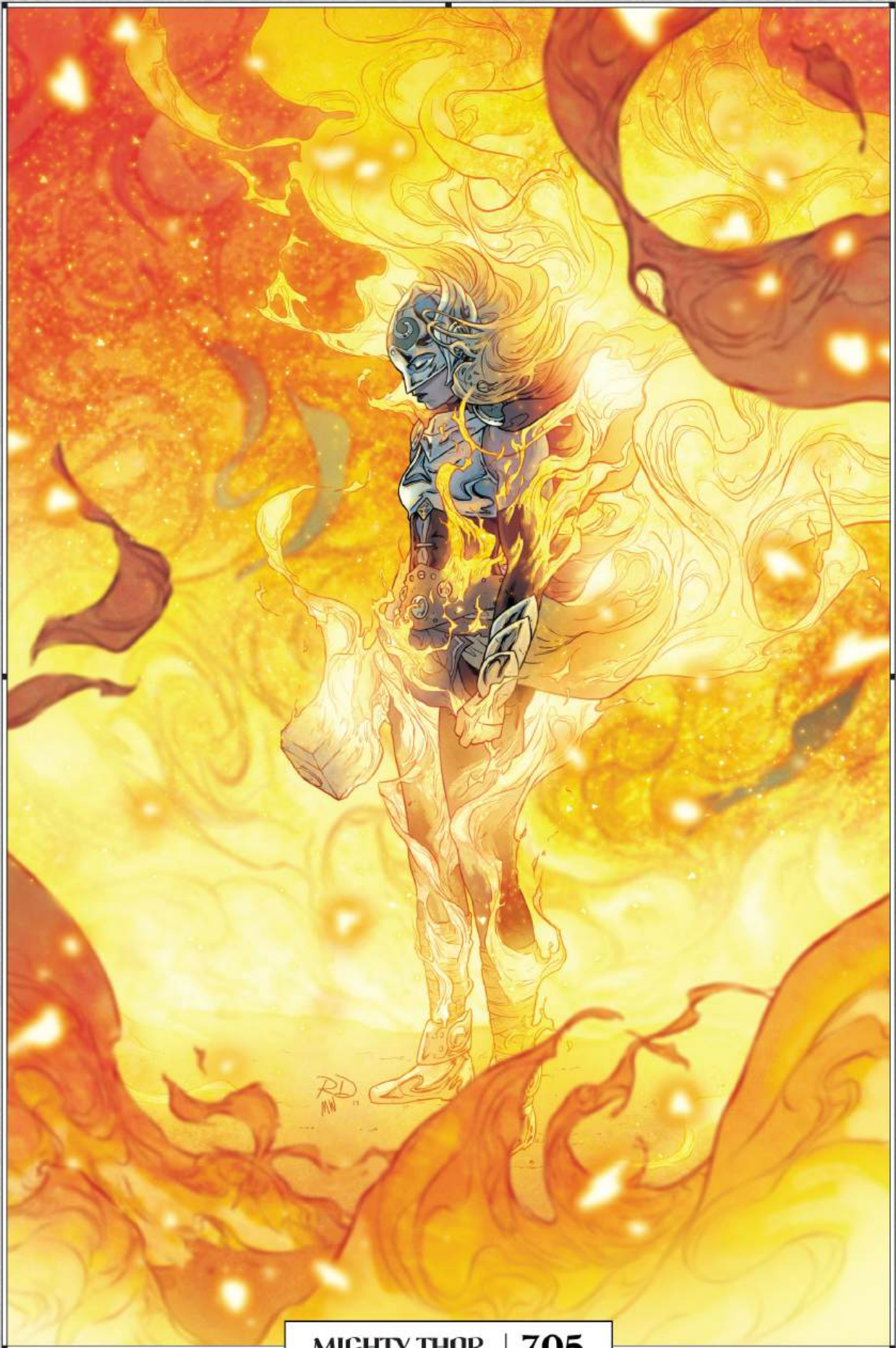


KRAKOOON



...IS
TAKE YOUR
FILTHY HANDS
OFF THOSE
GODS!

AND GET
READY TO FACE
THE FURY OF
THOR!



MIGHTY THOR | 705

Sundown

 **MANY MONTHS AGO.**

TROUBLE SLEEPING, MY LADY?

MY WHOLE LIFE.

SLEEPING'S ALWAYS FELT TOO MUCH LIKE DYING TO ME. AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I'VE HAD MY FILL OF BOTH.

I DON'T SEE YOU SLEEPING, HEIMDALL.

YOU SOUND MORE LIKE AN ASGARDIAN EVERY DAY, SENATOR. YET EVEN THE GODS CANNOT AVOID SLUMBER, EITHER THE TEMPORARY OR THE PERMANENT VARIETY.

AND I WOULD RATHER NOT SEE YOU PERISH, LADY JANE.

IN YOUR CONDITION--

MY CONDITION...IS A RESTLESS ONE. AND I IMAGINE WE BOTH KNOW WHY.

I HAVE A VOICE IN MY HEAD, HEIMDALL. AND I WON'T INSULT YOU BY LYING ABOUT WHAT IT WANTS ME TO DO.

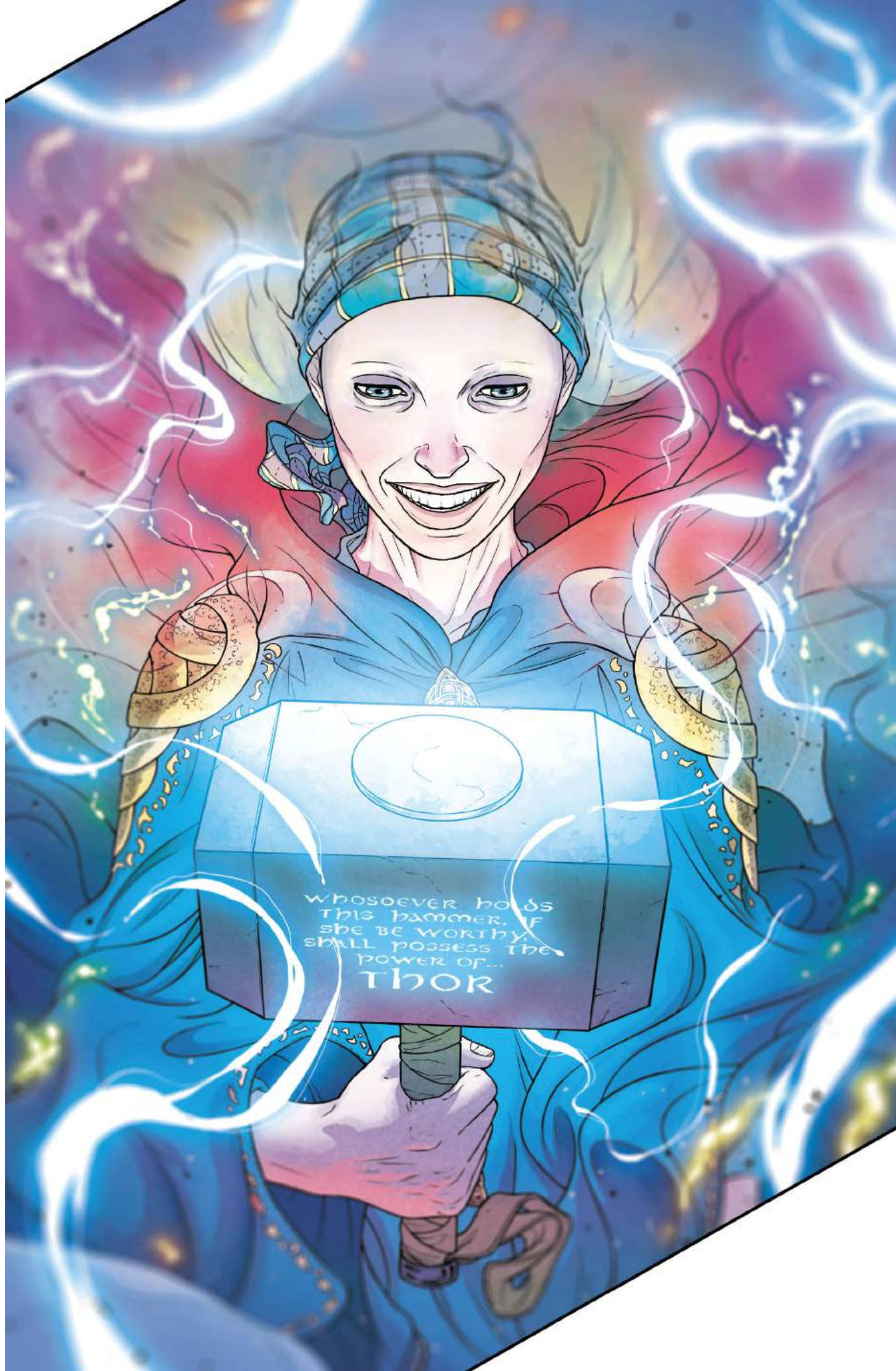
JUST SEND ME THERE. BEFORE I COME TO MY SENSES.

YOU ARE A SENATOR IN THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS. JANE FOSTER. THE BIFROST IS YOURS TO COMMAND.

MAY THE GODS BE WITH YOU.

THOUGH PERHAPS YOU WOULD'VE BEEN FAR BETTER OFF...





whoever holds
this hammer, if
she be worthy,
shall possess the
power of...
THOR

 NOW.

RRRRRRRRGGGGHH!!



GAAHH!
HRRGH!!!

THE
MANGOG.
HOLY CRAPPING
HELL, NOW I SEE
WHY THEY'RE ALL
SO AFRAID OF
THIS GUY.

I'VE FACED
THE DESTROYER.
THE WAR THOR.
THE PHOENIX. EVEN
THE ALL-FATHER
HIMSELF.

BUT I'VE
NEVER FELT
SUCH POWER.
SUCH RAGE.

LET'S
HOPE THAT
MELTED STATUE
HOLDS HIM
FOR A
BIT.



THAT
WON'T HOLD
HIM FOR
LONG.



NOTHING
CAN STOP THE
MANGOG.

NOT EVEN
DEATH.

NOT
EVEN OUR
DEATHS.

THOUGH
YOU'RE WELCOME
TO DIE TRYING,
JUST TO BE
SURE.

THIEF OF
HAMMERS.

IT WILL
HOLD HIM
LONG ENOUGH,
ODIN.

ASGARDIA
IS FLYING INTO
THE SUN. YOU
AND THE REST OF
THE GODS MUST
EVACUATE AT
ONCE.

AND LEAVE
YOU TO FACE
THE MANGOG
ALONE? MAY.

THOR...HE
WILL TEAR YOU
TO PIECES.

LOOK
AROUND YOU,
LADY FREYJA.

THE WARRIORS
OF ASGARD ARE
ROUTED. THE RAINBOW
BRIDGE IS SHATTERED.
THE ALL-FATHER IS
LEAKING LIKE A ONE-
EYED SIEVE.



THOR IS
YOUR ONLY
HOPE.

NOW GET
THE GODS TO
SAFETY. WHILE
THERE'S STILL
TIME.

NO!



YOU--YOU
SHOULDN'T BE
HERE! WHAT
DID YOU DO?!

ODINSON.
NOW IS NOT
THE TIME.

YOU'VE
KILLED YOURSELF!
HOW COULD
YOU--

KILLED
HERSELF?
WHAT IS HE
GOING ON
ABOUT?





FREYJA,
GO!

I WON'T
LEAVE YOU
ALONE AGAINST
THAT, THOR! I WON'T
CONDEMN YOU TO
CERTAIN DEATH!
NOT AFTER ALL
YOU'VE--

THE WORLD
NEEDS MORE
THAN JUST
THOR!



WE NEED
GODS WE CAN
BELIEVE IN! TELL
THEM THAT!
TELL ALL OF
ASGARD!

TELL THEM IT'S
TIME TO **EARN** THE
GIFT THEY'VE ALL
BEEN GIVEN!



UUUGH!

WWRRRRRRGGH!!!



GAAGHH!

AYE,
I'VE HATED
THE GODS AS
MUCH AS
ANYONE!

BECAUSE I
KNOW THEY'VE
FAILED US ALL WHEN
WE NEEDED
THEM MOST!

BUT THEY'VE
SAVED US, TOO,
EVEN WHEN WE DID
NOT DESERVE IT! AND
NOW IS MY CHANCE
TO RETURN
THE FAVOR!

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO KILL
THEM. THAT'S
WHY I EXIST.

ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS
GIVE IN TO THAT
HATE. THAT HATRED
YOU KNOW IS JUST
AND RIGHT.

AND STAND
ASIDE.

I CANNOT
DO THAT!!!

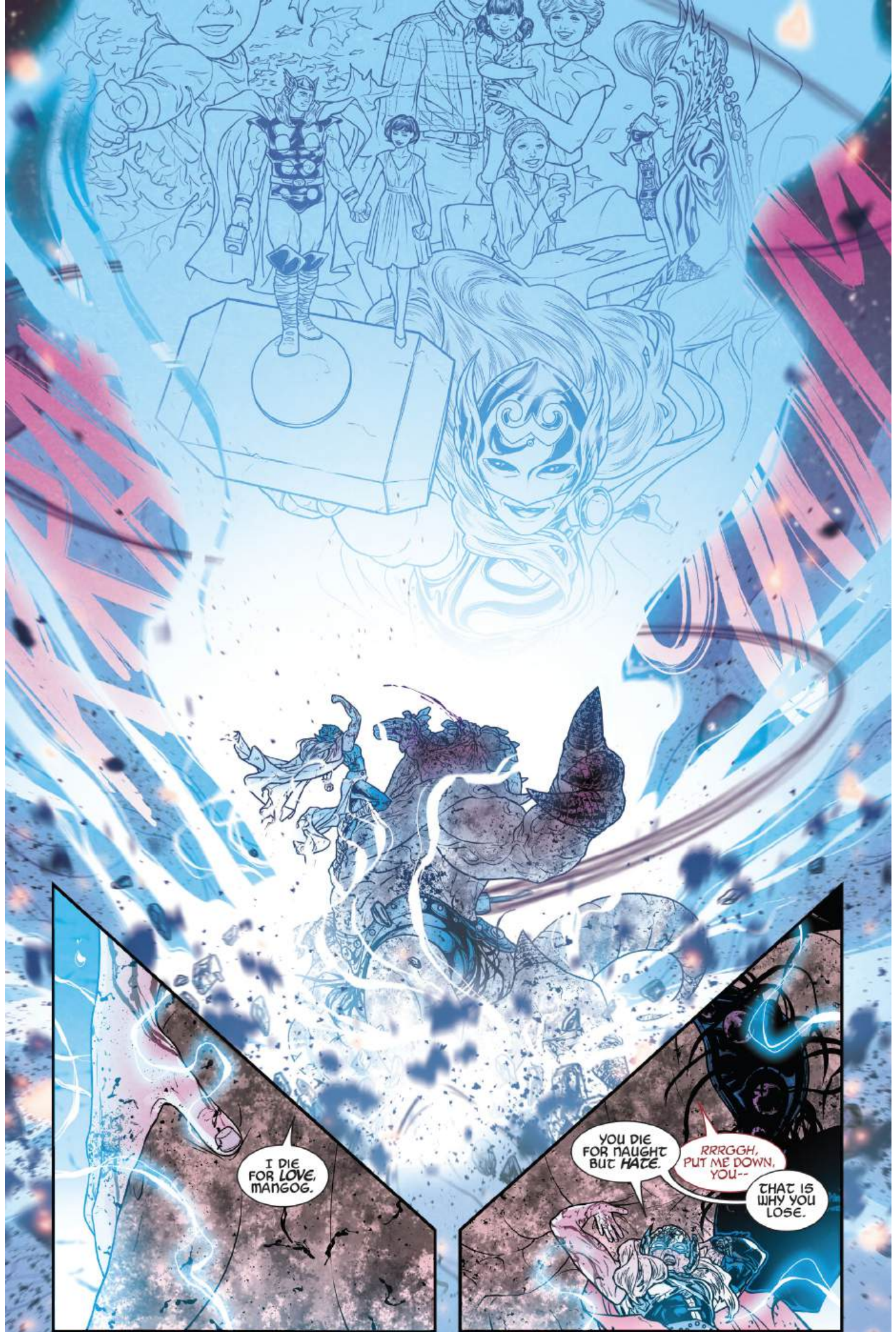
WHY BE A
FOOL AND THROW
YOUR OWN LIFE
AWAY?!

YOU COULD
SACRIFICE YOURSELF
A THOUSAND TIMES
AND THEY WOULD STILL
NEVER CHANGE! THEY
HAVEN'T CHANGED IN
A BILLION EONS!

WHY?! WHY
WOULD YOU DIE
FOR SUCH A LOST
CAUSE?!

WHY
WOULD YOU
DIE FOR THE
GODS?!

I...
I DIE
FOR...

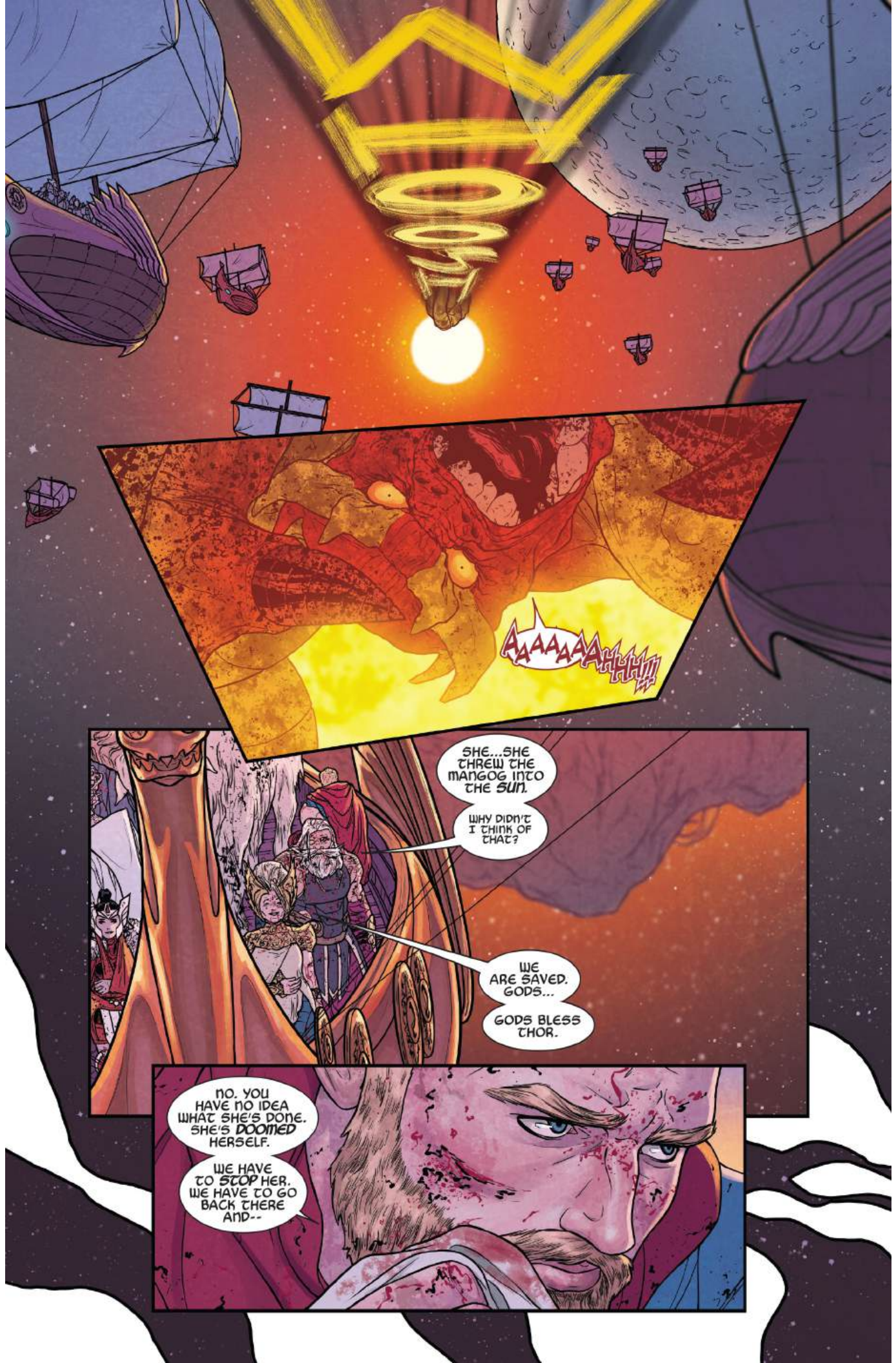


I DIE
FOR LOVE,
MANGOG.

YOU DIE
FOR NAUGHT
BUT HATE.

RRRGGH,
PUT ME DOWN,
YOU--

THAT IS
WHY YOU
LOSE.



AAAAAAHHH!!!



SHE...SHE THREW THE MANGOG INTO THE SUN.

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

WE ARE SAVED. GODS...

GODS BLESS THOR.



NO. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT SHE'S DONE. SHE'S DOOMED HERSELF.

WE HAVE TO STOP HER. WE HAVE TO GO BACK THERE AND--



RRROORRRRRRGH!!

BOOM



IMPOSSIBLE!
THE MANGOG
STILL LIVES!

TOOTHGRINDER!
OVER HERE!

SWIM FOR
THE OTHER
BOATS! WE CAN
STILL MAKE IT
TO THE MOON!

I'M NOT
GOING TO
THE MOON!



YOU SO
YEARN TO BE
A GOD?! VERY
WELL!

YOU CAN
DIE LIKE
ONE!



THAT...
WAS THE
PLAN.



BUT I
SHALL NOT
DIE ALONE!

HHRRK!!!



AYE! NOR
SLAY ALONE
EITHER!

HHRRRGGGGH!!!

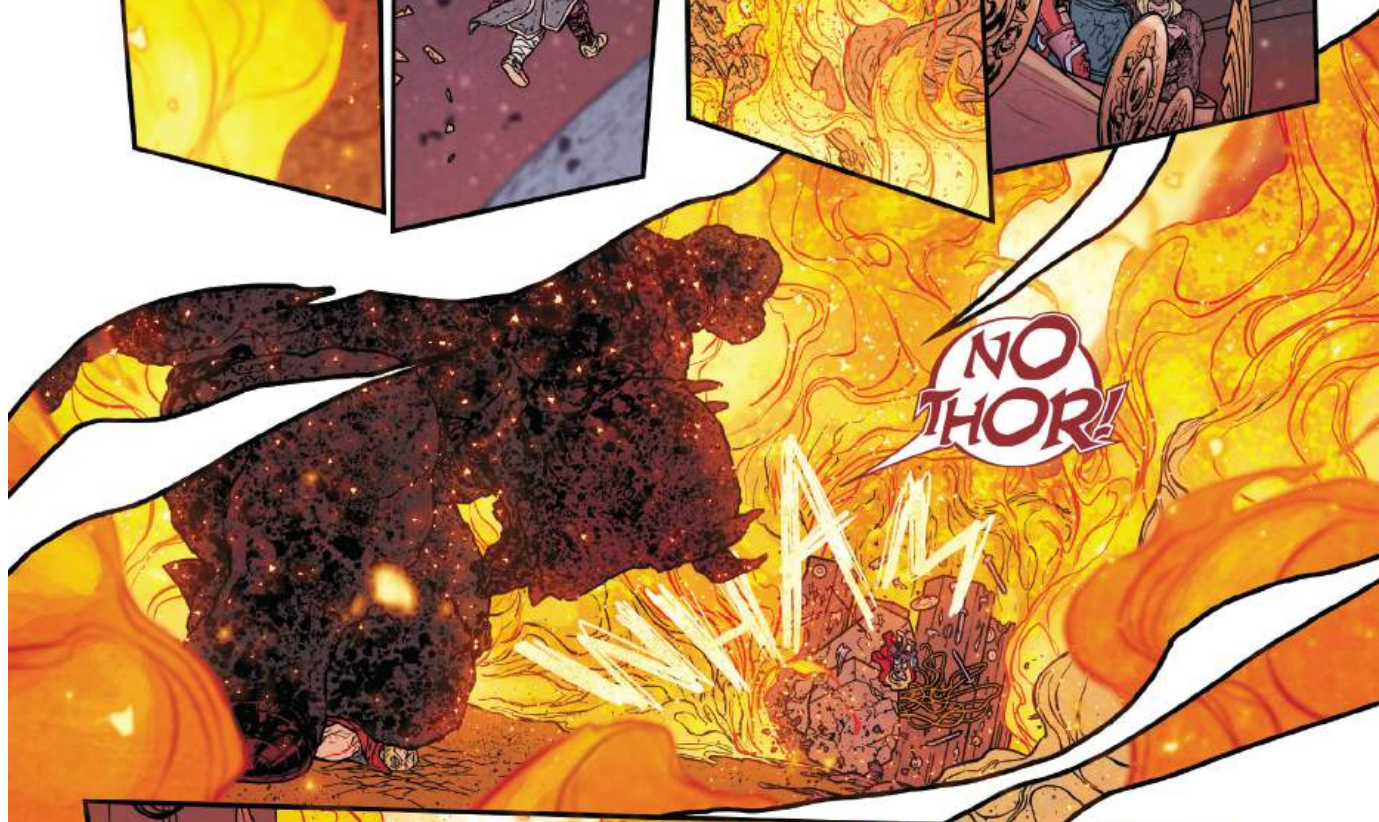


ODINSON,
GET OUT OF
HERE! WE'RE TOO
CLOSE TO THE
SUN! ASGARDIA
IS GOING UP IN
FLAMES!

THAT WON'T
STOP THE MANGOG.
AND NEITHER WILL IT
STOP THE GOD OF
THUNDER!



NOTHING
CAN STOP THE
MANGOG!





I BELIEVE YOU.



THESE CHAINS WERE FORGED BY THE DWARVES OF MIDAVELLIR TO BIND THE MONSTER-WOLF FENRIS UNTIL THE DAY OF RAGNAROK.

LET'S SEE HOW THEY FIT A MANGOG.

I AM NOT A DOG, WOMAN!



I AM THE ULTIMATE JUDGMENT! I AM THE JUST PUNISHMENT OF ALL THE GODS!

I AM THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE THIS UNIVERSE FROM DIVINE RUI--
HMMMM!

IN THE END...IT WAS NOT A GOD.

'T WAS A MORTAL.

NAMED JANE.

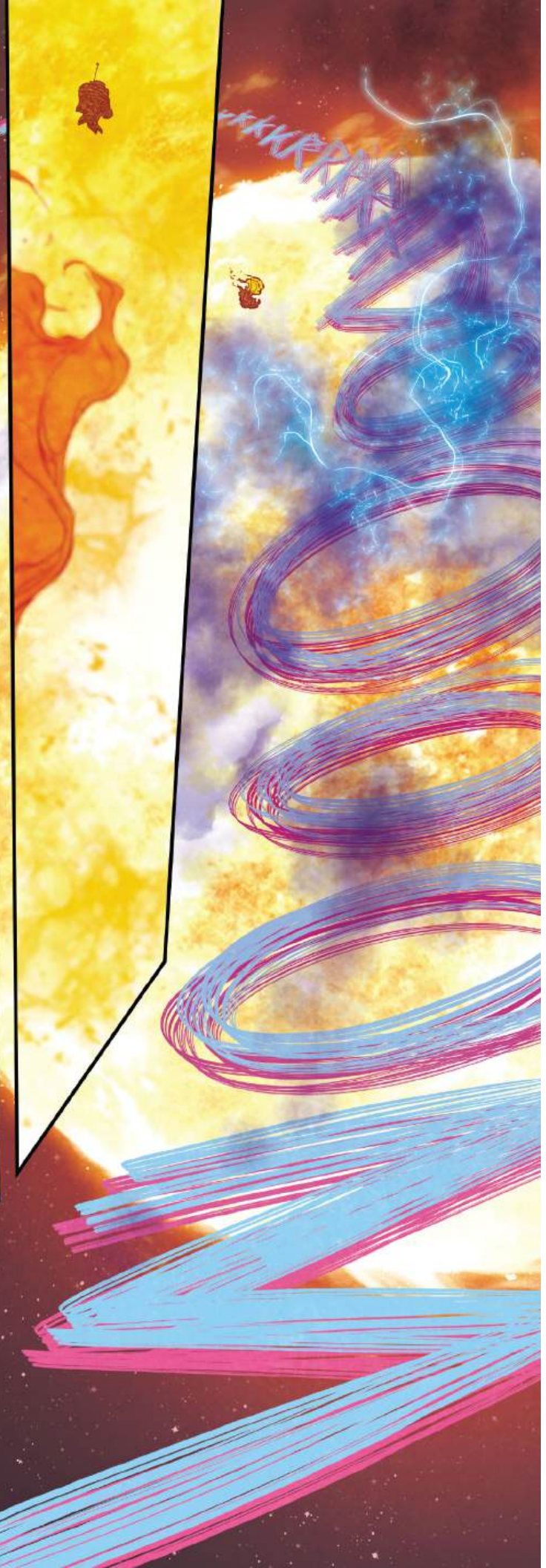
A WOMAN WHO GAVE UP EVERYTHING IN ORDER TO STOP YOU.

REMEMBER THAT.



FLY TRUE, MY FRIEND.

FLY LIKE THE MIGHTY STORM YOU ARE.





WHAT...

...DID YOU JUST DO?

YOU THREW IT... INTO THE SUN... YOU...



YOU KILLED MJOLNIR!!! YOU JUST...



YOU JUST KILLED... YOU...

I KNOW.

BUT... YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE BACK NOW... AND YOU CAN'T... YOU WON'T SURVIVE ANOTHER...

ODINSON, I KNOW. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'VE DONE.

WE... WE CAN STILL GET YOU TO THE HEALERS.

THERE ISN'T TIME FOR THAT. NOT THAT IT WOULD MATTER EVEN IF THERE WAS.



NO. IT CANNOT END LIKE THIS, JANE FOSTER. WE NEED MORE TIME.

LET'S NOT WASTE WHAT LITTLE WE HAVE.

BUT I... I KNOW NOT WHAT TO SAY.

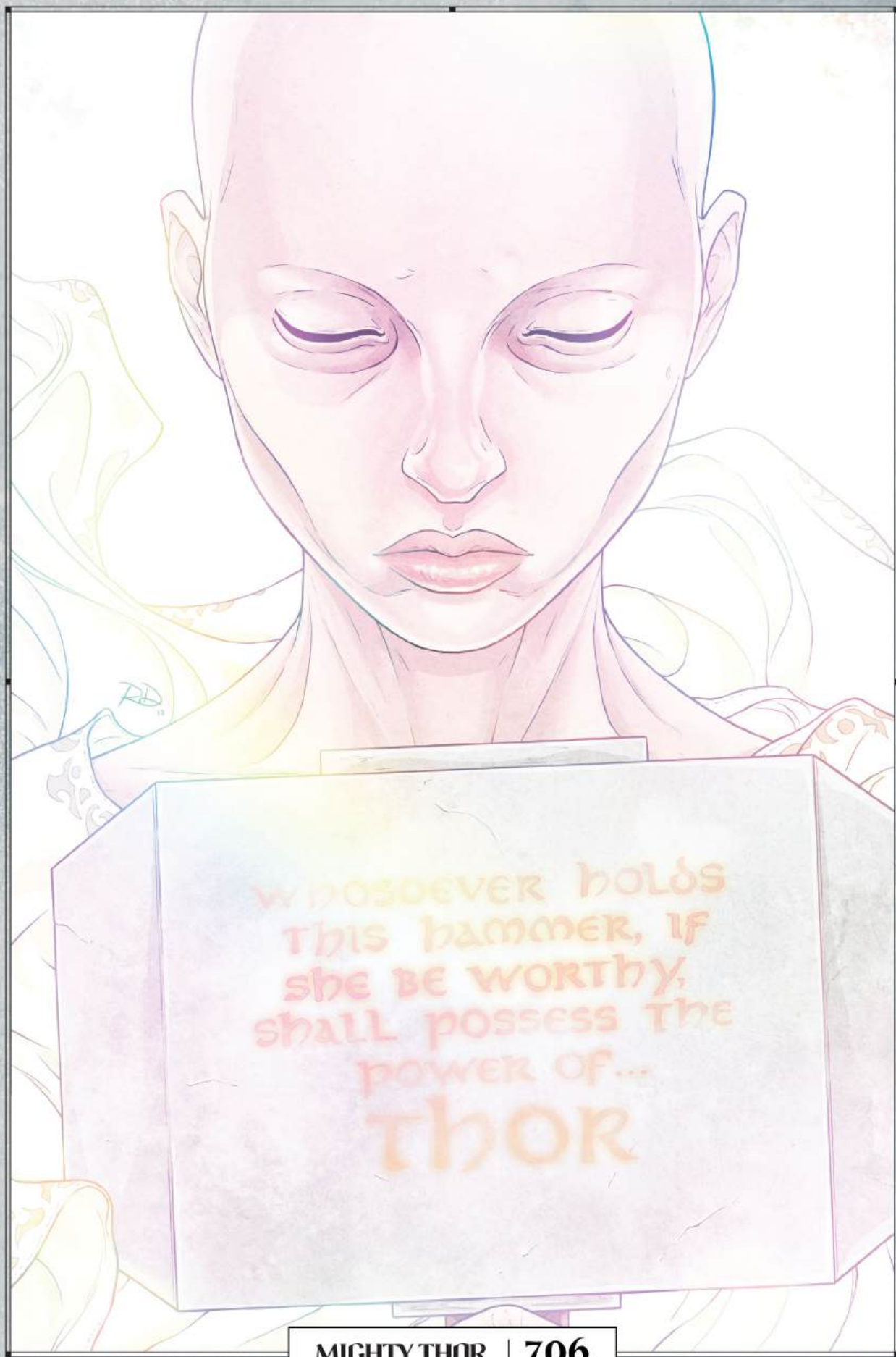


SAY GOODBYE.









MIGHTY THOR | 706

At the Gates of Valhalla



NO! THIS
CAN'T BE HOW
IT ENDS!
HEALERS!

WHERE
ARE THE
BOR-DAMNED
HEALERS?

JANE
FOSTER

JANE
FOSTER OF
MIDGARD WAS
THE NEW THOR.
I...HAD NO
IDEA.

A MORTAL
A DISCARDED
ONE AT
THAT--

--A SICKLY
MORTAL JUST
SAVED THE
GODS OF
ASGARD.

RGGMH!

HRRPH.

RRRRGGGGH!!!
HELP HER!
SOMEONE
SAVE HER!

HEIMDALL,
IS SHE
TRULY...

EVEN BLINDED,
I CAN SEE THE
TRUTH, SIF. I AM
AFRAID IT IS TOO
LATE, DEAR
SISTER.

SHE IS
GONE.

THE GODDESS
OF THUNDER
IS DEAD.



"MAY SHE FIND HER WAY WITHOUT HASTE TO THE HALL OF THE HONORED SLAIN."



"MAY THE WARRIORS OF LEGEND WELCOME HER AS ONE OF THEIR OWN."

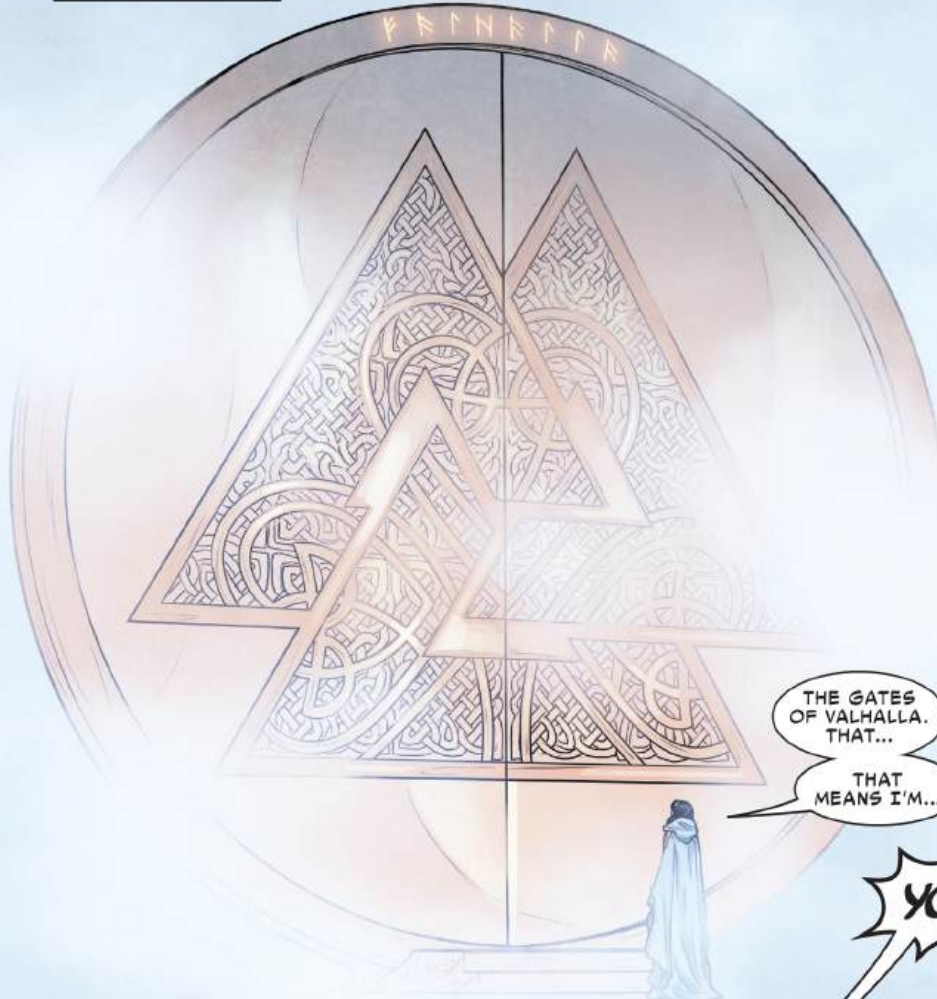
HELLO?

"MAY THE MEAD FLOW LIKE RIVERS THIS DAY AND ALL THE REST OF THE DAYS."

I...DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM. ASGARDIA WAS BURNING, AND... I WAS CHANGING, AND THEN... THEN I... OH.



"MAY JANE FOSTER FEAST FOREVER IN VALHALLA."



THE GATES OF VALHALLA. THAT...

THAT MEANS I'M...

YOU!









IT'S NO
USE.

THERE IS
STILL NO PULSE.
NO SIGN OF
BREATHING.

EVEN OUR
HEALING SPELLS
CANNOT REVIVE
HER.

JANE FOSTER'S
MORTAL BODY WAS
ALREADY SO FRAIL AND
SICKLY. NOW I FEAR
SHE IS SIMPLY...
SPENT.

I HAVE
NEVER SEEN A
STELLAR SQUALL
QUITE LIKE THIS ONE.
IT THREATENS TO
BLOW THIS ENTIRE
MOON APART.

EVEN WHEN
I HAD EYES, DEAR
SISTER, I NEVER
BEHELD SUCH A STORM.
BUT I HAVE HEARD
TELL OF ONE.

THE
GOD TEMPEST.
THE MOTHER
STORM.

WHICH
MEANS THE
LEGEND MUST
BE TRUE.

THE ANCIENT
SUPER-STORM
TRULY WAS THE
HEART OF
MJOLNIR.

WITH THE
HAMMER NOW
DESTROYED IN THE
SUN, THE TEMPEST
HAS BEEN
UNLEASHED.

AND
IT WOULD
APPEAR TO
BE ANGRY.

'TIS NOT
THE ONLY
ONE.

GGRRRGHH!

I SAY
THEE NAY!!!



DOWN HERE,
YOU BASTARD
CYCLONE!

SHOW ME
WHY THEY CALL
YOU THE GOD
TEMPEST!!!

SON! CALM
THYSELF!

I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING,
BUT YOU CANNOT
CHANNEL SUCH A
STORM! IT'S TOO
STRONG! IT
WOULD--

no!

GET AWAY
FROM HER, YOU
USELESS HEALERS!
SHE CAN'T BE
DEAD!

SHE WAS
THE MIGHTY
THOR!

SHE HAS
THUNDER IN
HER VEINS!

COME, JANE
FOSTER. NEVER
HAVE YOU TASTED
SUCH MEAD AS WHAT
AWAITS YOU
IN VALHALLA.

BELIEVE ME,
IT IS WORTH
WHATEVER AGONIES
YOU SUFFERED
WHILE DYING.



AND YOU CAN
DRINK YOUR FILL
FOR ALL ETERNITY.
THE GREATEST
WARRIORS FROM
THROUGHOUT HISTORY
ARE ALL INSIDE,
WAITING TO
TOAST YOU.

THE
VALKYRIES
WILL SHOW
YOU THE
WAY.

LADY
JANE?



'TIS NOT
EASY TO LET
GO. I UNDERSTAND.
I'VE DIED A FEW
TIMES MYSELF.

BUT YOU
GAVE YOUR ALL,
MY LADY. YOU OWE
NOTHING MORE
TO THE LIVING.

TAKE YOUR
PLACE AMONG THE
DEAD. CLAIM YOUR
WELL-EARNED
REWARD.

I KNOW...I
SHOULD WANT
TO. TO BE DONE
WITH THE PAIN.
BUT...

BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING...
HOLDING ME
BACK. ALMOST
LIKE...



GARRGGHH!!!

JANE?!





ODINSON,
DON'T DO THIS!
LET HER DEPART IN
PEACE! PLEASE,
YOU CANNOT--

GET
BACK!



GAAAR
RGHH!!

WHAT IS
THIS? HOW ARE
YOU UNDER ATTACK
IN THE LAND OF
THE DEAD?

WHO IS
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS
BLASPHEMY?!

YES...
I SEE THE
TRUTH NOW.
EVEN FROM
ACROSS THE
VOID.

IT'S THE
GOD TEMPEST
THAT CLINGS TO
YOU, MY LADY. THE
GREAT STORM HAS
BEEN FREED
FROM ITS URU
PRISON.

BUT
SOMETHING
TELLS ME...



"...THE STORM
DOES NOT ACT
ALONE."

CHECK
HER AGAIN!
DO IT!

STILL
NO PULSE,
MY LORD.

SON...

THEN GET
BACK!

STILL
NOTHING. MY
LORD, SHE'S
SIMPLY...

BACK!

NOTHING.
STILL NOTHING.

THEN...
BACK. GET
BACK.

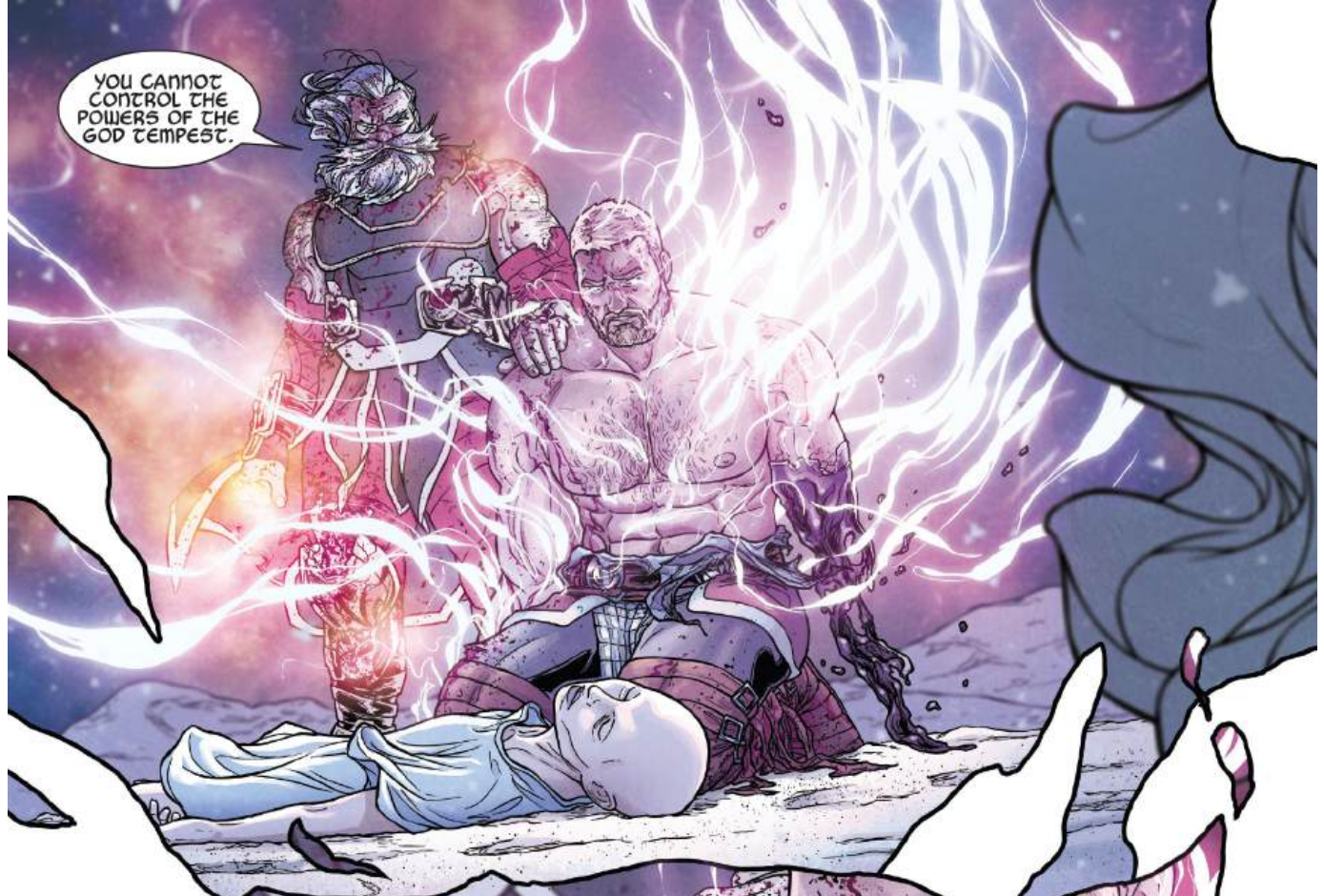
MY LORD,
YOUR ARM IS
MELTING. EVEN
YOU CANNOT
CONTROL POWER
SUCH AS--

I SAID...
GET BACK.
OR I'LL...

my
son.

THEY
SPEAK THE
TRUTH.

YOU CANNOT
CONTROL THE
POWERS OF THE
GOD TEMPEST.



NO ONE
GOD EVER
COULD.

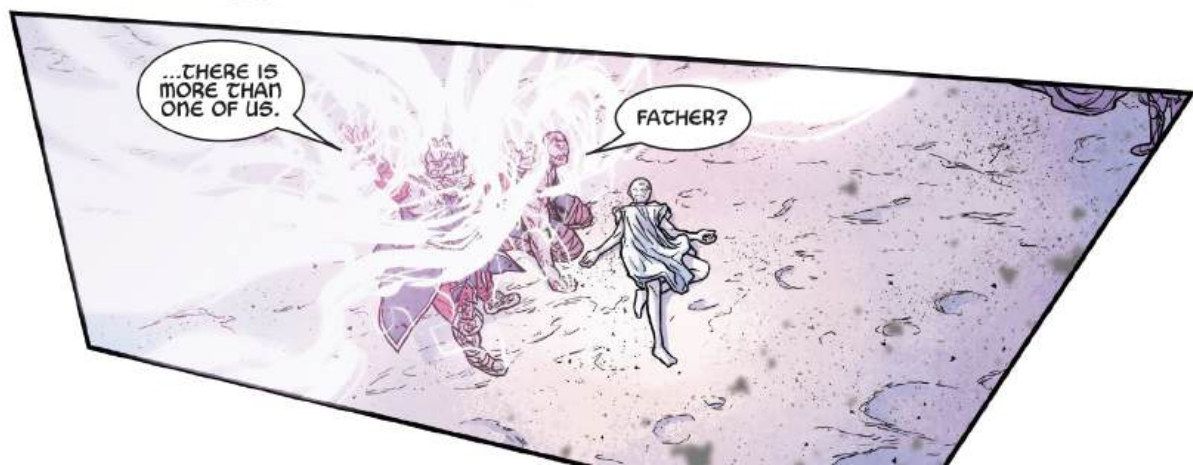


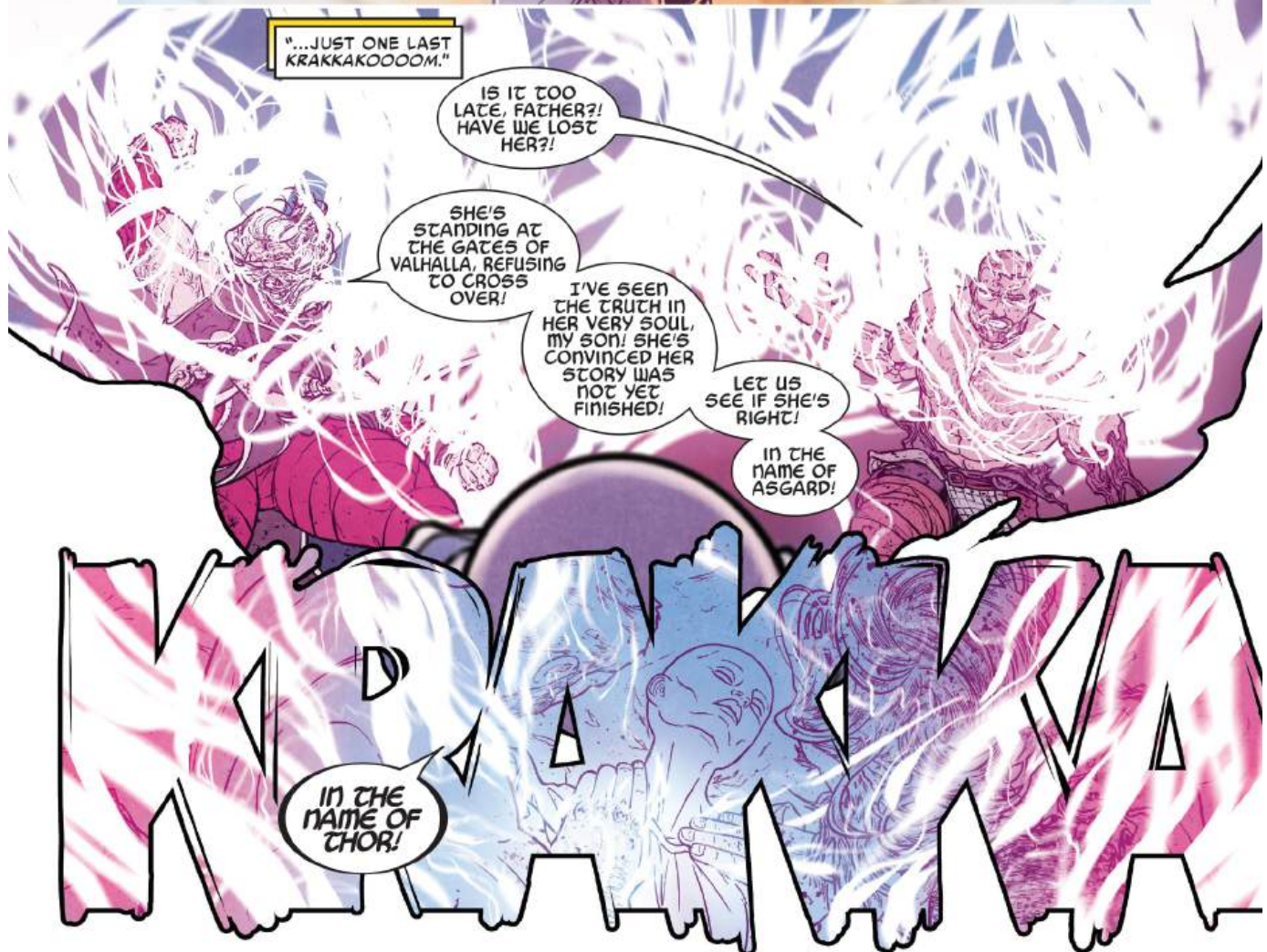
BUT
LUCKILY FOR
LADY JANE...



...THERE IS
MORE THAN
ONE OF US.

FATHER?









HHHHH--

AND SO THE MIGHTY WINDS DIED. AND THE GREAT LIGHTNING FADED.

AND SUDDENLY THE FIERCEST STORM THAT HAD EVER RAGED WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A SOOTHING BREEZE.



THEY CALLED IT THE GOD TEMPEST. THE MOTHER OF STORMS.

ITS GALES HAD SHAPED CREATION ITSELF. ITS THUNDER HAD RATTLED THE HEAVENS.



ALL AGREED...THEY WOULD NEVER SEE ITS LIKE AGAIN.

 **DAYS LATER.**
OLD ASGARD.



WELL...
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

I THINK IT'S
A BROKEN, RUINED
OLD MESS THAT HAS
CLEARLY SEEN BETTER
DAYS. IN OTHER
WORDS...

IT'S
A PRETTY
PERFECT HOME
FOR ALL OF US
THESE DAYS.

OH, MAY.
NOT FOR
YOU.

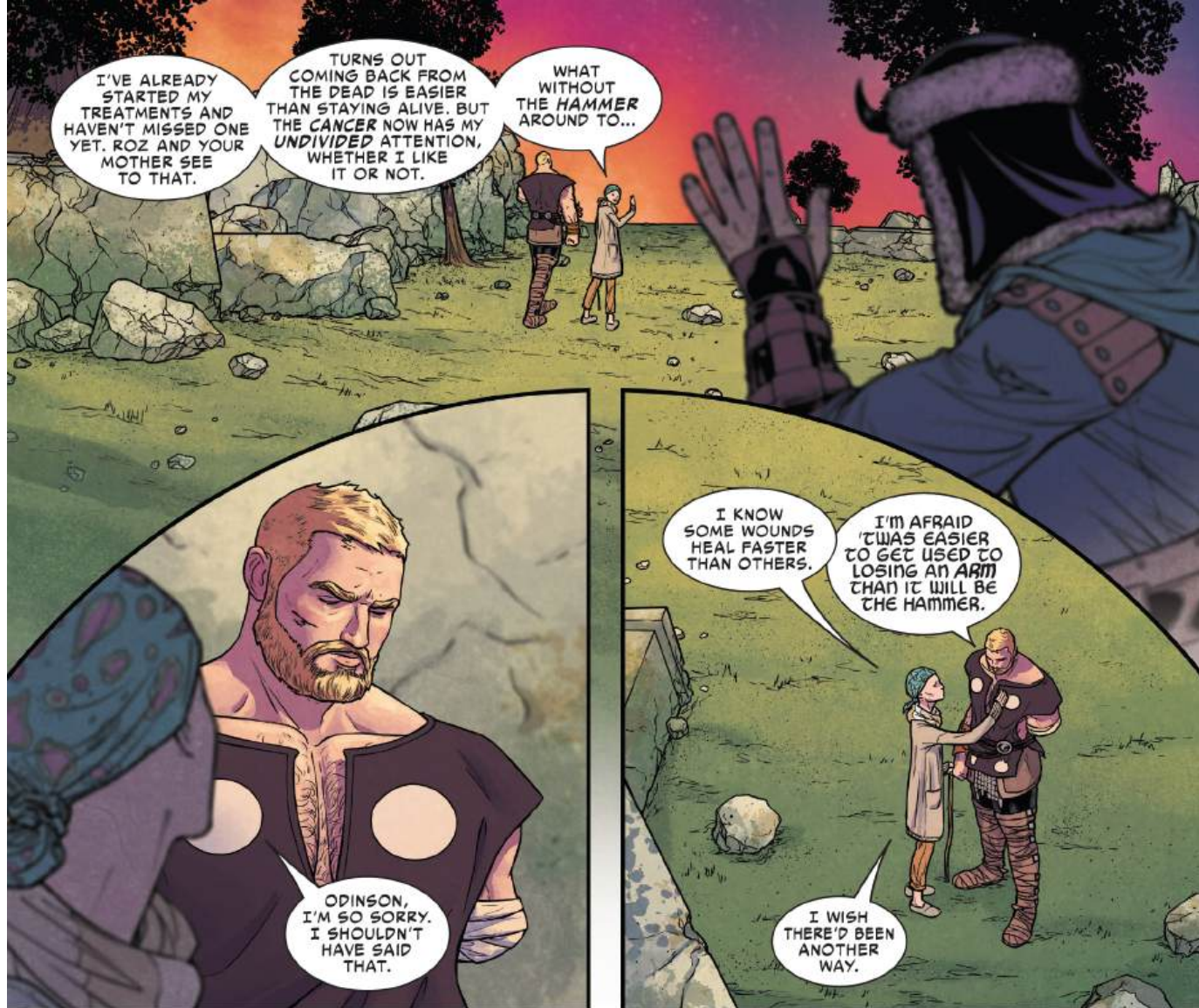
THIS IS THE
LAND WHERE I
WAS BORN. HERE,
IN TIME, THE
GODS WILL
REBUILD.

BUT **YOU** ARE
GOING BACK TO
MIDGARD ON THE
NEXT AVAILABLE BOAT.
JANE FOSTER. BACK
TO THE **HOSPITAL**
WHERE YOU
BELONG.

RELAX, IT'S
JUST A VISIT.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT,
I'M FINALLY BEING
A GOOD
PATIENT.

STRAIGHT
OUTTA
CHEMO







AS YOU SAID, NONE OF US ARE WHAT WE ONCE WERE, MY LADY.

WITH MJOLNIR NO MORE, I WILL EVER BE THE *UNWORTHY* PRINCE OF ASGARD. I WILL MAKE MY PEACE WITH THAT.

THE AGE OF THOR HAS ENDED.



THE AGE OF THOR WILL OUTLAST THE STARS.

WHEN THE BIFROST WAS DESTROYED, WE WERE CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE REALMS. BUT MALEKITH WASN'T.

THOSE REALMS ARE STILL AT WAR. AND THEIR MIGHTIEST PROTECTOR CANNOT ABANDON THEM.



HERE, TAKE THIS.

UUGH. ZOUNDS.

SO SMALL, BUT SO IMPOSSIBLY HEAVY. WHAT...



YES.

... IS THIS...



IT'S A PIECE OF MJOLNIR. FALLEN FROM THE SUN. I FOUND IT ON THE MOON, AFTER YOU BROUGHT ME BACK. AS FAR AS I KNOW, IT'S ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE HAMMER.

SUCH A SMALL PIECE. AND I CAN... *BARELY* HOLD IT.

THAT TELLS ME I COULD *NEVER* LIFT THE ENTIRE HAMMER. THAT I'M STILL NOT...

THE HAMMER MADE ME THE THUNDERER. BUT NOT YOU. YOU DID THAT YOURSELF.

ODINSON. LOOK AT ME...





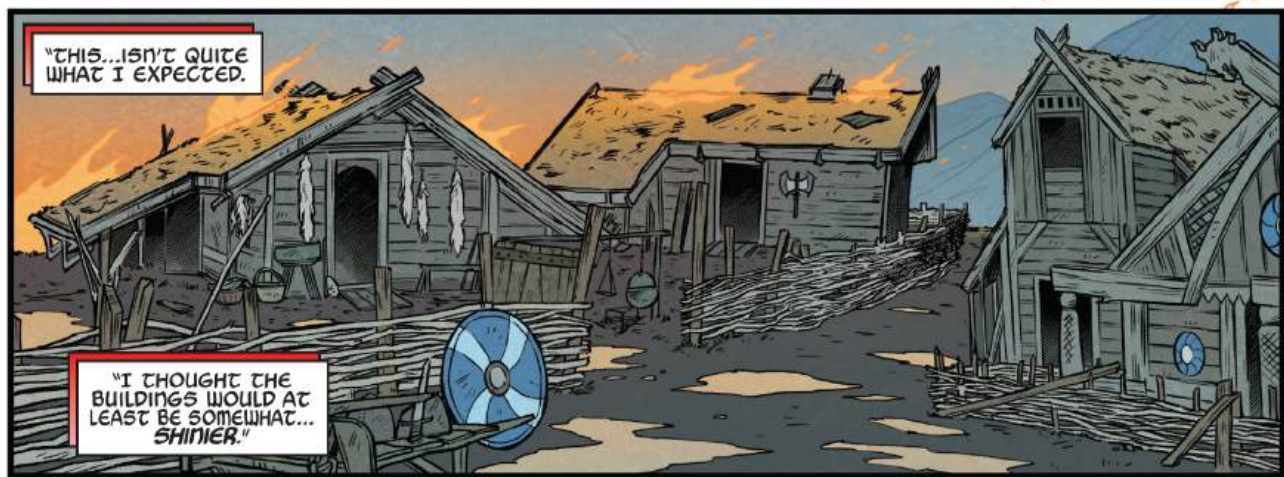


THE END.



MIGHTY THOR: AT THE GATES OF VALHALLA | 1

The Tomorrow Girls & The Lord of the Realms



I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ABOUT TO MURDER TROLLS! THIS IS A DREAM COME TRUE!

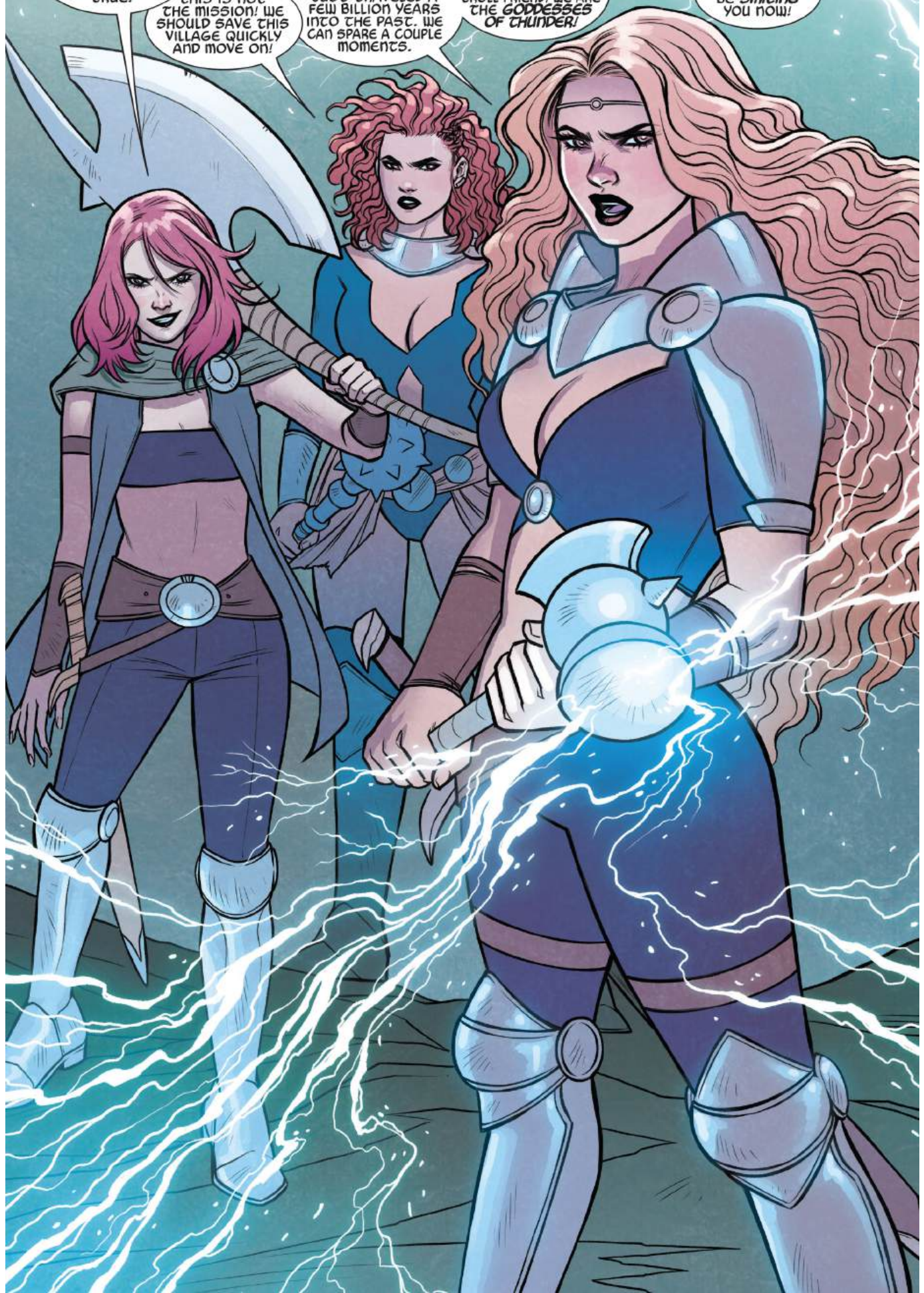
THIS IS NOT THE MISSION! WE SHOULD SAVE THIS VILLAGE QUICKLY AND MOVE ON!

RELAX, SISTER. WE'VE JUST TRAVELED A FEW BILLION YEARS INTO THE PAST. WE CAN SPARE A COUPLE MOMENTS.

AND TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, MY NEW TROLL FRIEND, WE ARE THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER!

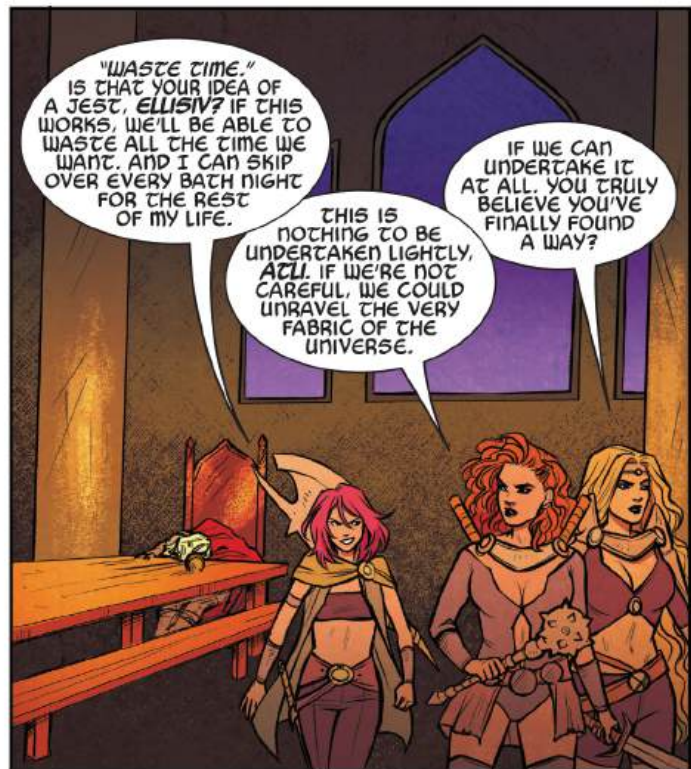
AND WE ARE GOING TO BE SMILING YOU NOW!

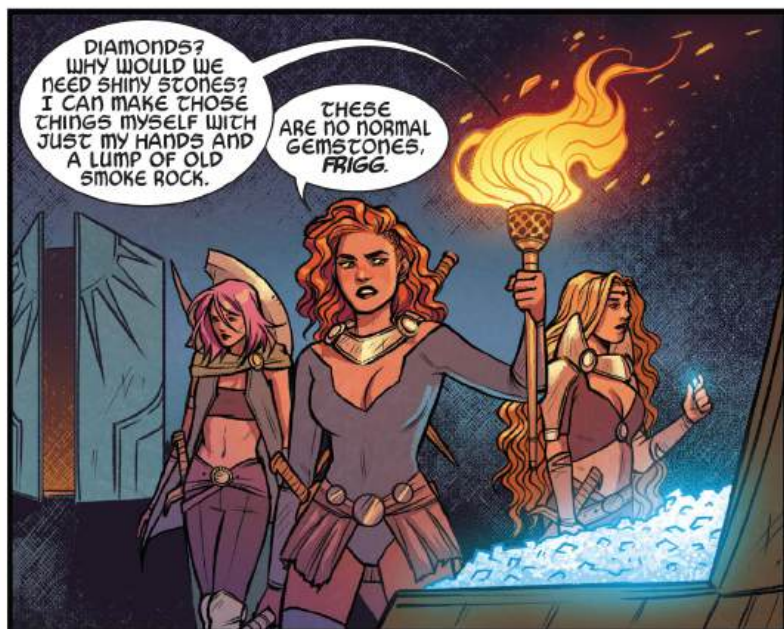
HUZZAH FOR SMILING!



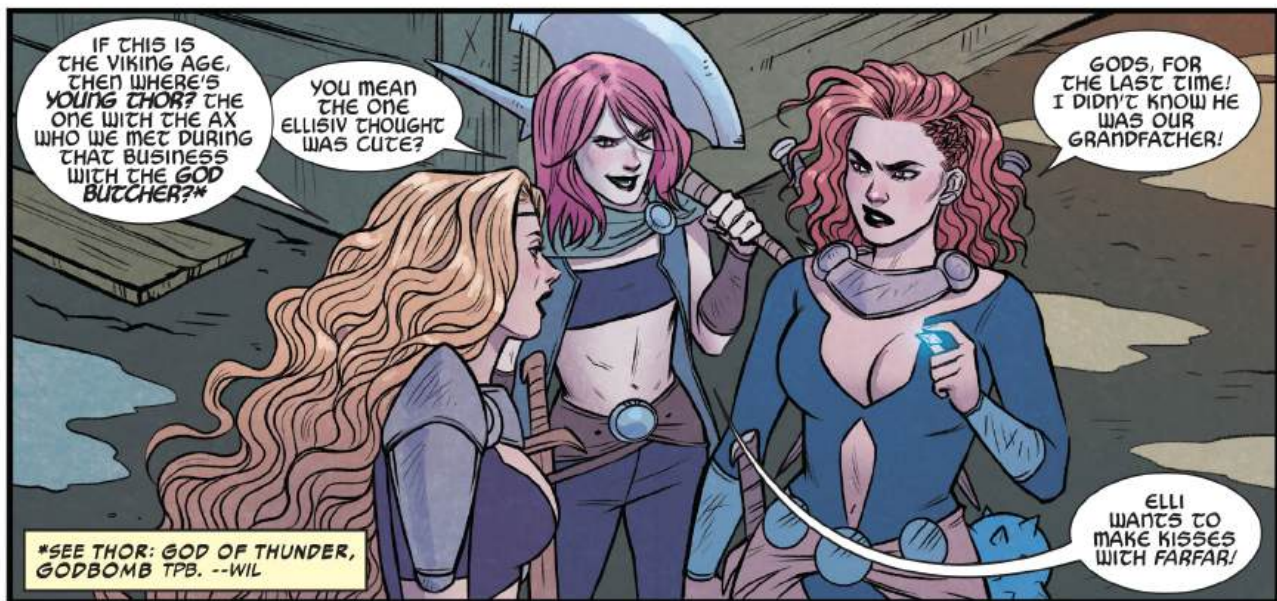
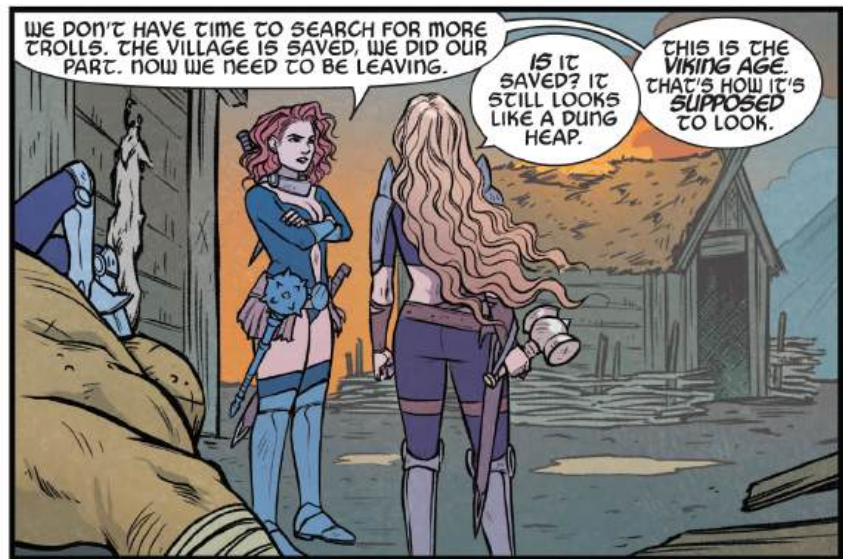
ASGARD.
UNTOLD EONS
FROM NOW.

ARE YOU
SURE WE DIDN'T
PUT TOO MUCH
IN HIS MEAD?









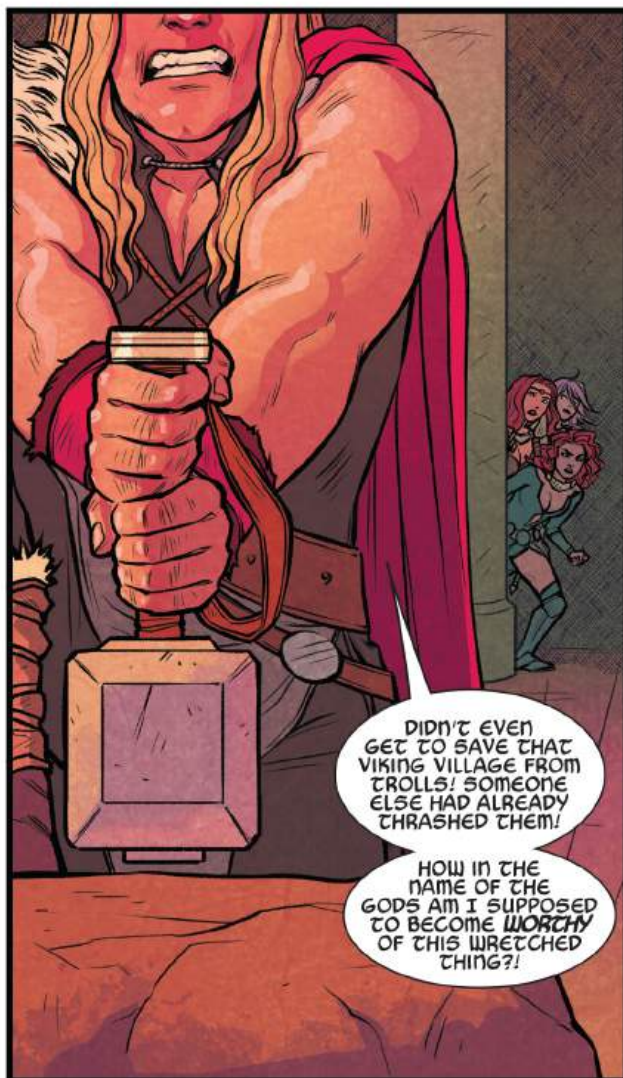


RRRRGGGH!



STUPID!
BLASTED!
HAMMER!

STILL CAN...
BARELY LIFT IT!
GARRRRGGH!!!



DIDN'T EVEN
GET TO SAVE THAT
VIKING VILLAGE FROM
TROLLS! SOMEONE
ELSE HAD ALREADY
THRASHED THEM!

HOW IN THE
NAME OF THE
GODS AM I SUPPOSED
TO BECOME *WORTHY*
OF THIS WRETCHED
THING?!

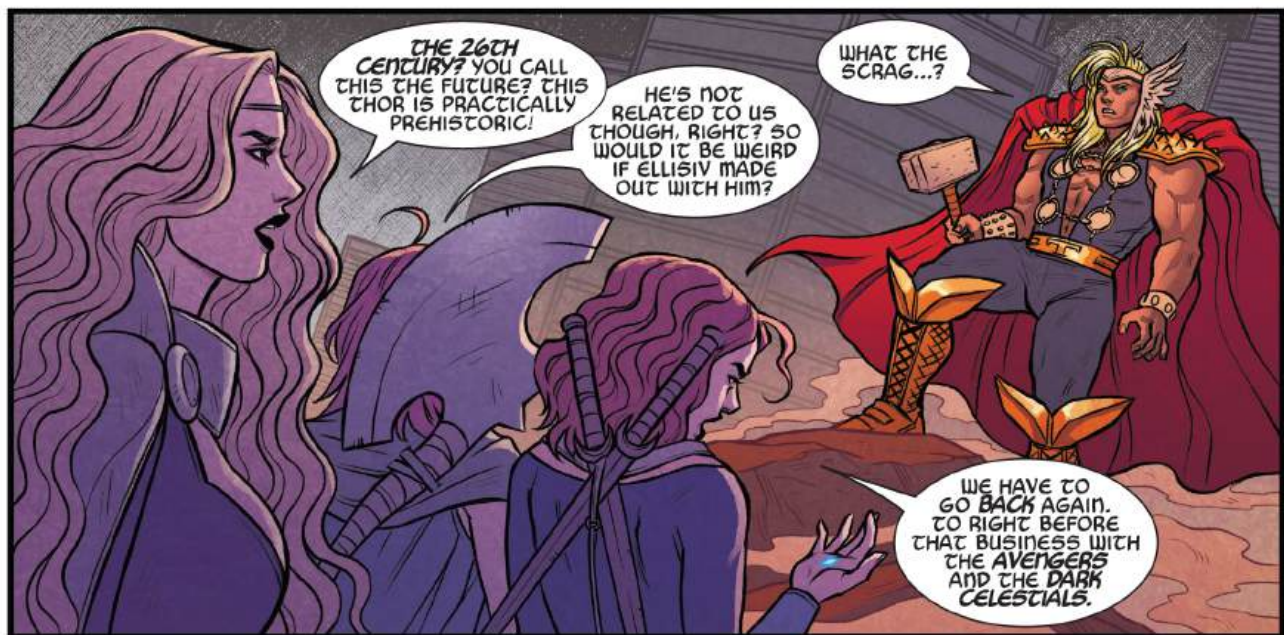


GAAGGGGH!!!
DEATH TO ALL
HAMMERS!!!

SHOULD WE
JUST TELL HIM
HOW HE ENDS UP
BECOMING WORTHY?
IT CERTAINLY WASN'T
FROM BATTLING
TROLLS.

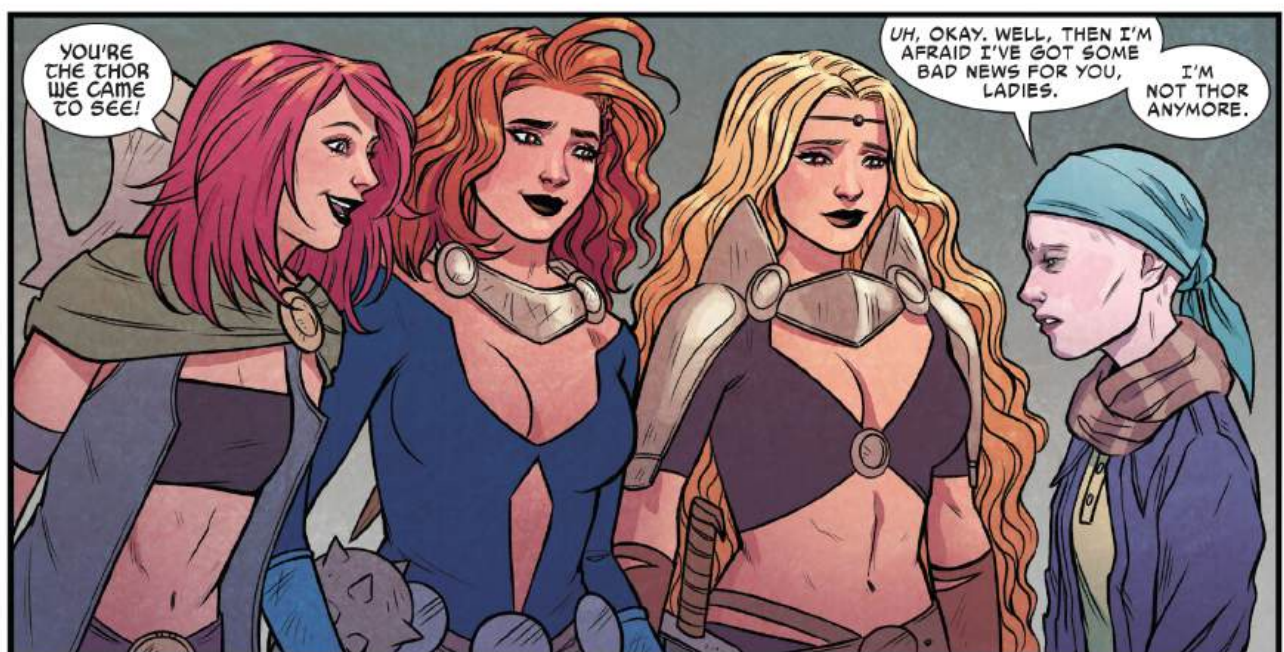
NO, HE'LL
HAVE TO FIGURE
THAT OUT FOR
HIMSELF.

ALL RIGHT,
DIAMOND, LET'S
GET IT RIGHT THIS
TIME. TAKE US TO
SEE...THE FUTURE
THOR!

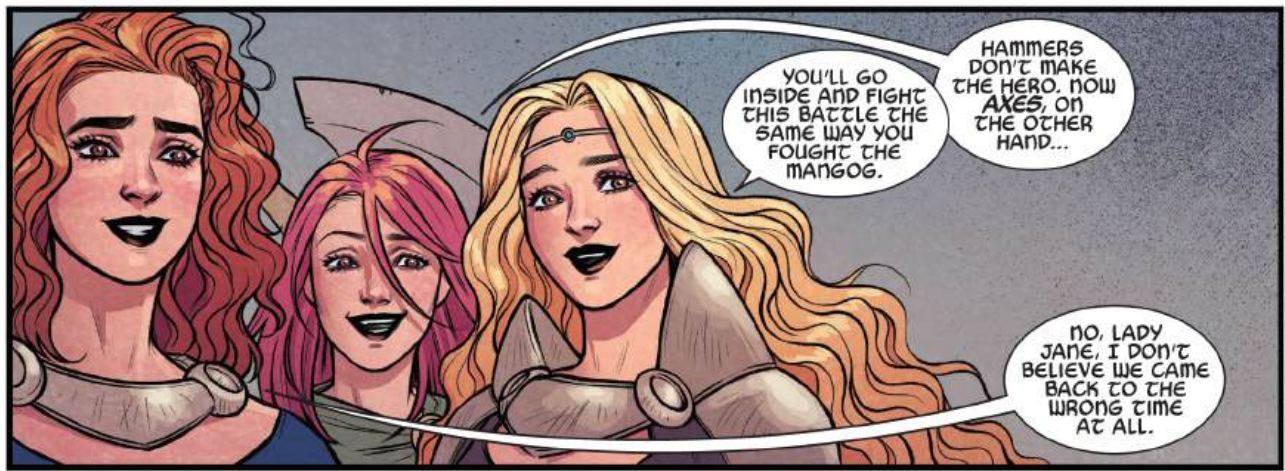












YOU'LL GO INSIDE AND FIGHT THIS BATTLE THE SAME WAY YOU FOUGHT THE MANGOG.

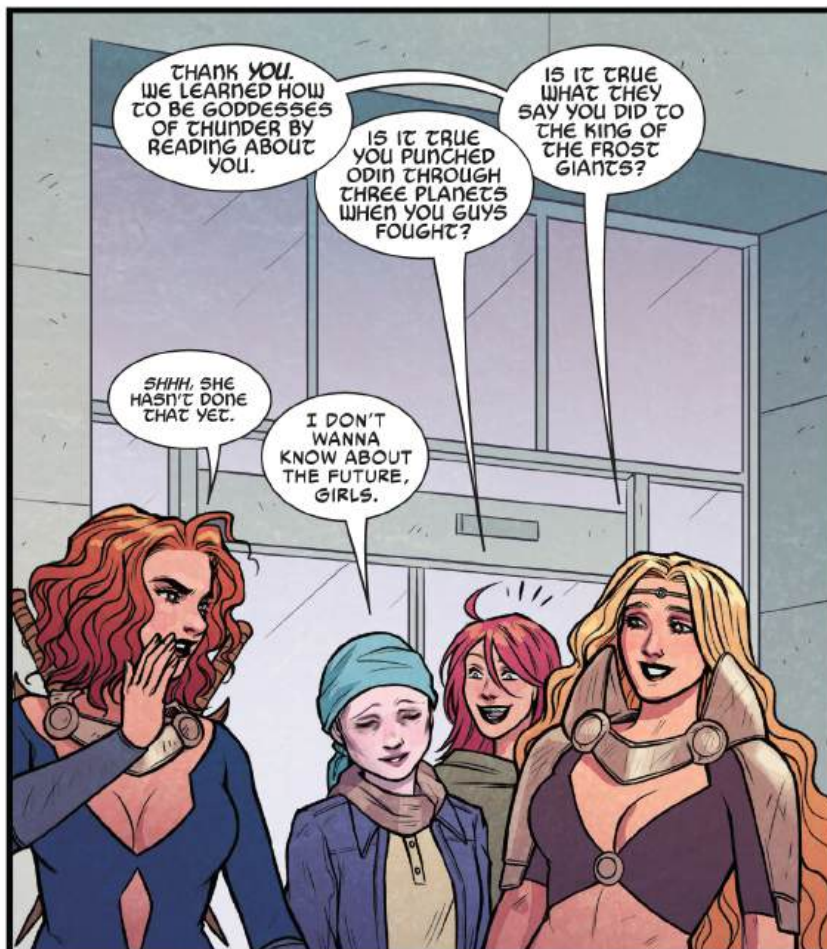
HAMMERS DON'T MAKE THE HERO. NOW AXES, ON THE OTHER HAND...

NO, LADY JANE, I DON'T BELIEVE WE CAME BACK TO THE WRONG TIME AT ALL.



I THINK YOU'RE *EXACTLY* THE WOMAN WE WANTED TO MEET.

THANK YOU, LADIES.



THANK YOU. WE LEARNED HOW TO BE GODDESSES OF THUNDER BY READING ABOUT YOU.

IS IT TRUE YOU PUNCHED ODIN THROUGH THREE PLANETS WHEN YOU GUYS FOUGHT?

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY YOU DID TO THE KING OF THE FROST GIANTS?

SHHH, SHE HASN'T DONE THAT YET.

I DON'T WANNA KNOW ABOUT THE FUTURE, GIRLS.



I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL WITH TODAY.

BUT BEFORE I TAKE THIS NEXT STEP, HOW ABOUT YOU THUNDER GODDESSES DO ME JUST ONE LITTLE FAVOR?

"YOU NAME IT,
AND IT WOULD
BE OUR HONOR."

"MIGHTY THOR."





SHE STILL HAD THE THUNDER IN HER VEINS. COULD YOU HEAR IT?



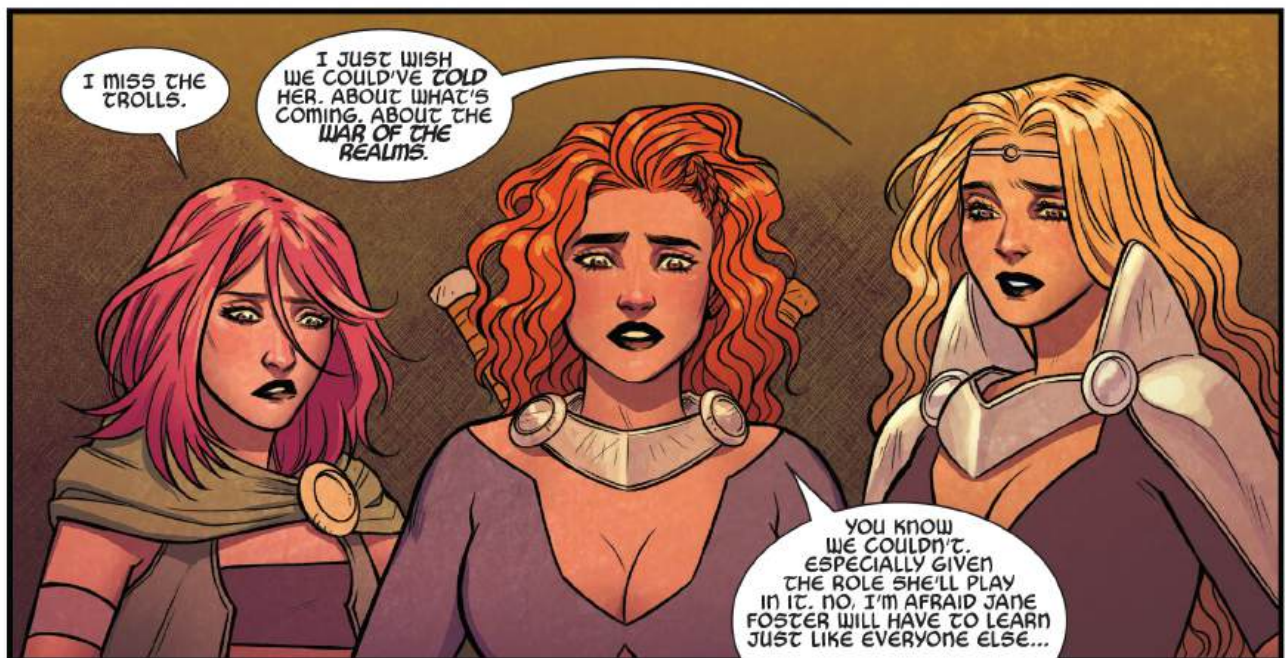
I CAN STILL HEAR IT.

I THINK THAT'S GRANDFATHER SNORING.



SHE WAS EVERYTHING I EXPECTED AND MORE.

SIGH I MISS HER ALREADY.



I MISS THE TROLLS.

I JUST WISH WE COULD'VE TOLD HER. ABOUT WHAT'S COMING. ABOUT THE WAR OF THE REALMS.

YOU KNOW WE COULDN'T. ESPECIALLY GIVEN THE ROLE SHE'LL PLAY IN IT. NO, I'M AFRAID JANE FOSTER WILL HAVE TO LEARN JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE...

"...ONCE THE WAR COMES TO THEIR DOORSTEP."

SVARTALFHEIM. THE DARK FAERIE REALM.

LAND OF MALEKITH THE ACCURSED,
KING OF THE DARK ELVES,
ARCHITECT OF THE WAR TO END ALL WARS.

AH, IT DOES
A KING GOOD TO
WALK THE STREETS
OF HIS REALM AND SEE
THE ADORING FACES
OF HIS SUBJECTS.
DOES IT NOT,
NURSE?

THAT IS
NOT ADORATION.
MY KING.

THAT
IS CALLED
FEAR.

AND
HUNGER.

AYE, THEY
HUNGER. JUST
AS I DO.

FOR WAR!
FOR THE STILL-
WARM BLOOD OF
THEIR ENEMIES,
SPRAYING ALL
OVER THEM!

FOR NINE
REALMS LAID
TO GORY RUIN
OR ON BENDED
KNEE!

WITH THE
TENTH AND MOST
GLORIOUS, BELOVED
SVARTALFHEIM, STANDING
OVER THEM ALL,
SURVEYING THE FIERY
DESTRUCTION...

...WITH
A SMILE.

THAT IS THE
WAY OF THE DARK
ELVES, IS IT NOT,
MY CHILD?

YES, MY
LORD.

THEN WHY
ARE YOU NOT
SMILING LITTLE
ONE?

WHY
AM I NOT
WHAF?

APOLOGIES
MY LORD, BUT...
SHE'S BEEN RAISED
HER WHOLE LIFE HERE IN
BOG TOWN. SHE... SHE
DOESN'T KNOW HOW
TO SMILE, SIRE.

SHE'S
NEVER SEEN
IT DONE
BEFORE.

HA HA HAA! THEN
JUST WATCH
ME, GIRL!

AFTER ALL,
THIS IS A TIME
FOR CELEBRATION!
WAR RAGES FROM
REALM TO REALM!
AND NOW YOUR KING
HAS COME AMONG
YOU, TO BESTOW
A SPECIAL
HONOR.

TELL
ME, CITIZENS
OF BOG TOWN,
WHERE MIGHT
I FIND THE
FANGROOT
FAMILY?



MOTHER OF MAGGOTS SAVE US.
H-H-HERE, MY LORD.

AH YES, OF COURSE. WHAT A FINE-LOOKING LOT YOU ARE.

GREETINGS, FANGROTS! I BRING HAPPY NEWS OF YOUR ELDEST SON!



MY FIRSTBORN? HE'S ALIVE?



OH NO, HE'S QUITE DEAD. HE WAS KILLED RATHER GRUESOMELY JUST YESTERDAY IN MIDAVELLIR.

I SEE. A THOUSAND CURSES UPON THOSE WRETCHED DWARVES.

ACTUALLY, IT WASN'T DWARVES WHO KILLED HIM.



HE WAS INDEED FIGHTING DWARVES, MOST FEROCIOUSLY FROM ALL ACCOUNTS. IN FACT, HE RUTHLESSLY BUTCHERED SO MANY THAT YOUR SON BECAME MURDER-CRAZED, BLOOD-DRUNK!

TO THE POINT WHERE EVEN AFTER EVERY DWARF IN THE VICINITY HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY EVISCERATED, YOUR BLESSED BOY WAS STILL SO CONSUMED WITH WARRIOR MADNESS THAT HE TURNED UPON HIS FELLOW DARK ELF TROOPS.



HE HAD TO BE PUT DOWN LIKE A RABID DOG, BY HIS OWN BROTHERS!

HA! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? WHY, IF I HAD A THOUSAND SUCH KILLING MACHINES, THIS WAR WOULD BE WON ALREADY!



DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU BEAM WITH PRIDE, MOTHER FANGROT?

YES, MY LORD, I DEFINITELY FIND MYSELF OVERCOME...

...WITH PRIDE.

THEN TELL ME, MY DEAR LADY, WHAT BOON CAN YOUR KING GRANT YOU, IN THE NAME OF YOUR GLORIOUSLY BLOODTHIRSTY SON?





AND THIS...
THIS IS THE
MAGNIFICENT CREATION
THAT MAKES IT ALL
POSSIBLE.

MY PORTAL
TO THE REALMS.
MY **BLACK
BIFROST**.

AS POWERFUL
A TESTAMENT TO
DARK ELF INGENUITY
AS ONE WILL
EVER SEE.

AND TO **LOKI**, THE GOD
OF LIES, AS
WELL.



AFTER ALL,
WAS **HE** WHO
GAVE YOU THE
SECRETS OF THE
ASGARDIAN
**RAINBOW
BRIDGE**.

AND 'T WAS
MALEKITH WHO
RESCUED YOU
FROM THE
SPIDERS OF
HEL.

YOU'D DO WELL
TO REMEMBER
THAT, MY LADY,
BEFORE NEXT YOU
CHOOSE TO
SPEAK.



YES, MY
KING.

STAY HERE
AND GUARD THE
BIFROST FOR ME.
AS USUAL, YOUR KING
WILL ENJOY THE REST
OF HIS MORNING
STROLL...IN PEACE!

"THE PEACE
THAT COMES FROM
UNENDING WAR!"

NIDAVELLIR. REALM OF THE DWARVES.

DROWN
THEM IN THEIR
CAVES WITH THEIR
OWN BLOOD! DEATH
TO THE
DWARVES!

FOR
SVARTALFHEIM!

FOR
SVARTALFHEIM!

JOTUNHEIM. REALM OF THE GIANTS.

HUSH,
LITTLE MOUNTAIN
GIANT. UNCLE
MALEKITH HAS
COME.

AND
I PROMISE
YOU'LL NEVER
BE COLD
AGAIN...

MUSPELHEIM.
REALM OF FIRE.

BAH! NO ELF
CAN DRINK GOBLIN
GROG AND LIVE. EVEN
A SIP WILL BURN
THROUGH YOUR
GUTS LIKE ACID.

NEVER
DOUBT THE
FORTITUDE OF
MY INTESTINES,
SONS OF
MUSPEL.

HERE'S
TO WAR.

NIFFLEHEIM.
REALM OF THE DEAD.

BLARRRGH!

HA. NOT
BAD. FOR
AN ELF.

NOW HELP
HIM BURN
THESE DEAD
MEN, MY
GOBLINS!

AND
CLAIM THIS
REALM FOR THE
QUEEN OF
CINDERS!

VANAHEIM.
REALM OF THE OLD GODS.







ALFHEIM. REALM OF THE LIGHT ELVES.

WELL, WE'RE
CERTAINLY IMPROVING
THE VIEW AROUND HERE,
WOULDN'T YOU SAY,
LIGHT ELVES?

IT'S THE
LORD OF THE
WILD HUNT!
RUN FOR YOUR
LIFE!

HEVEN. REALM OF THE ANGELS.

I DON'T
REMEMBER
INVITING YOU TO
DINNER, KING OF
THE ELVES.

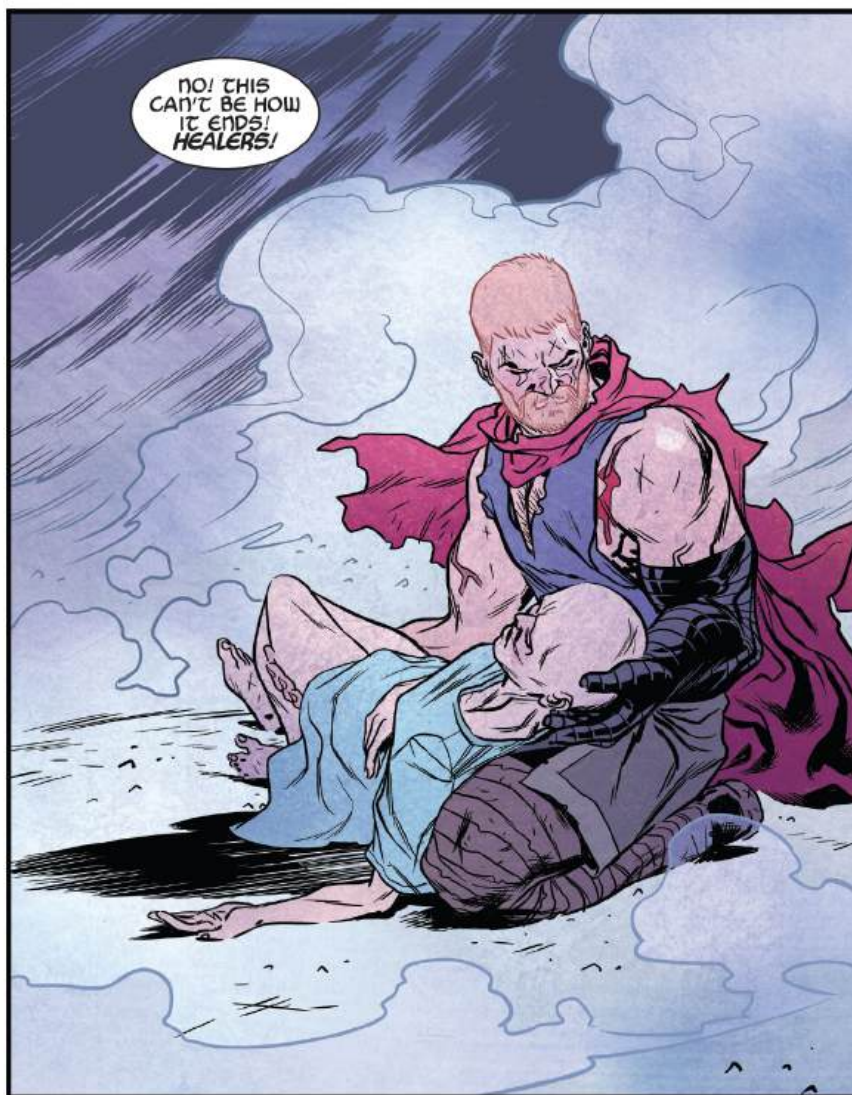
AN INNOCENT
OVERSIGHT, I'M
SURE, DEAR
QUEEN OF THE
ANGELS.

I'M HERE TO
TELL YOU TO
PREPARE YOUR
TROOPS TO JOIN
THE WAR. FOR I
HAVE FULFILLED
MY END OF OUR
BARGAIN.

YOUR
GREATEST
ENEMIES HAVE
FALLEN.

"ASGARD IS
NO MORE."

**DAYS EARLIER.
ASGARDIA.
HOME OF THE GODS.**





NOW.

MORTALS
ARE SUCH
FASCINATING
CREATURES.
ARE THEY
NOT?



COMPARED
TO THE REST
OF THE ANCIENT
INHABITANTS OF THE
TEN REALMS,
MORTALS ARE
NOTHING MORE
THAN...

...WEAK LITTLE
INFANTS WALLOWING
IN THEIR OWN
EXCREMENT.



YET SOMEHOW...
THEY'RE STILL
ARROGANT ENOUGH TO
BELIEVE THAT THIS ALL
REVOLVES AROUND
THEM.

OH, JANE.
YOU SHOULD'VE
STAYED DEAD,
YOU SILLY
GIRL.



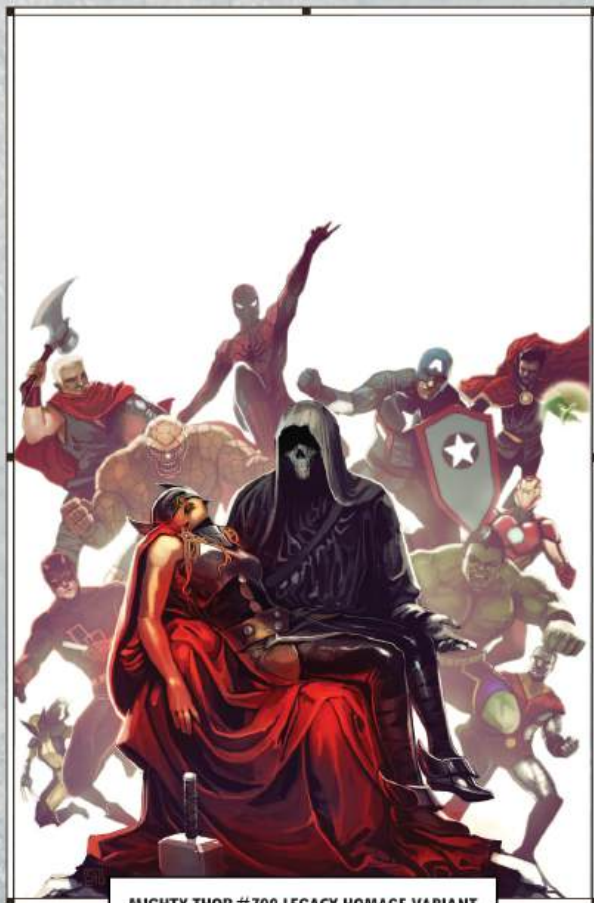
NOW YOU'LL
HAVE TO WATCH
AS ALL THIS
BURNS AROUND
YOU.

THESE
MORTALS LIKE
TO THINK THEY
ARE THE CENTER
OF ALL THE
REALMS?

HEH.
THEN SO
BE IT.







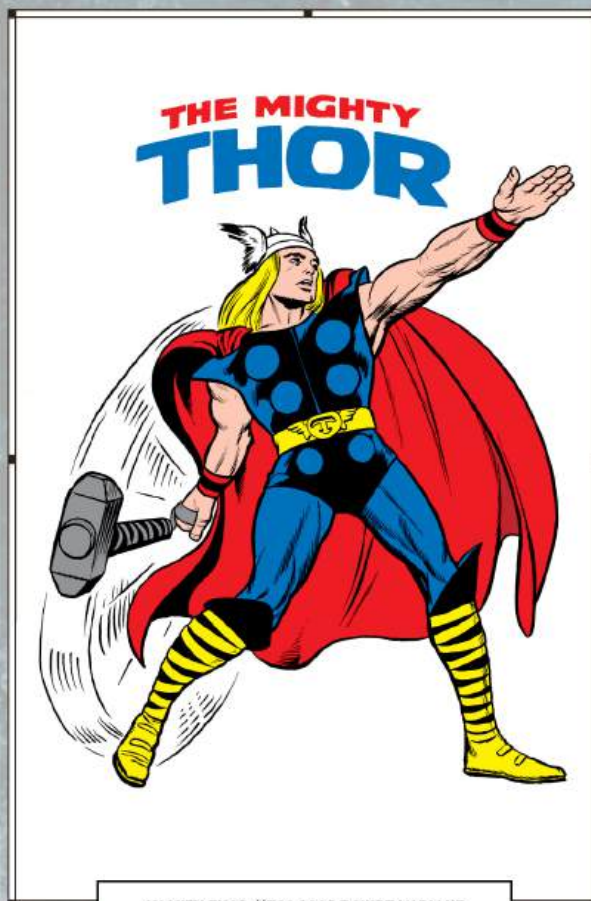
MIGHTY THOR #700 LEGACY HOMAGE VARIANT
BY Stephanie Hans



MIGHTY THOR #700 LEGACY HEADSHOT VARIANT
BY Mike McKone & Rachelle Rosenberg



MIGHTY THOR #700 TRADING CARD VARIANT
BY John Tyler Christopher



MIGHTY THOR #700 1965 T-SHIRT VARIANT
BY Jack Kirby & Dick Ayers

HOW TO DRAW MJOLNIR IN SIX EASY STEPS!

BY CHIP "WORTHLESS" ZDARSKY

Wow! A "sketch variant cover"! Studies show that drawing keeps you mentally acute and generally unpopular! Anyway, here's a fun and informative step-by-step guide!

1



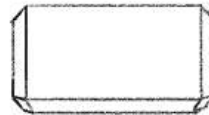
First step: make a rectangle! Easy, right? Roughly twice as long as it is tall!

2



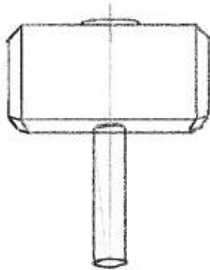
Now, even though we didn't draw the rectangle in perspective, we'll do a slight cheat here and draw its bevels slightly slanted downward!

3



Now copy the entire bottom line just underneath, but make it a little smaller for receding perspective. Then connect the points!

4



Place a cylinder, like a paper towel roll, below the hammer's head, and then show the hints of a larger disc above! A center guideline will help you place these!

5



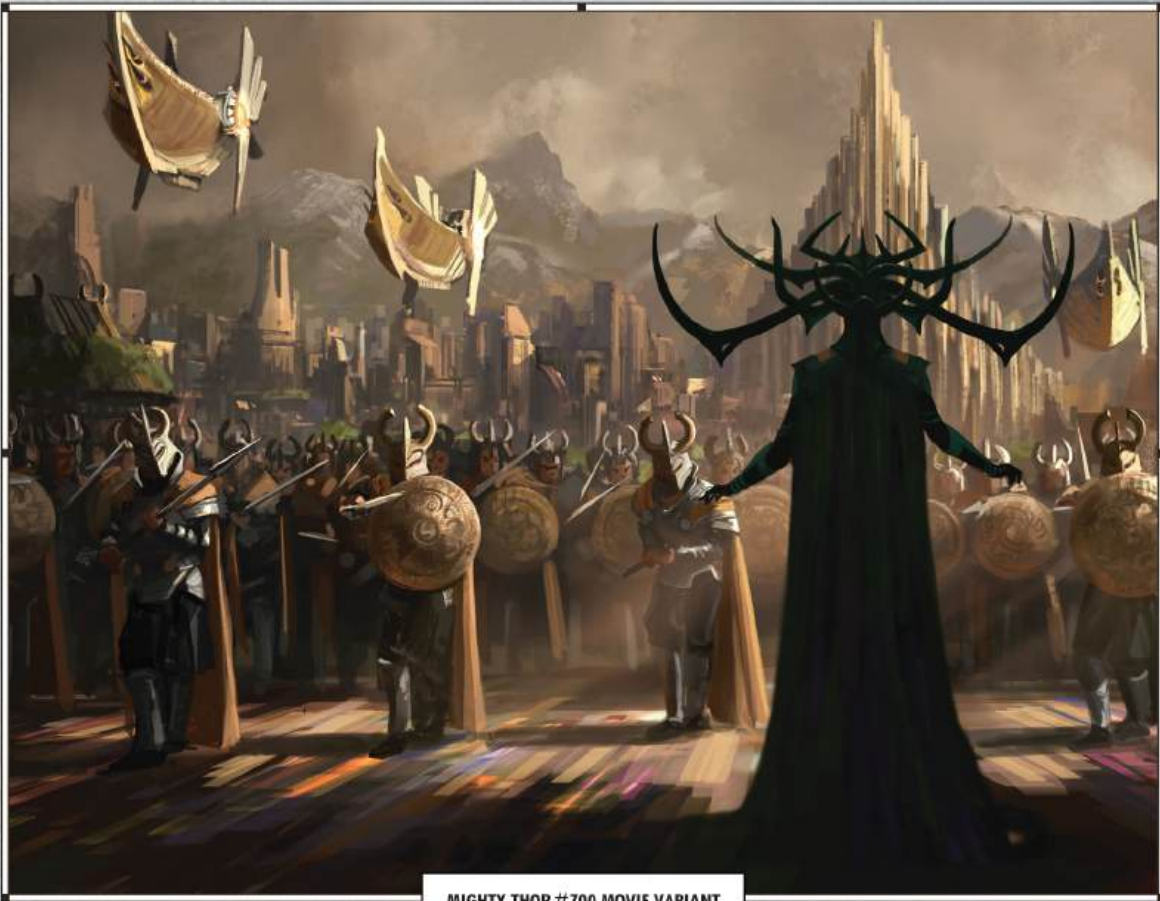
Add a loose strap at the base and wrap the handle in leather! Then add some shading and little details for the stone and handle! I forget the quote that's on the hammer, but it's something like this. Basically to lift it you have to be worthy, like, SUPER worthy, or it will NOT budge. Done!

6



Now, protect your comic by picking it up and placing it in a bag and—oh.

Uh.



MIGHTY THOR #700 MOVIE VARIANT
by Jackson Sze



MIGHTY THOR #700 MOVIE VARIANT



MIGHTY THOR #701 VARIANT
by Alex Ross



MIGHTY THOR #702 PHOENIX VARIANT
BY Kris Anka



MIGHTY THOR #703 AVENGERS VARIANT
BY Rob Liefeld & Leonardo Paciarotti



MIGHTY THOR #705 VARIANT
BY Esad Ribić



MIGHTY THOR #705 VARIANT
BY Artgerm



MIGHTY THOR #705 VARIANT
BY Jeehyung Lee



MIGHTY THOR #706 VARIANT
BY Walter Simonson & Laura Martin



MIGHTY THOR #706 YOUNG GUNS VARIANT
BY Marco Checchetto



MIGHTY THOR: AT THE GATES OF VALHALLA VARIANT
BY Ron Garney & Matt Milla

In 2012, I wrote THOR: GOD OF THUNDER #1, which began my stint chronicling the adventures of everyone's favorite hammer-wielder.

Four years later, as I sat down to write the comic you're now holding, it was officially my fiftieth issue of Thor.

That's fifty issues stretched across multiple series, including THOR: GOD OF THUNDER, THOR, THORS, THE MIGHTY THOR and now THE UNWORTHY THOR. That's a lot of different titles, and between them all, they've featured a lot of different versions of Thor, but in my mind, it's still all been one long tale.

One long tale about God Butchers and dark elves and Rainbow Bridges and omnipotent CEOs and unbreakable uru. About the way and the wrath and the wonder. About the Frog of Thunder. The Congress of Worlds. The spiders of Hel. About the end of time and the age of Vikings. About prodigious beards, bludgeoning battle beyond compare and copious amounts of mead. About breast cancer.

One long tale about what it means to be a god. To be worthy. To command the thunder and walk a heroic beat that crosses ten wondrous, fantastical realms, including the one we all call home.

THE UNWORTHY THOR is the next big chapter in that ongoing tale. As I said when Thor Odinson was first felled by a still-mysterious whisper (What DID Nick Fury say to him anyway? Hmmm...), that didn't mean his story was over. It merely meant the Prince of Asgard was facing an all-new challenge. So far, Odinson has struggled to answer that challenge. He's become a darker, rougher, more bearded, more shirtless, more armless version of his previous self. Unworthiness has been a rough road for the guy. And with this issue here, that road only gets rougher. But now, suddenly there

appears to be a newfound light at the end of that dark tunnel. A chance at redemption, in the form of the hammer of Ultimate Thor.

The hammer of another universe, another legendary Thunder God. A weapon of unimaginable power that fell into the Marvel Universe at the end of the cataclysmic alt-dimensional bloodbath that was SECRET WARS. The Odinson's quest for that hammer has just begun, and over the next few months, that quest will see him face all manner of cosmic threats and unexpected obstacles, all of them beautifully rendered by the awe-inspiring Asgardian dream team of artist Olivier Coipel and colorist Matthew Wilson.

So how does it end? What happens when Odinson finally gets his hands on that hammer? What comes next within the world of Thor?

All I'll say for now is there's a whole helluva lot more that's coming next.

The Asgard/Shi'ar War. The Queen of Cinders. The Viking Avengers. Galactus, the Butcher of Worlds. The Mangog. The War of the Realms.

So...that's fifty issues down and still a good bit more to go. Thanks to all of you for making it all possible. I hope you've enjoyed the ride even half as much as I have.

Next time I see ya, the mead's on me.

Stay worthy.
Jason Aaron
Kansas City, September 2016

700.

700 issues of Lee and Kirby, Jurgens and Romita Jr., JMS and Coipel, Simonson and...Simonson. 700 issues of Loki's cunning lies and Odin's insane outfits. Of Asgard and Asgardia. Broxton and the Black Galaxy. Thunder frogs and flying goats and talking ravens. Fafnir and Fenris and Fin Fang Foom. Beta Ray Bill and William the Warrior. The rise and fall of Eric Masterson. The madness of Ego. The sacrifice of the Rune king. Odin vs. the Fourth Host. Skurge with those M16s. The Goddess of Thunder.

700. Zounds. By my beard, what an honor and a thrill it is to be here for this one.

I'm grateful that I get to be the guy guiding the ship as we sail through these awe-inspiring anniversary waters. And the fact that I've so far been responsible for about 60-something of those 700 issues is a source of great joy and pride for me.

I love Thor.

Like Odin loves crazy hats.

As far as I'm concerned, the Mighty Thor stands alone in the pantheon of all super heroes.

Thor was the first and the best...super-god.

Ancient mythology turned modern. Divinity made manifest, in the Mighty Marvel Manner.

And 55 years and 700 issues later, the adventures of Thor are still going strong. This issue you're holding now is an epic celebration of all things Thor. Of where we've come from and where we're going.

And I think all of us involved are determined to make these next 700 issues just as exciting and thunderous as the last.

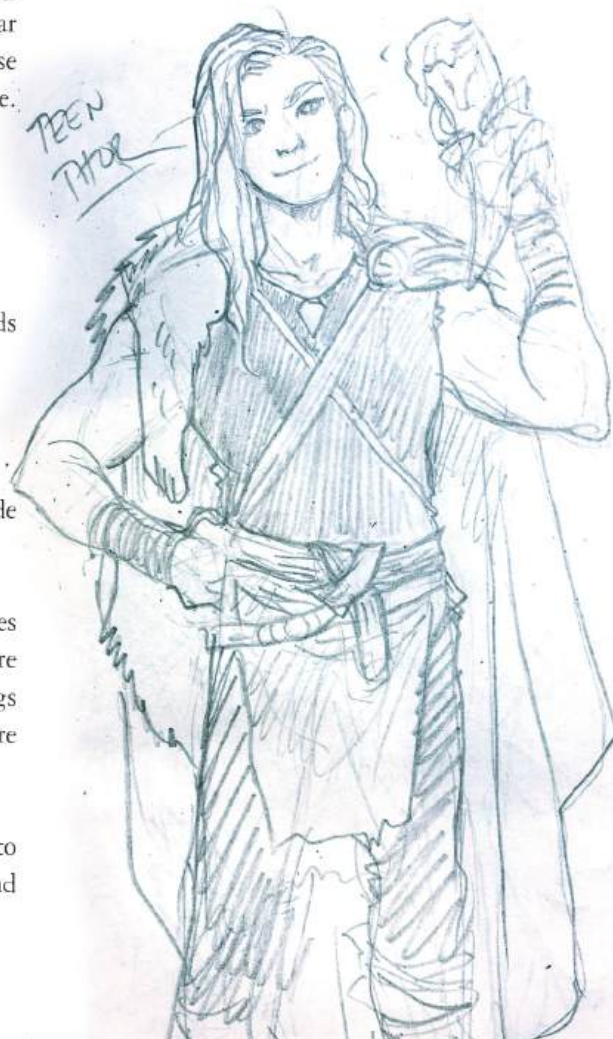
Thank you to the amazing cavalcade of artists who worked on this god-sized spectacular. This is seriously one of the finest gatherings of artistic talent you're liable to find on any comic anywhere. And thanks as always to all the fine folks at Marvel for making it all happen.

And thanks to you. For reading and believing. For always looking up in wonder.

For helping us bring to life the god of my dreams. Of all our dreams.

Long live Thor.

Jason Aaron
KC, September 2017



This is the first drawing I did of Jane: a layout for what was originally just a variant cover. I never thought that nearly four years after drawing this, I'd be sitting here in a Jane Thor T-shirt, with a Jane Thor Funko figure on my desk, writing a letter to commemorate the last issue of Jane's long-running series.

That variant cover turned into the main cover and a new job for me. I thought the book would be a good fit (I love fantasy and mythology, billowing capes and flowing hair!), but I was still pretty nervous. I'd just started working for Marvel a few months before, I'd just gotten married--there was a lot of new going on. Plus, Jason's GOD OF THUNDER was one of my favorite comics, and following Esad's art had me intimidated. I wondered if our book would be as good, if it would sell, if anyone would care about this new Thor. And then I see Whoopi Goldberg pointing to my art on *The View*. And then Thor's identity is revealed and I start getting messages from readers saying how much Jane means to them.

I saved a screen grab of Whoopi pointing to the issue #1 cover. In the same folder, I've saved your messages. Thank you for sharing your stories about how you relate to Jane's struggle or just for writing to say how much you like the book. I know we put you through the emotional wringer with this arc (sorry!), but I hope we did right by you with the finale. I hope we did Jane justice.

This is my last THOR issue, and I'll miss drawing Jane. But I'm thrilled that she has a complete story told by the same creative team (with some fantastic guests). I'm incredibly proud of the work everyone's done. Thank you to Jason for the brilliant ideas, amazing writing and thoughtful scripts, to Matt for the smart and unbelievably gorgeous colors, to Joe for stylishly making everything flow together, to Sarah (and past editors Jon Moisan, Charles Beacham and Chris Robinson!) for steering the ship so well and to Wil for the guidance, thoughtfulness and opportunity.

I really lucked out, getting to work with some of the absolute best. Here's hoping that down the line, the Rainbow Bridge gets fixed and we all get teleported back to Asgard together.

In the meantime, I'm excited to see where Jason takes his amazing Thor saga, and I'm sure I'll be drooling over Mike del Mundo's art for it. I have more with Marvel in the pipeline, and I'll share as soon as I can.

Drawing THOR became an absolute dream project, one that will always mean the world to me. Thank you all so much for supporting Jane (and me and the whole team)!

KRAKKAKOOOOM!

Russell

I never expected all this.

Before Jane became Thor, I'd never had fans come up to me in tears at signings, relating stories of their loved ones who'd passed or of their own battles with cancer.

Before Jane, I'd never had so many people screaming at me on Twitter, so enraged, oftentimes over a book they hadn't even read.

I'd never had a character I helped shape explode so epically, becoming toys and statues and cosplay at every con I've attended since.

Before Jane, I'd never cried while writing a script.

I've never been as emotionally invested in a super hero as I've been in her. And I've never felt such a profound emotional response from the fans as what Jane has generated.

I never imagined she'd become this important to so many people, including me.

It all started when then-EIC Axel Alonso called and offered me the chance to relaunch THOR after my GOD OF THUNDER run. We agreed that it'd be a great opportunity to have someone else carry the mantle. Since I first took over the character, I knew at some point I wanted to do a Beta Ray Bill sorta story, where Thor's hammer would change hands. And for a while I'd had a vague idea about it being Thor's stepmom Freyja who'd eventually wield Mjolnir.

But as soon as we talked about the relaunch, I knew it had to be Jane.

I'd already shown that Jane was dealing with breast cancer. And as soon as I imagined her becoming Thor, the entire story clicked into place, right up through these last few issues, in a way that stories don't often do, not for me at least, not without a lot of pushing and pulling.

For years, I both eagerly awaited and thoroughly dreaded having to write this "Death of Thor" story. And for the last few months, I've felt the same way every single time I'd get a new email from Russell.

Not enough can be said about what Russell Dauterman and Matthew Wilson have accomplished together on this series. They have brought Jane to life and made her entire world sing and explode and burn in ways that should be remembered and studied and idolized for many eons to

come. I cannot possibly thank them enough for all their amazing work, but I'll gladly spend the rest of my mortal life attempting to do so. In other words, the drinks are always on me, boys.

And those thanks and free drinks also go out to everyone else who's worked on the series, including letterer Joe Sabino and all the stellar guest artists, cover artists and assistant editors along the way. And even bigger thanks to editor, Wil Moss, who has some of the best artistic tastes and creative instincts of any editor I've ever known. Another round of mead for all of you!

But most especially, thanks to you, the readers. For embracing Jane the way you have. For making her so much a part of your own lives. For making this entire run one of the most rewarding creative and emotional experiences of my entire life.

I'll never forget this Thor. And I'll never forget all of you. And I hope we'll all see each other again, in some other thunderous stories down the road.

Stay worthy.

Jason Aaron

KC, March 2018

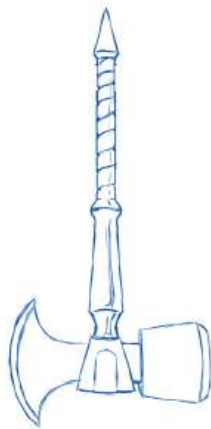




UNWORTHY THOR CHARACTER SKETCHES BY Olivier Coipel

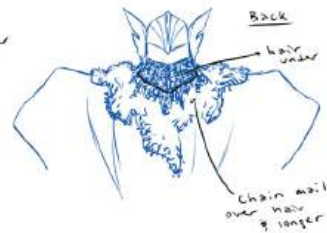


- wonky anatomy, elongated limbs
- varied bronze metal pieces, spikes & black beaded chains
- slightly different for each demon



fur & cape attached at armor

Chain mail attached under helmet



Back

hair under
Chain mail over hair & longer

- straight/thick beard, not wavy like regular Volstagg

- eyes & nose same as regular

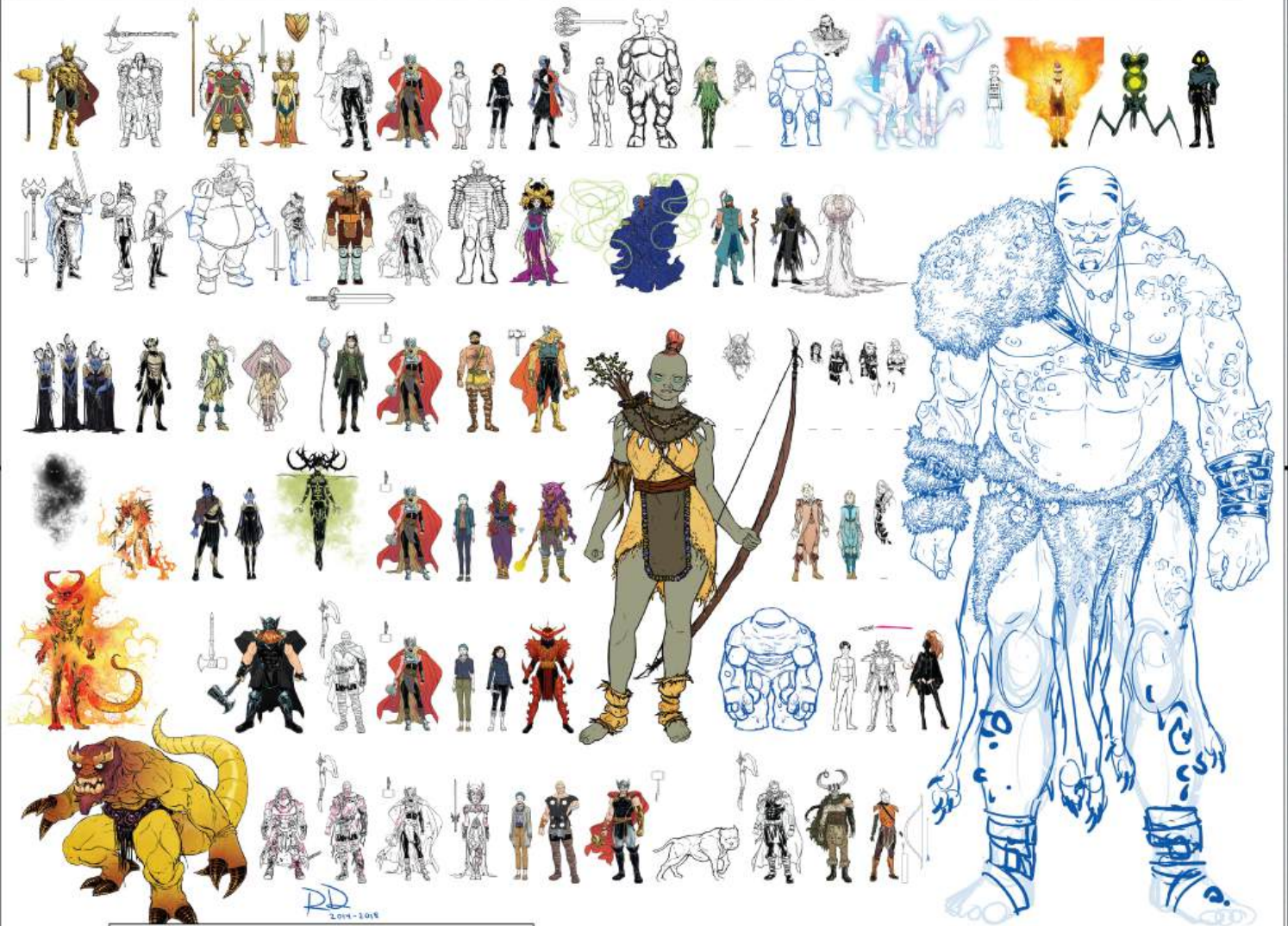
- eyes heavily shadowed under helmet



Height



RD 17



RUSSELL DAUGHTERMAN CREATED A HEIGHT CHART WITH ALL OF HIS CHARACTER MODELS TO KEEP TRACK OF THEIR RELATIVE SIZES, ADDING CHARACTERS AS THE SERIES WENT ALONG. THIS IS THE RESULTING IMAGE!

#21



#23

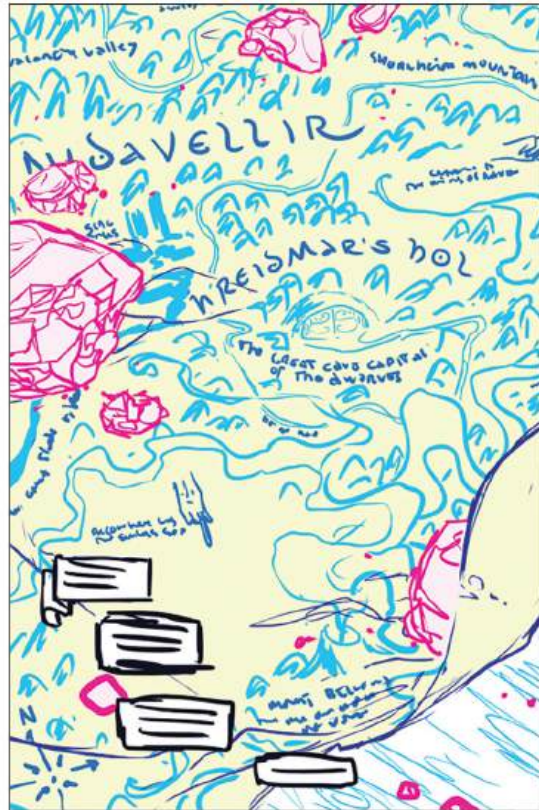


MIGHTY THOR #21-23 COVER SKETCHES
BY **Russell Dauterman**

#22



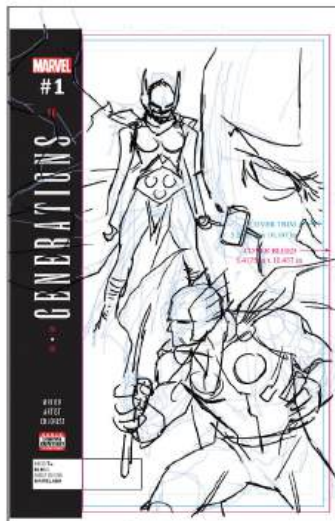
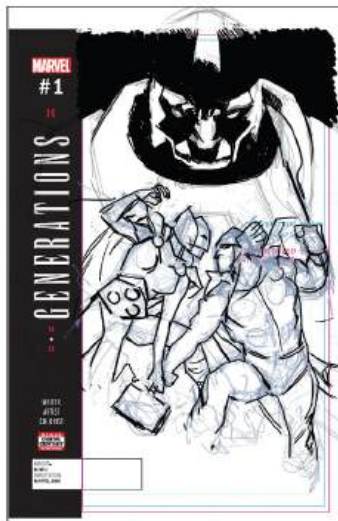
#20, PAGE 1 SKETCH



MIGHTY THOR #20, PAGE 1 SKETCH
BY Russell Dauterman



THOR DESIGNS BY Mahmud Asrar

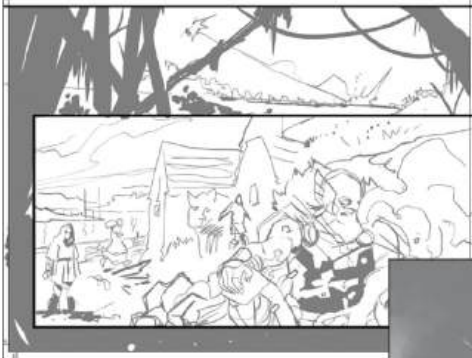


GENERATIONS COVER SKETCHES BY Mahmud Asrar











A TRAGIC TALE OF THREE THORS!

Jane Foster, mighty wielder of Mjolnir. The fallen and unworthy Odinson. But who will be the War Thor? No longer fit to lift his hammer, the Odinson embarks on a desperate quest for redemption that takes him into the cosmos — where the ultimate weapon awaits! But he isn't the only one vying for it. The new War Thor must be ready for battle when the Queen of Cinders sets the Ten Worlds ablaze — and even the combined might of all three heroes may not be enough when final judgment arrives in the form of the Mangog! Meanwhile, what of Jane Foster's cancer? The heroic story of the Goddess of Thunder reaches its heartrending zenith!

T+

MARVEL

COLLECTING UNWORTHY THOR #1-5, MIGHTY THOR (2015) #20-23 AND #700-706, GENERATIONS: UNWORTHY THOR & MIGHTY THOR, AND MIGHTY THOR: AT THE GATES OF VALHALLA — WRITTEN BY JASON AARON; AND ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVIER COIPEL, KIM JACINTO, RUSSELL DAUTERMAN, VALERIO SCHITI, MAHMUD ASRAR, JAMES HARREN, JEN BARTEL, RAMÓN K. PÉREZ AND MORE.



